July 1, 1939

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Collier's

THE N L WEEKLY

PAUL
SHIVELY

An Oscar for Looie

A Short Story by

Bob Considine

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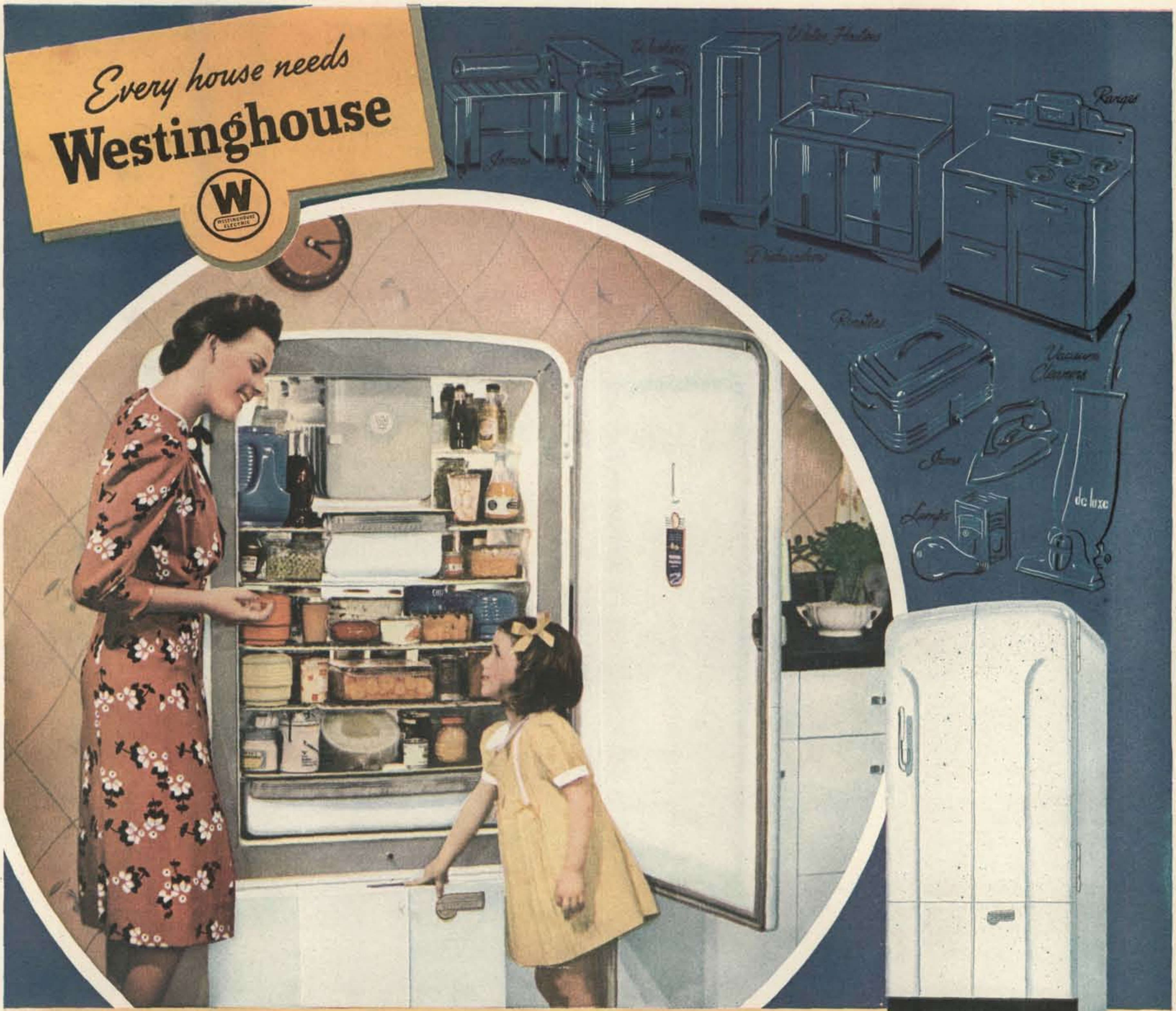
July 1, 1939



"Tell it '40' – it always minds"

Daughter: *"You mean it minds what I tell it when I turn the wheel—the same as when you do it."*

Mother: *"Yes indeed, Honey. You turn it to 40 degrees and it stays just that cold no matter how hot the kitchen gets."*

The 1939 Westinghouse with True-Temp Control is a refrigerator that does what you tell it. Give it an order for 40 degrees in the main food compartment by turning the dial to "40-Normal" and it holds that temperature without fluctuation.

That is especially important in a refrigerator that meets modern humidity requirements. You need humidity in your refrigerator. But if you aren't sure of your cold then humidity *may* help molds and bacteria to grow. It's STEADY cold that makes humidity SAFE. It's Westinghouse that provides 5 zones of correct temperature and humidity conditions for every kind of food.

Only the Westinghouse has True-Temp Cold Control — for the first time in any refrigerator. It has a Meat-Keeper of 15 pounds capacity. It has the famous Economizer Sealed-in mechanism —"10 hours out of 12 it uses no current at all" —a Kitchen-proved average.

See it at your nearest Westinghouse dealer's. You'll find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, electric."

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., MANSFIELD, OHIO

Westinghouse Refrigerators

BETTER FOOD PROTECTION

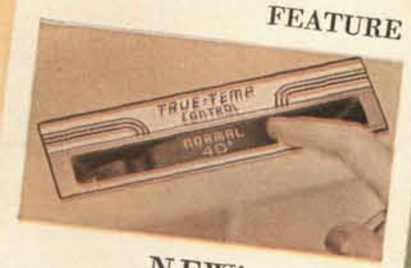
KITCHEN-PROVED CONVENIENCE

LONG, LOW-COST OPERATION

ANOTHER PACEMAKING

KITCHEN-PROVED*

FEATURE

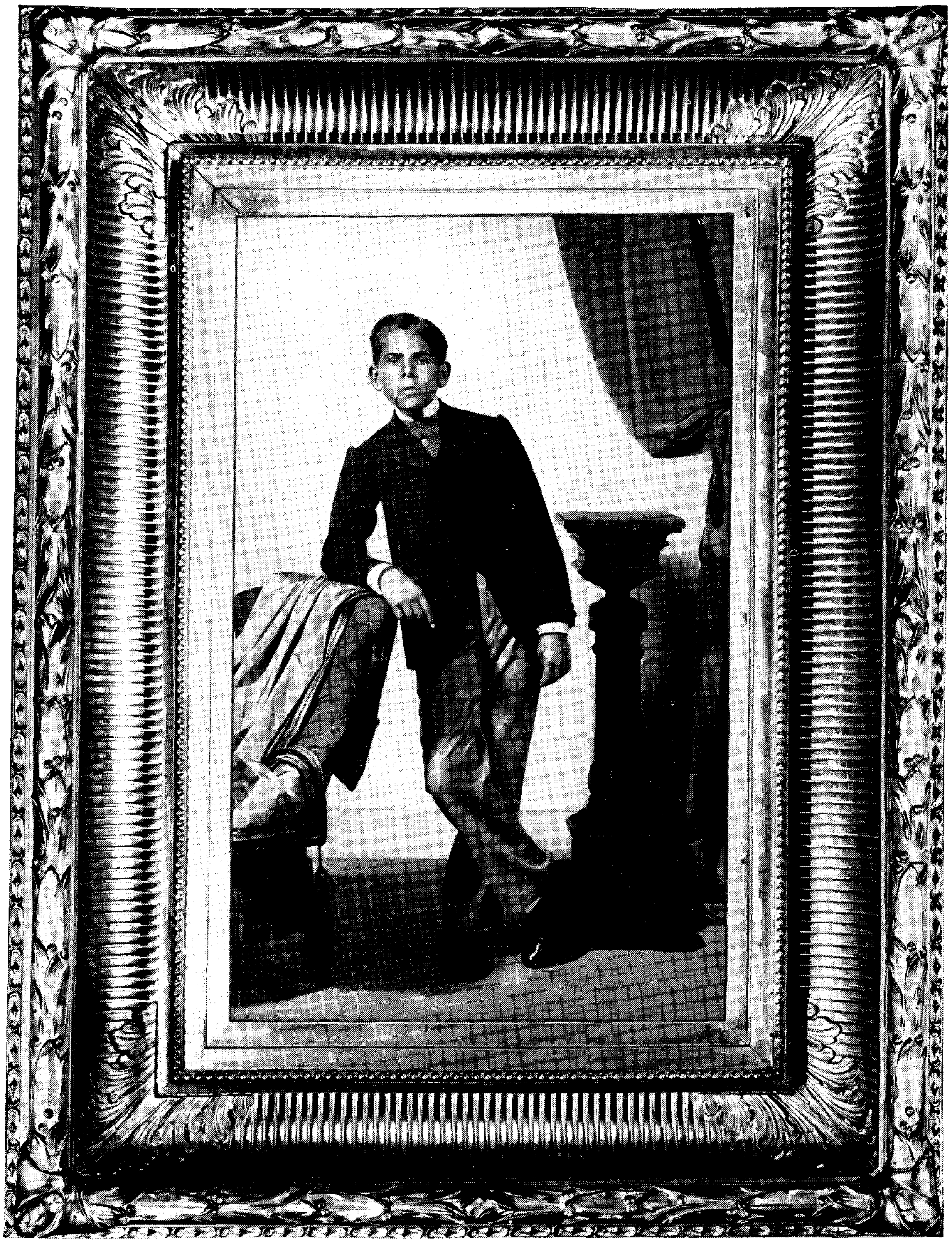


NEW!

TRUE-TEMP control provides cold you can count on!

When you set the TRUE-TEMP dial at the temperature you want, it holds that temperature no matter how kitchen temperature changes.

* Certified records of performance in Westinghouse Proving Kitchens show what your Westinghouse Refrigerator can SAVE under actual home conditions.



This boy has long white whiskers now

A LOT OF THINGS have happened since this picture was taken, some 60 years ago.

And a lot of things will happen during the *next* 60 years, and succeeding years—many things that no human being can possibly foresee.

But the management of a life insurance company must be prepared for *whatever* may happen. For the insurance policies a company issues are all contracts for future payment. Exactly how far in the future these payments will be made, nobody knows.

The management of a life insurance company must consistently take "the long view."

With each passing year, the time comes nearer when claims must be paid. So, each year, the company sets aside a mathematically determined amount of money as a reserve. Because this fund is required by law, it is known as the "legal reserve."

The management of a life insurance company must look ahead in another way. It must concern itself with such unforeseen conditions as depressions, panics, epidemics, and other disasters—and must seek to protect its policyholders' interests against these unexpected contingencies. So the company sets aside an additional, and smaller, fund called a "contingency reserve," or "surplus." In New York State, the maximum amount of the contingency reserve is fixed by law.

And in investing these funds it must attempt, through the application of far-sighted and highly specialized judgment, to select income-producing investments which will prove stable, year in and year out.

By thus providing for the payment of all its normal obligations through its "legal reserve" . . . and by setting up a "contingency reserve" to safeguard policyholders' and beneficiaries' interests even in the face of extraordinary emergencies . . . a life insurance company seeks in every possible way to make sure that it can meet all its financial obligations to its policyholders and beneficiaries—*in good times and bad*—whenever these obligations fall due.

COPYRIGHT 1939—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This is Number 15 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
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Collier's

July 1, 1939

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MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

WHEN Erich Maria Remarque, the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," arrived in the United States a few weeks ago, he came by Collier's and said he would like to leave the manuscript of his new novel.

Collier's editors read it. Not in a good many months has there been so much excitement around here. Everyone agreed that it was the most poignant and exciting story to come out of Europe in years.

Two days later, Mr. Remarque came back. He wondered if we would be interested in printing the novel. The answer was an enthusiastic "Yes!" "But," Mr. Remarque said, "my English translator has gone to bed with his nerves. You see, I asked him to do the job in six months. It was too much for him." Faces fell—dismally. "But," continued Mr. Remarque, "there was a young man who translated some of my short stories. He was a most brilliant translator. He was a Doktor Lindley, I believe. Maybe you could find him. He had been an instructor of German at your Princeton University. He was once a student at Heidelberg. Do you know where in your country you might find him?" The editor said, "I think so," and stepped to the door and beckoned Denver Lindley, associate editor of Collier's, whose office is next door. The arrangements were made in short order, and Denver Lindley set to work. Within a week he had completed the first installment of the novel for publication. Mr. Remarque read it and was delighted. It was an excellent translation, he declared. We hope you agree when you read the first installment of "Flotsam" in Collier's next week.

SOMEDAY, a few million years hence, when they dig up the ruins of Wichita or Boston, they are going to be shocked at the lack of beauty in Twentieth Century Man. For the man of the future is going to be a far different guy from you. Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, director of the American Museum of Natural History, tells us "What We'll Look Like Tomorrow."

SUMMER does strange things to all of us, despite air-conditioning and ice-cream suits. "You Wouldn't Understand" is a story of what it did to a nice, prim lady lawyer. It's a gay fable by William Fay.

AND speaking of summer, do you know what you should drink this time of year? Ruth West, who does know, gives you the low-down. So, hands off that Tom Collins and that highball until you get the *scientific low-down from her.*

This Week

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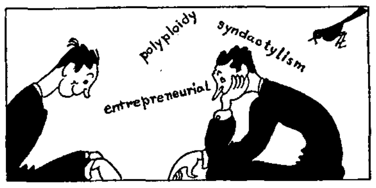
COVER PAUL SHIVELY

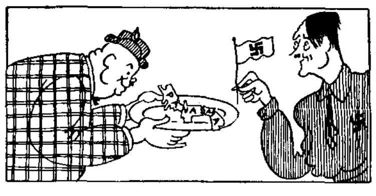
Any Week

WE WERE speaking to a friend of ours who, oddly enough, happens to be an editor. We are, on the whole, rather more careful about our associations. But somehow we got to talking about you correspondents and lamenting the fact that you're so alert—always catching the most remote of our errors. We felt much better after listening to him. He had just finished discovering that in a piece about birds in his forthcoming issue the author misspelled "robins" eight times, making it "robbins." And it was too late to do anything about it, the issue having gone through the presses. "Listen," said he, "that piece was proofread six times—by myself twice. And look at it. And I'm a spelling fool too. I can spell polyploidy, syndactylism, entrepreneurial, and words like that without writing them out or counting on my fingers. And I'm floored by a robin. I can hear my readers grabbing for their pens and I'm not on the newsstands yet."



IN ANY case we'd be inclined to look as happy as possible because we've just heard from a gentleman whose name obviously may not be mentioned. He wrote rather emotionally to his employer about what he considered the inadequacy of his salary. His employer, a kindly gentleman, called him in. "Look here," said he, "I gather from your letter that you're not happy. That makes me very unhappy. I spoke about it to other members of the firm and they too are downcast to think that any member of this splendid organization is unhappy. We want you to be happy. We insist upon it. And now, as for your salary, we shall say nothing about that for the present. Later, perhaps, when you are in a happier frame of mind and when we too shall in consequence be happier. If you find after a few weeks that it is impossible for you to be happy drop in and tell me. Then we shall be very glad to dispense with your services. This organization cannot afford to have its valuable employees unhappy."

WE HESITATE to think what might have happened, for example, had we not received this one this morning from Mr. T. Bisilder of El Paso, Texas. "Thinking it over twice," writes Mr. Bisilder, "I decide to ask you not to publish my letter of last week. Undoubtedly my letter last week caused a great sensation in your office and would cause a great commotion in the country. But thinking it over twice and noticing all the other things going on, I decide not to publish that letter. Instead publish this one, sending me by return mail your correct name and address."



WE'RE kept pretty well informed about what goes on in the Panama Canal Zone, Miss Zwell Bois being our intelligence service in that part of the world. She tells us now that there's a German gentleman in Colon who is particularly anxious to make a present of the zone to his Fuehrer. However, he admits it is not going to be absurdly simple. It is his intention, however, to win over the people of the zone to Mr. Hitler by holding a series of mass meetings—secretly of course. "But what if the United States Army and the police hear about it?" Miss Bois asked him. "Ah," replied the clever fellow, "we shall not inform them of our plans until it is the accomplished fact and the Canal safely in the hands of Germany."

BUT we've always preferred direct attack, the uncomplicated approach. We were talking, for example, to one of the bravely obvious secret service men in the waiting room of the White House offices in Washington and he told us of the visit of a lady from Pennsylvania. She explained that she had dropped in merely to warn the President against trusting a certain Mr. Smith who was planning to call. Mr. Smith, she explained, was a snake in the grass but was endowed with a personality and a set of winning ways that completely masked his villainy. Clearly a guy to be wary of. "How do you know all this about Mr. Smith?" asked the secret service man. "He's my husband," said she, leaving with what the secret service men described as a "triumphal smile."

AND here's one that we'd like a bit of help with. It comes from Mrs. J. K. Scottle of Utica, New York. Says she, among other things: "Having read you for this week I shall put the kettle on and take a bath."

IN THE scottle? W. D.

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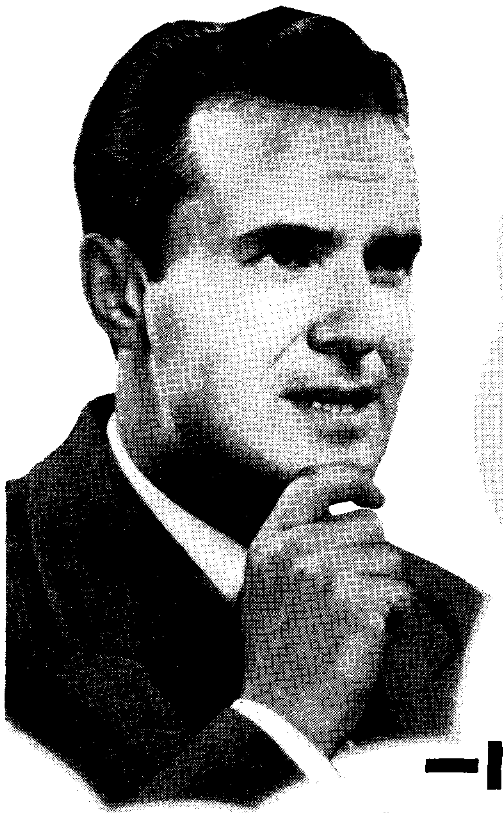
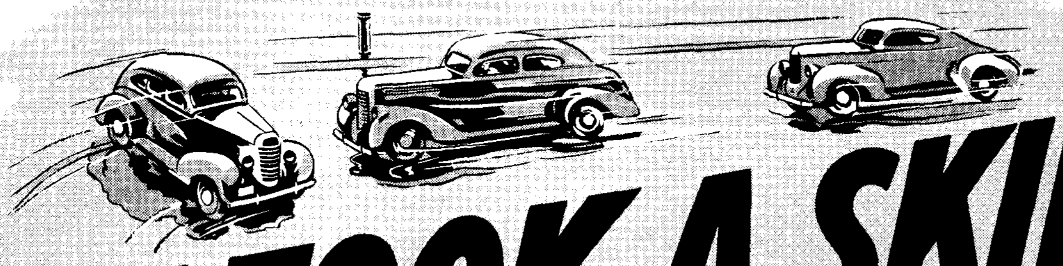




IT TOOK A SKID TO WAKE ME UP...

—now I play safe with the New Goodrich Tire that sweeps wet roads so dry you can

LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!

LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS this Life-Saver Tread sweeps wet roads dry—*so dry* you can actually light a match on its track! No wonder this new Silvertown once again won "hands down" in independent non-skid tests conducted by Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory—against both *regular* and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers.

JIMMIE LYNCH
Goodrich

DEATH-DEFYING LEAP OVER A TRUCK! One of the thrilling stunts performed by Jimmie Lynch and his daredevils in the Goodrich Arena at the New York World's Fair . . . dramatic proof that the husky Silvertown can stand up under more punishment than you will ever give it in ordinary driving.

"THE LAST thing in the world I was thinking about was a skid . . . when suddenly a car shot out from a side street right across my path. I tried to stop. I tried to steer. But those old tires literally 'skated' across that wet, slippery road giving me the wildest ride of my life.

"It wasn't the first time I'd skidded but I made up my mind it would be the last. I investigated plenty of tires. But when a Goodrich dealer showed me the road-drying action of the new Silvertown—when he showed me you could actually light a match on its dry-swept track—I realized that here was really a new kind of tire. It was easy to see why this new Silvertown would stop me quicker and safer. Since I put Silvertowns on my car, rainy day driving is hardly any different than driving at other times."

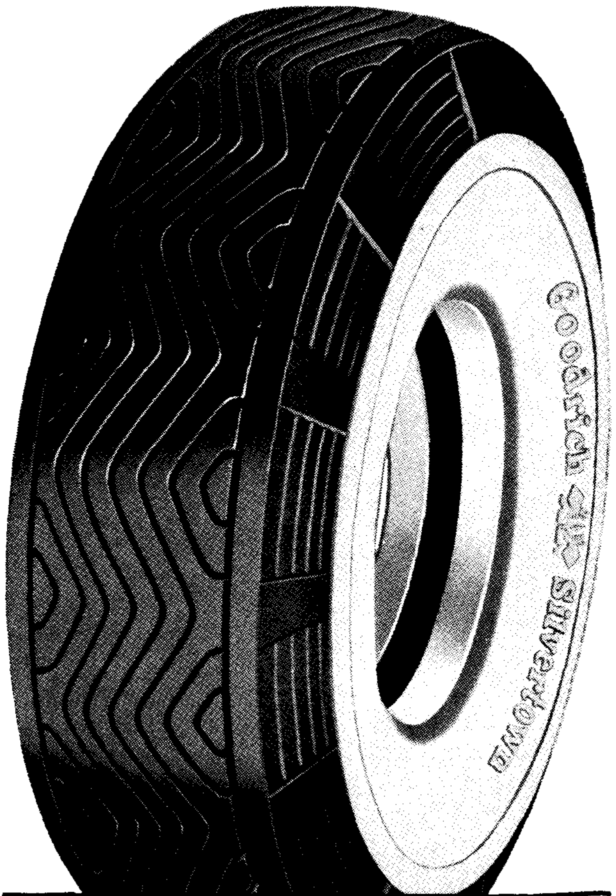
Thousands Are Switching to Goodrich

Thousands of other motorists all over the country who have switched to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns are just as enthusiastic! And no wonder. The Life-Saver Tread is giving them the quickest non-skid stops they've ever had . . . they're getting new peace-of-mind on wet, slippery roads.

And, don't forget, "Silvertown Safety" means even more! It means the protection, too, of the famous Golden Ply. By resisting the terrific *blowout-causing* heat generated inside all tires by today's high speeds, the Golden Ply provides you with scientific protection against high-speed blow-outs.

You Can Pay as You Ride!

Put these life-saving Silvertowns on your car *now*. For your convenience a liberal Budget Plan is available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich dealers. Regardless of your income, you can use this modern way to buy and pay on *your own* long, easy terms. No red tape or credit detail. For safety *tomorrow*, get Silvertowns *today!*

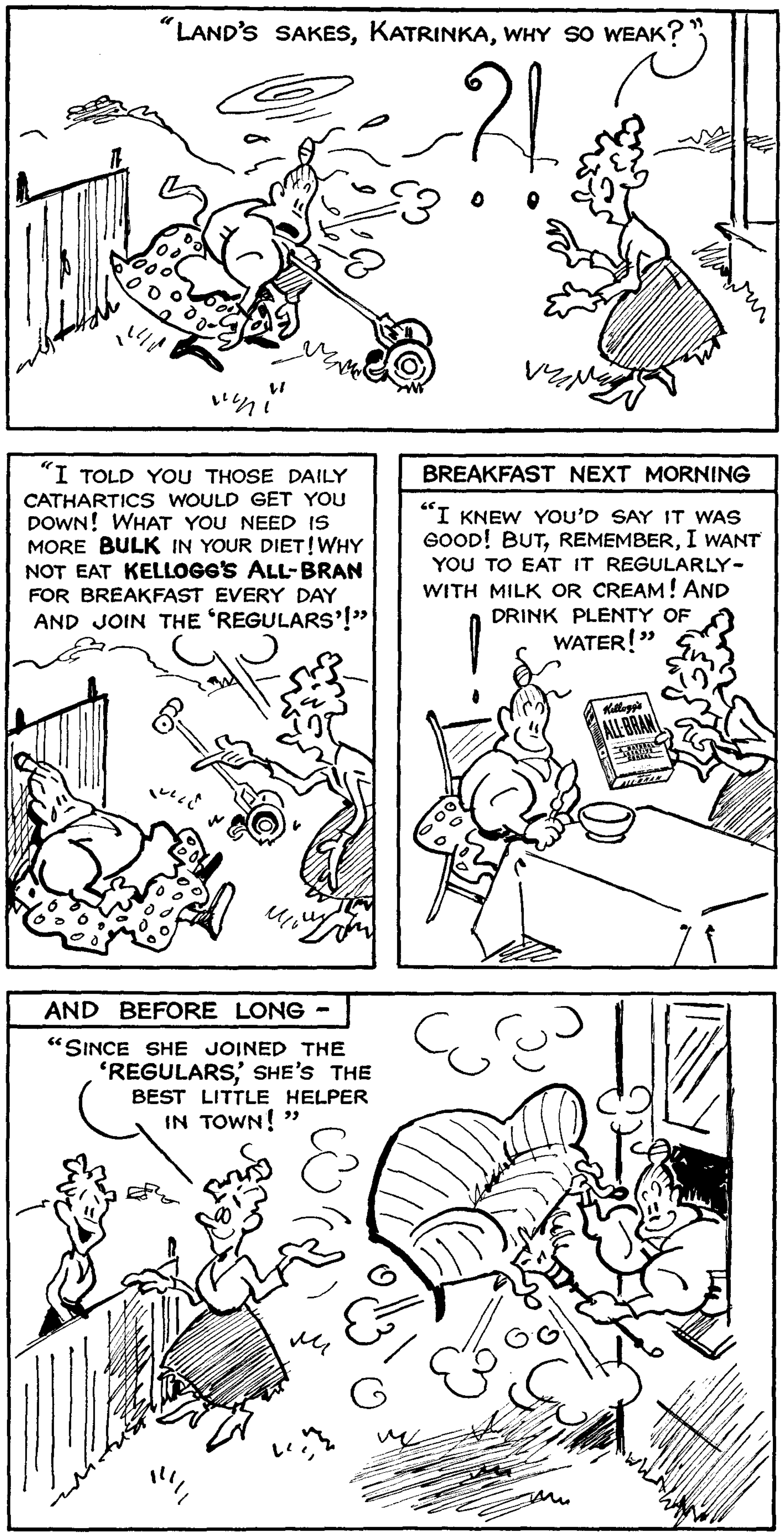


LOOK WHAT YOU GET IN THIS NEW GOODRICH TIRE... *AT NO EXTRA COST*

Life-Saver Tread Skid Protection . . . *Golden Ply* Blow-out Protection . . . *More tread rubber* for months of extra mileage . . . New *Hi-Flex Cord* for greater strength and longer tire life . . . *Double Cord Breaker Strips* to absorb road shock and resist bruising . . . *Double-Cured* for extra toughness *all* the way through . . . New *Stream-lined Sidewall Design* to beautify your car.

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA —by Fontaine Fox


"LAND'S SAKES, KATRINKA, WHY SO WEAK?"
?!
"I TOLD YOU THOSE DAILY CATHARTICS WOULD GET YOU DOWN! WHAT YOU NEED IS MORE BULK IN YOUR DIET! WHY NOT EAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EVERY DAY AND JOIN THE 'REGULARS'!"
BREAKFAST NEXT MORNING
"I KNEW YOU'D SAY IT WAS GOOD! BUT, REMEMBER, I WANT YOU TO EAT IT REGULARLY—WITH MILK OR CREAM! AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER!"
!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
AND BEFORE LONG—
"SINCE SHE JOINED THE 'REGULARS,' SHE'S THE BEST LITTLE HELPER IN TOWN!"

IS there a better way to correct constipation than bearing it first and trying to cure it later? There is, if it's the common kind due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Get at the cause and *prevent* the trouble with a crisp, crunchy cereal —Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

More than a thousand laws that discriminate against women are still on our state statute books. Among the more absurd, in effect in various sections, is the one that prohibits a woman from giving a bond. Even when she is the head of a business and supporting her husband and family, she is not allowed to furnish bail for a son or daughter who is in jail.—*By Rosemary Smith, Fairmont, West Virginia.*

The highest existing animals on earth are small spiders found in the Himalaya Mountains at an altitude of more than 22,000 feet. They live on broken rocks, surrounded only by ice and snow and nearly a mile above the last vegetation or animal life. How they subsist is unknown. —*By Dora Howe, New York, N. Y.*

Not more than seventy per cent of the meat sold in this country today, that is, only what is packed by the large companies engaged in interstate commerce is inspected by the federal government.—*By William Walker, Norwich, New York.*

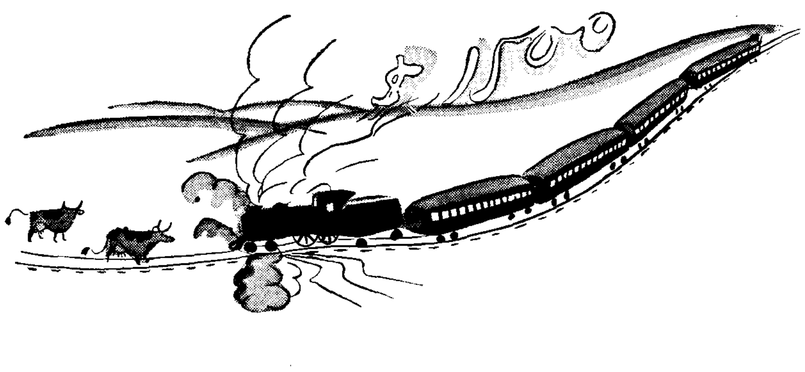
When a heavy passenger train makes a sudden emergency stop, the full application of the brakes to every wheel may wear away as much steel as a normal year's service and may result in as much as $1,500 worth of damage.—*By Richard T. White, Adelphi, Ohio.*

Since 1789 the office of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has been accepted eleven times and declined six times. Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry and William Cushing refused it from George Washington; John Hay refused it from John Adams; Roscoe Conkling refused it from Ulysses Grant, and John Schofield refused it from Grover Cleveland.—*By Charles Boden, San Mateo, California.*

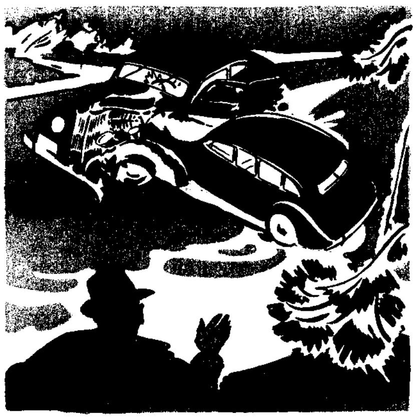
All fees of American attorneys are not left to their discretion. The United States Code, for example, prohibits a lawyer from charging his client more than $10 for prosecuting and obtaining a claim for a pension.—*By Leonard Laub, Brooklyn, New York.*

One of the finest estates in the French Pyrenees is owned by "Gerard," who bought it ten years ago upon his retirement from Maxim's of Paris. There, as a hat checker for forty years, he had made a fortune by lending pocket money, at a good interest rate, to the wealthy patrons of this world-famous restaurant.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



What the uninsured car owner is up against . . .

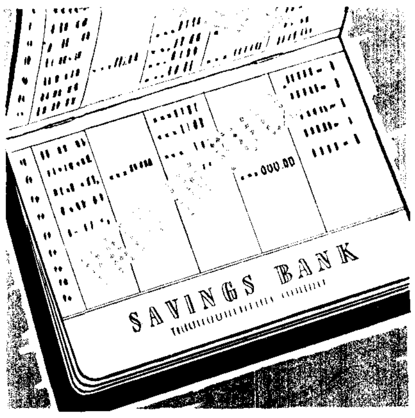


1. SUMMER ACCIDENTS. With more cars on the road, up go your chances of suffering an automobile accident—starting right now. Here's what can happen to you if you are involved—and carry no car insurance.

2. INTERVIEWING VICTIMS. First, you must secure complete and accurate statements from accident victims and their family. To protect yourself, you must conduct the interview with extreme care.

3. FIND WITNESSES. Witnesses are often hard to find. Once found, they may hesitate to make a statement, refuse to appear in court. Can you handle all this—unaided? You will need expert assistance.

4. APPEAR IN COURT. If your lawyer fails to keep you out of court, if you are sued and lose your case, then you must face payment of court costs, legal fees, and damages awarded to the plaintiff.



5. DRAW OUT SAVINGS. Damages often run to thousands of dollars. You may be required to draw out your savings to the last penny and sell all your stocks and bonds at "distress" prices.

LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

6. BORROW ON INSURANCE. You may even be faced with borrowing on your life insurance, imperiling the hard-earned security of your family and your own retirement income.

7. SELL YOUR HOME. If you are a man of average income, facing an average judgment, you will also be forced to sell your home for whatever price the market will bring—or mortgage it to the hilt.

8. LOSE RIGHT TO DRIVE. Raising so much money may take time. Until you do raise it, you may lose the right to drive your car. You'll have to walk—or burden your friends with driving you.

No. 11411
COMPANY
DOLLARS
10TH

9. WAGES GARNISHEED. If you think you have nothing to lose because you own no property, the law in some cases may take as much as a tenth of your wages for at least ten years—or until the judgment is paid.

10. DON'T DRIVE A BLOCK without automobile insurance. You just cannot afford to trust to luck when you can buy protection against all these risks at such low net cost—in convenient, deferred payments.

CAR INSURANCE AT LOWER COST FOR CAREFUL DRIVERS.

The net cost of Liberty Mutual insurance is easily within the reach of any careful driver who can afford a car. Automobile insurance rates are lower than for many years. Furthermore, in every state where laws permit, Liberty Mutual offers rate credits to car owners who have good driving records. And, in addition, Liberty Mutual has returned substantial cash dividends every year to its policyholders. In convenient deferred payments you can pay as you drive.

For a small fraction of a cent a mile, you can place between you and trouble Liberty Mutual's nation-wide staff of more than five hundred skilled investigators and adjusters. Their services will be available whenever and wherever you may require them.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET.

Even the slightest delay may cost you money. Send right now for the new illustrated booklet containing facts of interest and value to you as a responsible car owner. The coupon below is for your convenience. The booklet will be sent promptly and without obligation. Get your copy now before you are faced by the greatly increased driving hazards of crowded summer highways.

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LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
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Without obligation, please send me free illustrated booklet showing how careful drivers get car insurance at lower cost.

C-7-1

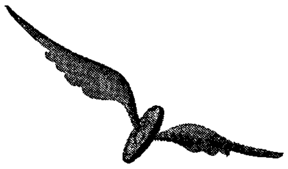
Name __________

Business Address __________

Town where car is kept __________

Make of Car __________ No. of Cyls. __________

Body Type __________ Model No. __________ Year __________



Pennies For Wings

THE voice of a friend. Reassuring words from father, mother, son or daughter. A hurried call for aid in the night. You cannot set a price on such things as these.

Yet this is true—telephone service is cheap in this country. No other people get so much service, and such good and courteous service, at such low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.

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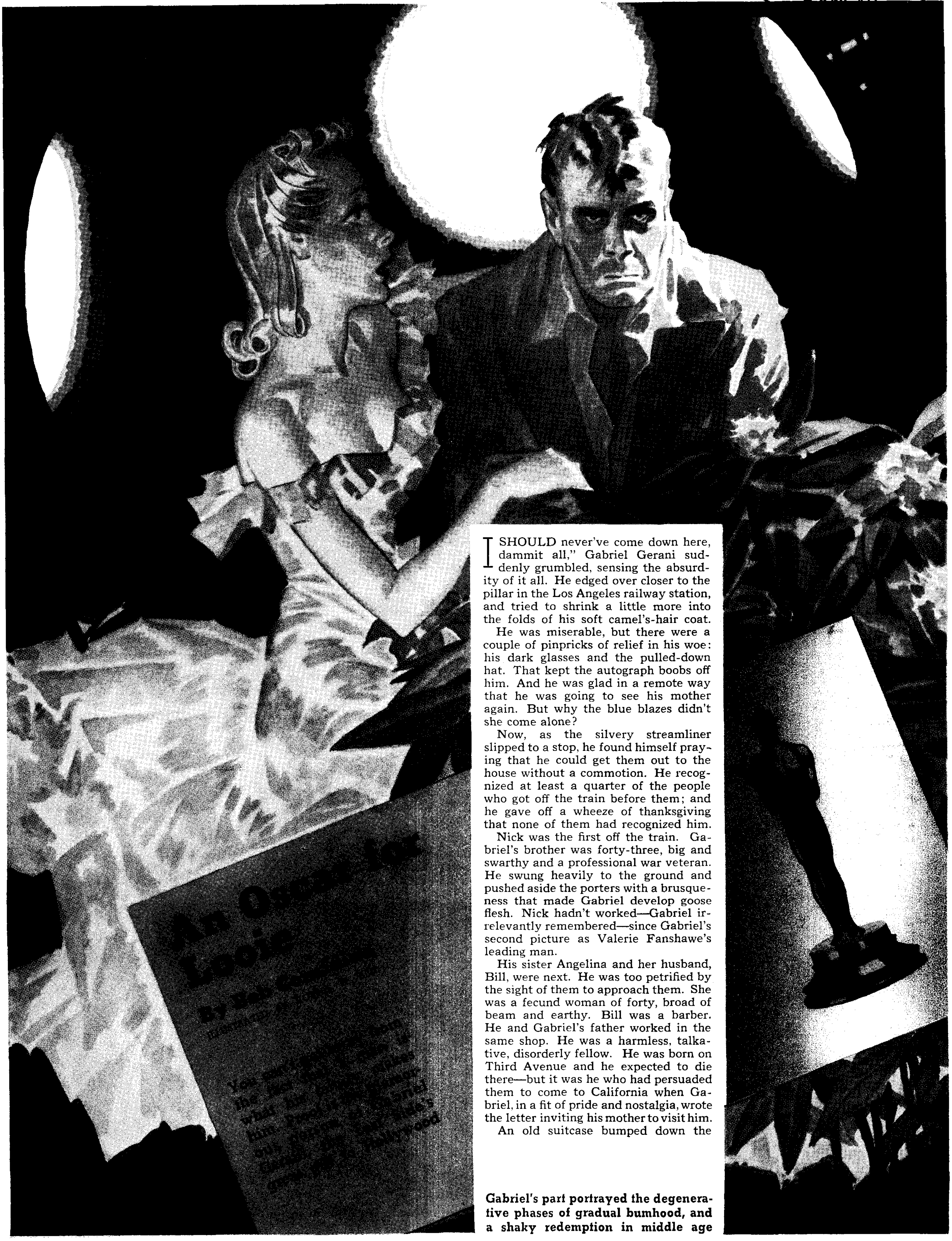


An Oscar for Looie

By Bob Considine

I SHOULD never've come down here, dammit all," Gabriel Gerani suddenly grumbled, sensing the absurdity of it all. He edged over closer to the pillar in the Los Angeles railway station, and tried to shrink a little more into the folds of his soft camel's-hair coat. He was miserable, but there were a couple of pinpricks of relief in his woe: his dark glasses and the pulled-down hat. That kept the autograph boobs off him. And he was glad in a remote way that he was going to see his mother again. But why the blue blazes didn't she come alone?

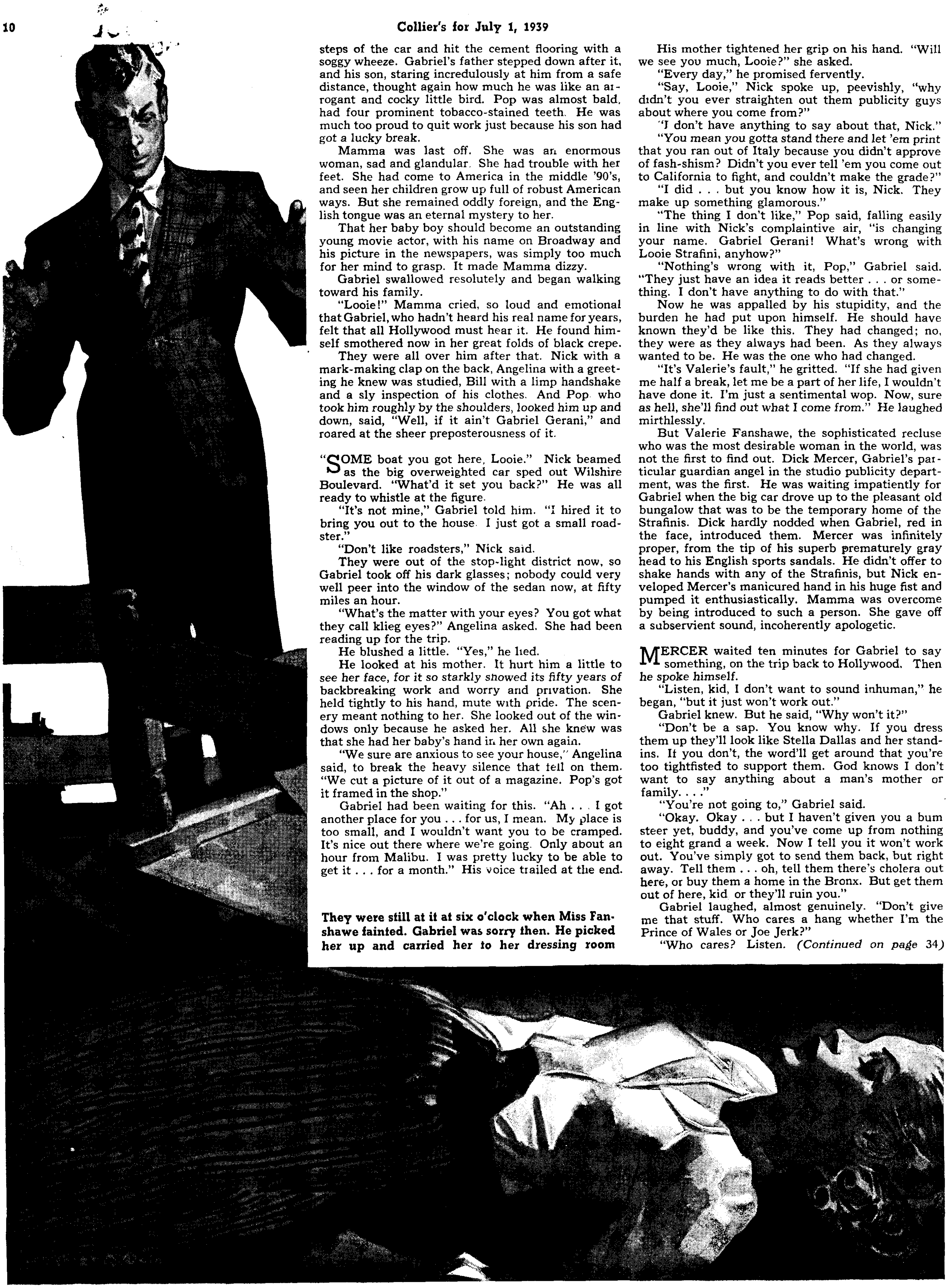
Now, as the silvery streamliner slipped to a stop, he found himself praying that he could get them out to the house without a commotion. He recognized at least a quarter of the people who got off the train before them; and he gave off a wheeze of thanksgiving that none of them had recognized him.

Nick was the first off the train. Gabriel's brother was forty-three, big and swarthy and a professional war veteran. He swung heavily to the ground and pushed aside the porters with a brusqueness that made Gabriel develop goose flesh. Nick hadn't worked—Gabriel irrelevantly remembered—since Gabriel's second picture as Valerie Fanshawe's leading man.

His sister Angelina and her husband, Bill, were next. He was too petrified by the sight of them to approach them. She was a fecund woman of forty, broad of beam and earthy. Bill was a barber. He and Gabriel's father worked in the same shop. He was a harmless, talkative, disorderly fellow. He was born on Third Avenue and he expected to die there—but it was he who had persuaded them to come to California when Gabriel, in a fit of pride and nostalgia, wrote the letter inviting his mother to visit him.

An old suitcase bumped down the

Gabriel's part portrayed the degenerative phases of gradual bumhood, and a shaky redemption in middle age



They were still at it at six o'clock when Miss Fanshawe fainted. Gabriel was sorry then. He picked her up and carried her to her dressing room

steps of the car and hit the cement flooring with a soggy wheeze. Gabriel's father stepped down after it, and his son, staring incredulously at him from a safe distance, thought again how much he was like an arrogant and cocky little bird. Pop was almost bald, had four prominent tobacco-stained teeth. He was much too proud to quit work just because his son had got a lucky break.

Mamma was last off. She was an enormous woman, sad and glandular. She had trouble with her feet. She had come to America in the middle '90's, and seen her children grow up full of robust American ways. But she remained oddly foreign, and the English tongue was an eternal mystery to her.

That her baby boy should become an outstanding young movie actor, with his name on Broadway and his picture in the newspapers, was simply too much for her mind to grasp. It made Mamma dizzy.

Gabriel swallowed resolutely and began walking toward his family.

"Looie!" Mamma cried, so loud and emotional that Gabriel, who hadn't heard his real name for years, felt that all Hollywood must hear it. He found himself smothered now in her great folds of black crepe.

They were all over him after that. Nick with a mark-making clap on the back, Angelina with a greeting he knew was studied, Bill with a limp handshake and a sly inspection of his clothes. And Pop who took him roughly by the shoulders, looked him up and down, said, "Well, if it ain't Gabriel Gerani," and roared at the sheer preposterousness of it.

"SOME boat you got here, Looie." Nick beamed as the big overweighted car sped out Wilshire Boulevard. "What'd it set you back?" He was all ready to whistle at the figure.

"It's not mine," Gabriel told him. "I hired it to bring you out to the house. I just got a small roadster."

"Don't like roadsters," Nick said.

They were out of the stop-light district now, so Gabriel took off his dark glasses; nobody could very well peer into the window of the sedan now, at fifty miles an hour.

"What's the matter with your eyes? You got what they call klieg eyes?" Angelina asked. She had been reading up for the trip.

He blushed a little. "Yes," he lied.

He looked at his mother. It hurt him a little to see her face, for it so starkly showed its fifty years of backbreaking work and worry and privation. She held tightly to his hand, mute with pride. The scenery meant nothing to her. She looked out of the windows only because he asked her. All she knew was that she had her baby's hand in her own again.

"We sure are anxious to see your house," Angelina said, to break the heavy silence that fell on them. "We cut a picture of it out of a magazine. Pop's got it framed in the shop."

Gabriel had been waiting for this. "Ah . . . I got another place for you . . . for us, I mean. My place is too small, and I wouldn't want you to be cramped. It's nice out there where we're going. Only about an hour from Malibu. I was pretty lucky to be able to get it . . . for a month." His voice trailed at the end.

His mother tightened her grip on his hand. "Will we see you much, Looie?" she asked.

"Every day," he promised fervently.

"Say, Looie," Nick spoke up, peevishly, "why didn't you ever straighten out them publicity guys about where you come from?"

"I don't have anything to say about that, Nick."

"You mean you gotta stand there and let 'em print that you ran out of Italy because you didn't approve of fash-shism? Didn't you ever tell 'em you come out to California to fight, and couldn't make the grade?"

"I did . . . but you know how it is, Nick. They make up something glamorous."

"The thing I don't like," Pop said, falling easily in line with Nick's complaintive air, "is changing your name. Gabriel Gerani! What's wrong with Looie Strafini, anyhow?"

"Nothing's wrong with it, Pop," Gabriel said. "They just have an idea it reads better . . . or something. I don't have anything to do with that."

Now he was appalled by his stupidity, and the burden he had put upon himself. He should have known they'd be like this. They had changed; no, they were as they always had been. As they always wanted to be. He was the one who had changed.

"It's Valerie's fault," he gritted. "If she had given me half a break, let me be a part of her life, I wouldn't have done it. I'm just a sentimental wop. Now, sure as hell, she'll find out what I come from." He laughed mirthlessly.

But Valerie Fanshawe, the sophisticated recluse who was the most desirable woman in the world, was not the first to find out. Dick Mercer, Gabriel's particular guardian angel in the studio publicity department, was the first. He was waiting impatiently for Gabriel when the big car drove up to the pleasant old bungalow that was to be the temporary home of the Strafinis. Dick hardly nodded when Gabriel, red in the face, introduced them. Mercer was infinitely proper, from the tip of his superb prematurely gray head to his English sports sandals. He didn't offer to shake hands with any of the Strafinis, but Nick enveloped Mercer's manicured hand in his huge fist and pumped it enthusiastically. Mamma was overcome by being introduced to such a person. She gave off a subservient sound, incoherently apologetic.

MERCER waited ten minutes for Gabriel to say something, on the trip back to Hollywood. Then he spoke himself.

"Listen, kid, I don't want to sound inhuman," he began, "but it just won't work out."

Gabriel knew. But he said, "Why won't it?"

"Don't be a sap. You know why. If you dress them up they'll look like Stella Dallas and her stand-ins. If you don't, the word'll get around that you're too tightfisted to support them. God knows I don't want to say anything about a man's mother or family. . . ."

"You're not going to," Gabriel said.

"Okay. Okay . . . but I haven't given you a bum steer yet, buddy, and you've come up from nothing to eight grand a week. Now I tell you it won't work out. You've simply got to send them back, but right away. Tell them . . . oh, tell them there's cholera out here, or buy them a home in the Bronx. But get them out of here, kid or they'll ruin you."

Gabriel laughed, almost genuinely. "Don't give me that stuff. Who cares a hang whether I'm the Prince of Wales or Joe Jerk?"

"Who cares? Listen. *(Continued on page 34)*

My Heart's in the Homeland

By Kyle Crichton

Although Mr. Remarque has been exiled and his books have been burned by the Nazis, he maintains, "Germany is still my home." He means, of course, the Germany he fought and bled for during the World War. Here is the dramatic story of an outcast hero's career

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE is a blond, blue-eyed German who looks like a halfback on an American football team and might have posed for a statue of Stover of Yale. After the world-wide success of All Quiet on the Western Front, he threw up his job with a newspaper, built himself a house on the shores of Lago Maggiore in southern Switzerland and went into retreat.

On the face of it this was a singular performance for Remarque, who had hitherto been a bouncy young gentleman with a terrific yen for high-powered motorcars and a miraculous ability to tear down a motor and throw it together again without having stray parts left sticking to his fingers. At one time or another he had traipsed all over Germany, but after his book appeared he found he couldn't stick his head out his front door without being welcomed by his devoted admirers in a way to knock him loose from his molars. So he hunted out the Maggiore spot, built the house in 1932, and settled down in peace and quiet to gaze at the snow-covered peak of St. Gotthard, which reared up at one end of the lake.

Remarque had never been interested in politics and paid little attention when Hitler took over power in Germany in 1933, but gradually it began to dawn on him that his hideout was no longer as exclusive as he had imagined. He knew he had been damned by the Nazis as a "pacifist" and that his books had been burned along with other "subversive" literature, but the meaning of change became apparent to him when old friends began showing up at Lago Maggiore to ask his advice and help. Among them were other pacifists, liberals, Jews, Catholics and radicals — all refugees from the Nazi regime.

But the real shock came last year in the shape of a telephone call from London. A newspaperman was calling to tell him that they had just received a dispatch from Berlin stating that Remarque's citizenship had been revoked.

"What have you to say about it?" asked the London reporter.

"If you'll pardon me . . . nothing," answered Remarque and held the receiver a moment in stunned silence and then hung up.

What Nobody Can Take Away

For he realized that he was a refugee now himself, one of that vast, pitiful legion who roam the globe like lost souls, dependent on the kindness of some friendly nation for a little slip of paper that will afford them a few months or years of peace. By no means does it allow them to remain in a country indefinitely and in no case does it permit them to get a job.

Although he is one of the most fortunate of all the refugees because of his world fame as a writer, Remarque is no less a man without a country. As one who traces his pure "Aryan" blood back centuries and was reared in a devout Catholic household in Osnabrueck, Westphalia, Prussia, he is no longer a German in the eyes of the Nazis. But he repudiates this doctrine:

"They have taken my citizenship away, but that is nothing but a piece of paper. They can't take away what is part of me, the fact that I was born in Germany and am a German no matter what any person or group of people says. It won't always be this way. Then I can go back home."

His latest book, Flotsam, which you may begin to read in next week's Collier's and on which he started work almost immediately after the phone call from London, is the story of the refugees. When Remarque arrived in March for his first visit to America, it was rumored that he was traveling on a

(Continued on page 25)

ACME

Erich Maria Remarque renews an old friendship with Marlene Dietrich on his last visit to Hollywood

Beginning next week
the new and epic novel of a tragic decade by

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

As eloquent and moving as his All Quiet
on the Western Front and The Road Back

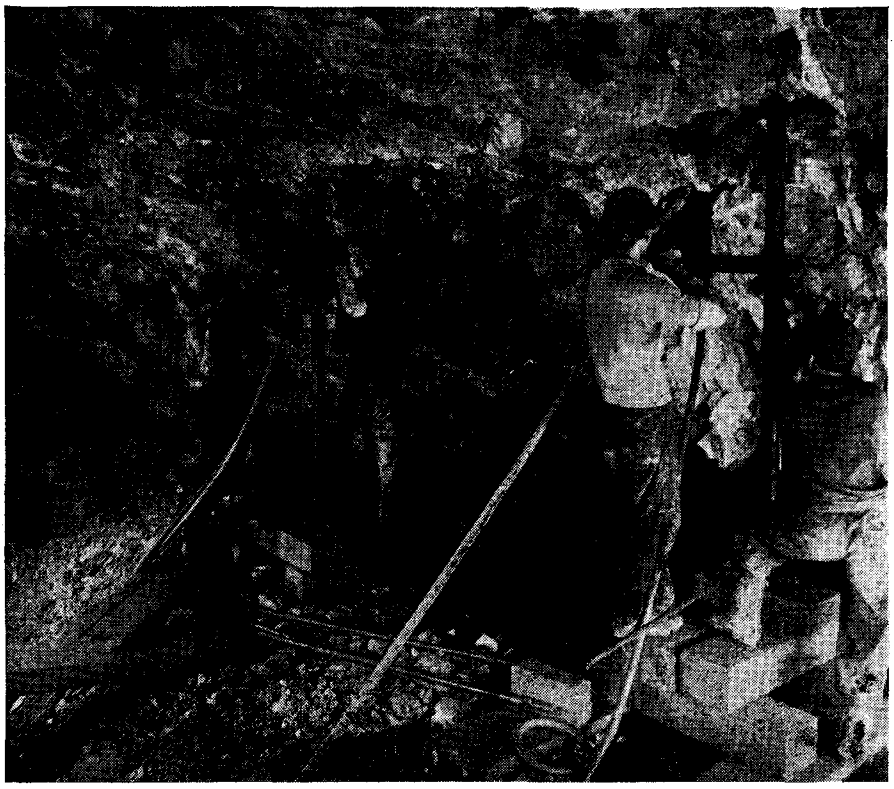
'FLOTSAM'

is the stirring and vivid story of courageous men and women deprived of the means to live, who can laugh and love and refuse to die

Can We Hold the Richest Land on Earth?

By W. B. Courtney

If we held and developed the Philippine Islands, we could become the only self-sufficient nation in a hungry world. Is it realistic policy to toss into the international grab bag a possession whose fabulous wealth has barely been surveyed?



MERL LA VOY

Mining has barely begun to tap the Philippines' gold fields. In addition, there are vast deposits of iron, manganese, chromite and other minerals

CORWIN HANSEN

Manila hemp rope from the Philippines is the finest made and the islands have a monopoly on this product, which is used throughout the world

DAVE is a young American businessman, and he lives as you wish you could live. I am envious of Dave, and so will you be when you hear about him.

Often you dream of a fair and easy land, where all days are pleasant and the women are beautiful; where you and your friends are youthful in spirit, and gay; when your life is of your own free will and making. Yes, you know all about this building up a nest-egg stuff, but you wish you could have it all—now.

Dave has it now, and he has just turned thirty-three.

Dave is one of those fellows who have come upon the substance of romantic books you read as a boy. But Dave's paradise is up to date, with electrical refrigeration, airplanes and a private bartender who mixes the best gimlet you ever tasted. If you had a Magic Carpet, an Aladdin's Lamp and a fairy wand you could not fix yourself up in better style than the Philippine Islands have fixed up Dave.

Dave is so rich he can buy anything he wants, work or loaf or play, pick up and go to Europe or New York in the best suite on the best steamer, without counting the cost. His office and plantation managers are well paid to do the counting and the worrying. His private airplane and pilot are ready whenever he wants to tour his far-lying enterprises; or go up to his mountain home in the pines of Baguio, to escape Manila's heat. His wealth is based on substantial, progressive business activities. Besides more money than he knows what to do with, Dave has several children who will go to the best colleges, and a beautiful wife. She is part of the opulence that never would have happened to him at home.

She is a cosmopolitan, Dresden born, who speaks five languages, all with a charmingly bad accent, has degrees from several European universities, and is the gracious blond queen of Dave's abundant table.

Dave's parties have made history in Manila, where parties are wetter and held oftener; are bigger, showier, more lavish, and last longer, than in any other place in the world. Durability is required of guests, as well as wit and charm.

Dave's affairs usually start with cocktails at an exclusive club, drift to dinner at his town house, gain momentum and members at a wee-hour hot spot, breakfast at his luxurious country estate, lounge all day beside a private swimming pool that would make Cecil B. De Mille's gaudiest screen one seem like a tenement-hall bathtub. By that second evening the party begins to follow individual bents—on yachts, sailboats, in cars. It may be a week before the last traces of it fizzle away.

Dave's parties are not exceptional in this affluent land. Neither is Dave. He wasn't born either rich or lucky. There is no reason why you shouldn't do as well. If Dave had stayed at his little country-town job in Maryland he would still have been drawing $27.50 a week.

Dave Is No Exception

No, the answer to Dave's life of ease and wealth does not lie in a secret business genius. He has the qualities that are the common American heritage: good sense, a little foresight, a reasonable amount of industriousness, humor, politeness, fairness.

When he first came to Manila he got a job at his trade. "It was like a guy with a 1939 knowledge of automobiles turning back the clock and getting a job in Detroit in 1900," Dave explains. Dave saved a little, borrowed a little more, went into his own business on a thin-dime margin. For the rest of his story, I can shorten that for you—real estate and mining.

Every old resident out here can match Dave's story with a dozen similar favorites of his own. There is the large family, numerous in the Spanish way of cousins, nephews and aunts, on one of the southern islands. Each member has his or her separate air-conditioned mansion and miniature estate, with food and wines you could not beat in the finest Parisian hotels; with radios and refrigerators and motorcars the best that America can produce. There is a scheduled air line that is supported by, and was founded merely for the convenience of, the family. Ultramodernity set down in jungle clearings on soil so lush, amid forests and mines so bounteous that the money pours in faster than a large and openhanded tribe can devise ways to spend it.

But men like Dave are stepsons of a

fortunate land. This ex-soldier, this ex-chemist, this ex-travel agent, this ex-brewery accountant, this ex-hotel clerk, got wedged in the horn of plenty, became rich in spite of themselves.

Dave had some luck, of course. All these men did. Nobody ever becomes rich or successful without it. Dave's chief luck was in being here in the Philippines. It is the richest country on earth. And competent observers declare that its riches are not yet really touched. It is a country lying fallow, waiting for people with the shrewdness and the gumption to take advantage of it.

The American flag flies over this rich land now. But it is going to be hauled down soon. The work of two generations of American businessmen and administrators and teachers, the developments paid for by American taxpayers, will be tossed into the international grab bag. That isn't the intention or the idea. But everyone in the Orient believes it will be the upshot.

When the United States took over the Philippines their riches were only suspected. Today, enough is known to drive mining engineers balmy with dreams. Enough is known to give pause to world economists. Enough is known for responsible leaders to estimate that the natural resources of the Philippine Islands are adequate in all save one element—tin—*to supply the whole needs of the United States in case of wars, long or short, independent of world raw-material markets.*

For Men with Enterprise

"Enough is known," an official American government technical expert told me, "to furnish abundant proof that with the resources of the Philippines honestly exploited the United States could really become that enviable thing which every major power on earth longs to be and which not a single major power actually is—entirely self-sufficient."

He continued: "There is room for ten thousand like our friend Dave here. Yes, more—a hundred thousand success stories like his probably wouldn't exhaust the possibilities."

He doesn't mean—and I certainly don't mean in telling you about Dave—that everyone in the Philippines is rich. There is misery and failure here. Worse, there is virtual peonage, all the wretched inequalities of a system that draws its heritage from both European medievalism and Oriental despotism.

In spite of the efforts of the United States, the humbler people of the islands are still more than forty per cent illiterate culturally; more than ninety per per cent illiterate economically.

What is meant is this: that to men with initiative and enterprise the Philippines are uncommonly, incredibly bountiful. If the Philippines were a state of the Union they would stand fifth in land size. They are ten times bigger than Holland or Palestine; much larger than the British Isles; nearly twice as large as old Austria-Hungary. Yet they have a population of only fifteen million, barely exceeding that of New York State. Japan, slightly bigger, has a population of eighty million. Italy, almost the same size, has forty-five million.

In a world of striving nations, hungry for raw materials, the Philippines, alone of vast and fertile areas, remain virgin.

Their very physical appearance, their geography, their throat-choking beauty under all conditions of season and weather, seem to thrust forward a guarantee of wealth untold.

Manila has its aristocracy of wealth founded on Philippine enterprises. Above, a visiting Australian team at the exclusive Los Tamaraos Polo Club

Your mouth will fall open, and your eyes mist, however you approach the islands, and whether you look upon them for your first or your hundredth visit. If you come by airplane your landfall is probably Catanduanes, a large island on the mid-eastern side.

By ship direct from America you will pass through Bashi Channel, between Japanese Formosa and Y'ami, northernmost of the Philippines. From the Malay Straits, or from Hong Kong, your first vision will be of the great hunched shoulders of Luzon cooling themselves in the perpetual cloud banks of the western coast. You will say proudly, "Good Lord, I didn't know *we* owned anything as wonderful as this!"

There are 7,083 of the Philippine Islands, and it is doubtful there is a man alive who has laid eyes on all of them. They hang like a rocky triangular brooch down the western chest of the Pacific, for more than a thousand miles.

Nearly 5,000 of the islands are unnamed; less than 500 have an area of one square mile or more. Yet, such is their infinite variety, that Luzon, the largest island, is a few miles bigger than Ohio; Mindanao, the second, is bigger than Indiana. Eleven of the Philippines are larger than Rhode Island plus the District of Columbia. The Philippines are on t'other side of the globe from the United States; under your feet as you read this, and it is already tomorrow here. Twelve noon in Manila, and it's still only ten o'clock last night in Chicago.

The impression of a land of boundless natural wealth increases, rather than diminishes, when you get nearer, more intimate, views. The tao in his nipa shack really seems a fellow to envy. There is lushness on every hand; tangled slopes, rushing overhung jungle rivers, single plantations that unroll from your toes to as far as vision can reach. Dense forests, the most valuable known to mankind, with more than 1,000 species of trees and plants that have commercial uses (although less than a fifth are yet brought to market). Everywhere is the stately palisading of the coconut palms.

Consider the Coconut

The coconut is man's best friend in the forest. It is the only plant that provides him with the complete means of life: food, clothing, furniture, medicine, shelter, fuel, drink (hard and soft), lubricant, transportation, art, soap—and narcotics. It begins to bear in four years and may continue to do so for seventy-five years.

The Philippine Islands have the majority of the world's coconut supply. In Tayabas Province alone, a short drive from Manila, there is a census of 22,000,000 coconut trees. The coconut has a part in the deadly quarrels of men. Its oil has a high glycerin content, and is therefore essential in the manufacture of explosives. Its dried shells make charcoal, used in manufacture of gas masks.

You might think from all this that the munificent coconut is the most important single factor in the wealth of the Philippines. It is not, although thirty per cent of the population depends upon it for their living. Rice and sugar exceed it in crop values; it stands fifth in area cultivated. But it forms a point from which you can judge, backward and forward, the scope of the resources of the Philippines.

Your money, as an American taxpayer, helped to bring these resources out of rumor into reality. Your money and efforts paid for roads and communications and education that made them available.

You ought to know just what we are giving up when we give up the Philippines.

(Continued on page 54)

Cashing In on Sin

By Katharine Roberts

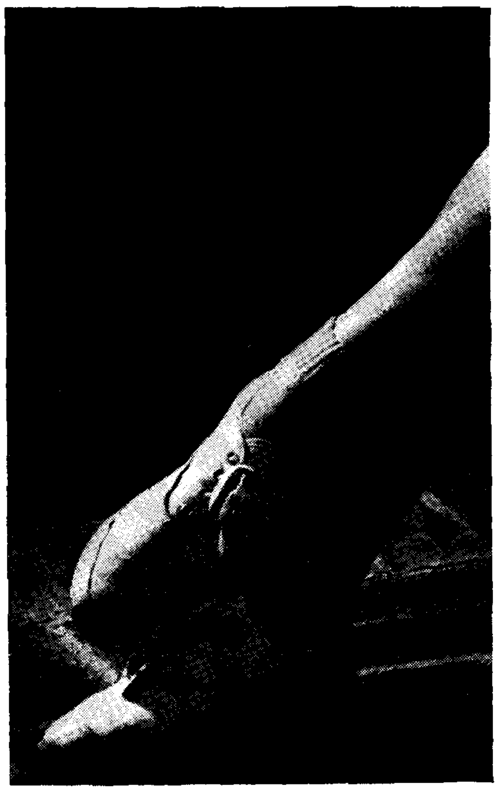
In which that lovely lady, Miss Claire Trevor, makes good by going to the bad

UNTIL Claire Trevor played in Dead End, she had followed the ways of cinematic virtue for four years and twenty-three roles, and she was still in B-grade pictures and had no private life. You couldn't have the latter or get out of the former while you were making pictures that fast.

Then one bright morning she wakened with an intense desire to be a villainess. But no one else seemed to take the matter much to heart. Twentieth Century-Fox, to which she was under contract, didn't have that kind of a role on hand for her anyhow. That in no way deterred the young lady, who is a very definite-minded person.

When the Goldwyn office suggested borrowing her for Dead End, she went hopefully and found she'd been called for the part of Kay, the well-kept demoiselle of the penthouse—undoubtedly a step on the right road to the bad. But as she was leaving, she turned and said wistfully, "Who is playing Francey?"

"That part isn't cast yet," answered Director William Wyler, and then he suddenly realized what she meant. "Yes," he said, thinking of her low contralto voice, which somehow didn't belong in a small blonde unless it meant emotion, "you'd be good for her." And Claire strode proudly home with the part of the toughest dame that had been seen on the screen in a month of blue moons—Francey, the hard but pathetic. It was also the smallest of the three major feminine roles. All in all, everybody earnestly advised her against it.



"And so I knew I was right," she explains, "because I always get farthest when I refuse to take advice." Francey's one meteoric appearance, which lasted about four minutes on the screen, did more for la Trevor than the whole preceding four years of virtue. That was the beginning of her triumph in the ways of film shame.

Once again she was borrowed—this time by Warners'—for the gal gangster in The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse. Her own studio made a tentative attempt to help her on her unrighteous way by giving her an unsympathetic part in To Mary With Love and then started to put her back in a B picture chiefly because they needed a blonde for it.

That roused her to rebellion. She begged to be released from her contract—against advice, of course.

Her next lady with a past was in Valley of the Giants, wherein she was led back to the simple life in technicolor by the charms of Wayne Morris. She reveled in her new-found freedom. She took time out to read books, she joined a radio program and she got married.

And out of her new-found domesticity, Miss Trevor was plucked by Walter Wanger for the leading role in Stagecoach, which definitely established her as a top-flight A-picture actress.

The picture was almost a cinch to be successful. For one thing, John Ford was directing. For another, it was based on Stage to Lordsburg, by Ernest Haycox, which appeared in Collier's a couple of springs ago and was a rip-roaring success itself.

Some years before her sortie on the primrose path, she was born on Long Island. The family moved to New York City, and then, when Claire was thirteen, they moved up to Larchmont. By the time she finished high school, the depression was doing its bit to relieve a lot of young girls of the tedium of going to college. Her father, being a Fifth Avenue tailor with the kind of customers who paid their bills twice a year—if that—found at this time that they didn't pay them even once a year and, since they were the sort of men whose credit had always been excellent, you couldn't insult them by asking for cash.

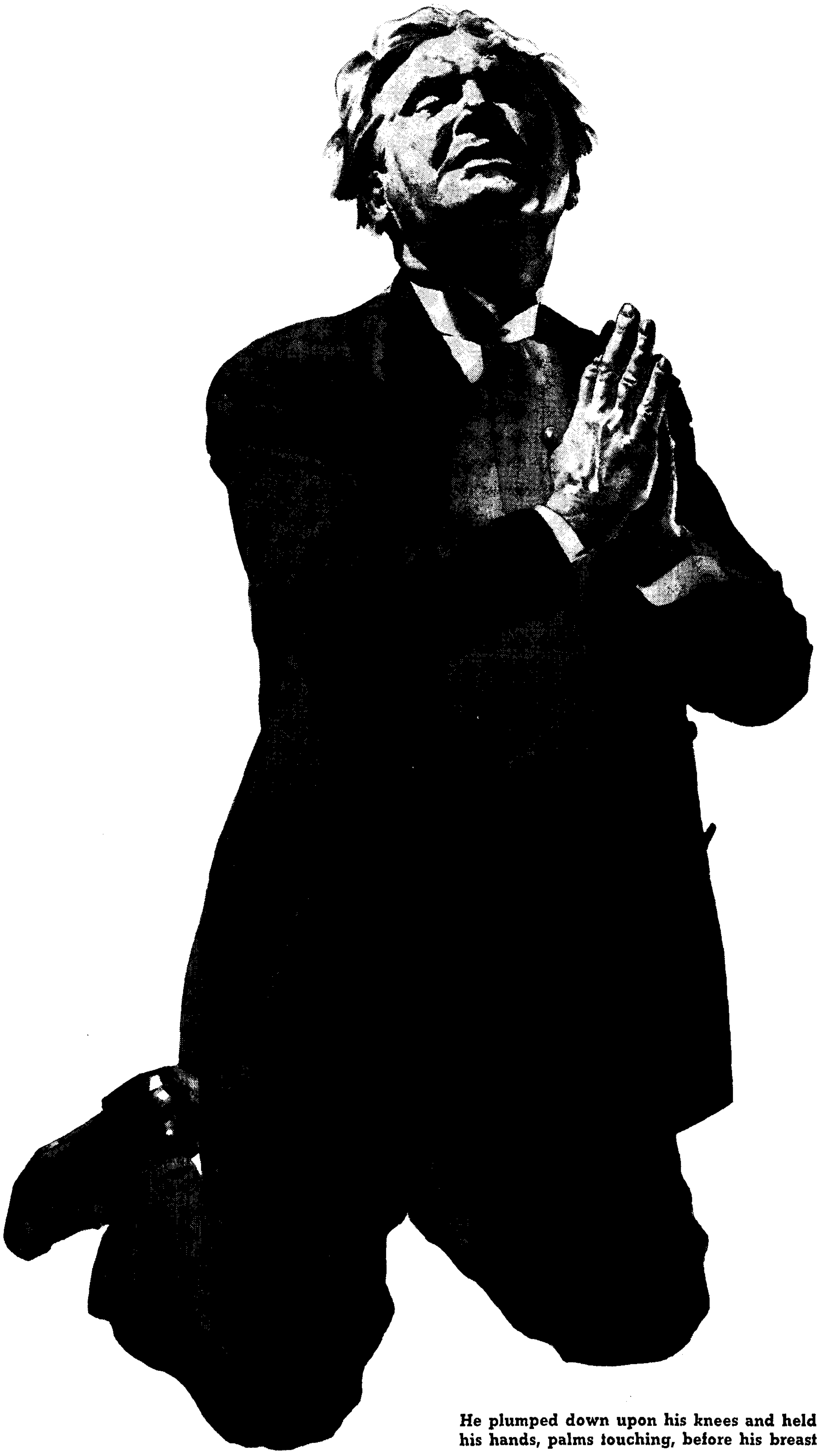
So Claire gave up college with no reluctance whatever and enrolled in dramatic school. But when they got to the second semester and the school began doing plays, she decided actual experience in the professional theater would be better. Thereupon, she concocted as beautiful a theatrical history for herself as anyone could ask, using the names of recent plays some of which she had seen and some she hadn't. Then, as she and her friend, Martha Sleeper, were driving into New York City to look for jobs, the slightly more experienced Miss

(Continued on page 33)

The Lord's Anointed

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



He plumped down upon his knees and held his hands, palms touching, before his breast

Café chitchat with a blond hostess sends a foreign correspondent into an adventure that he could never cable home

THE place was called Alhambra, although there was nothing Moorish there, nothing even faintly remindful of Granada and its glories. You can say what you please about Latvia, a bright little tight little island of pacifism, paternalism and order in a troubled world, but you can't call it romantic—or Moorish.

I sat and thought like that while the others were dancing and remembered Riga as I had known it first when Bermont's shells were bursting in the streets and a Lettish sentry fired at me one night because I didn't hear his challenge and the bullet missed my head by inches. It's peaceful and orderly nowadays, I thought, but it's dull—just dull and unromantic.

The man who took me to the Alhambra was one of the editors of the Russian paper in Riga, and we were talking about the situation in Japan and what might happen if the Chinese went on with the war until the Japanese finally broke by overextension and sheer strain.

I thought there might be a worse explosion in Japan than in Russia, but he said, "No, don't forget the Mikado is not just a king but a god and that will always hold Japan together."

I said, "Wait a minute, have you never heard the theory of old man Meadows, who wrote the best book ever done about China—The Chinese People and Its Rebellion—about eighty years ago? Briefly, his idea was that all rebellion was a sin against Heaven because the emperor or ruler was a Son of Heaven—with one single exception, that is when the rebellion was successful. Because that meant that Heaven had turned its face away from that son and wanted a new one, and therefore rebellion was not a sin but a worthy deed. Unfortunately for prospective rebels, the only proof of the pudding is the eating. So they never knew until they were victorious or tortured to death whether they were worthy or sinners. It's rather ingenious, but . . ."

At this point the girl interrupted me. My friend had danced with her two or three times and told me that she was one of the hostess girls at the café, you know the ones who entertain clients and make them buy expensive drinks, if possible, but are often respectable enough, unless they care to act otherwise. Anyway, that's what he said and she was a pretty blond girl so I had no objection, and she sat there quietly, while she wasn't dancing, sipping a glass of wine. Her name was Elena and she wasn't Lettish, but Russian. She mentioned that she had escaped with her father and mother from Leningrad in 1928 when she was nine years old, and that was all she did say, until now. . . .

BUT now she bent forward and said with an interest that surprised me:

"Is that right? Even if the emperor was killed?"

"That's just the point. Indeed you might say that it was *only* when the emperor was killed that the Chinese people knew that Heaven wanted the rebellion and had really turned its face away. The killing of the emperor was the final proof of that."

Her face had gone red and she seemed excited about something, but she didn't say another word.

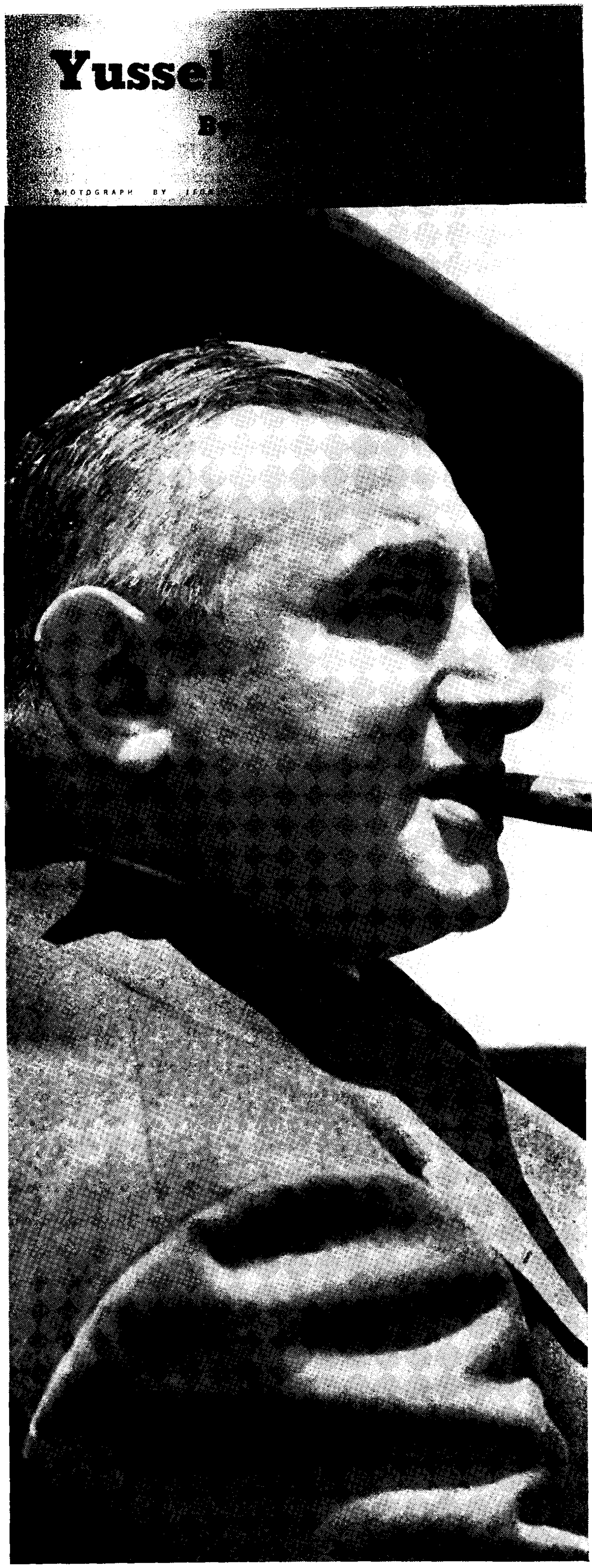
My friend glanced at his watch and said, "Oh, it's a quarter to two, I must go and catch the midnight news broadcast from England; there's two hours difference in time. Would you care to come and hear it?"

I was just going to say yes when Elena nudged me under the table and gave a tiny frown, which he didn't see, as he was paying the waiter. So I stayed where I was and the waiter came back and pestered me to buy champagne, which I did not want, and we compromised on cognac. The girl said, "That waiter is a fool. Why can't he understand that when you say brandy it means you don't want champagne?"

I replied rather meanly, because she puzzled me: "He's doing his job, isn't he? Or perhaps he thought that *you'd* prefer champagne."

She looked at me and said *(Continued on page* 52*)*

Yussel



PHOTOGRAPH BY

Joe Jacobs, who invented Tony Galento, knows all of the tricks of the boxing business because he originated most of them. This is once when he needed them all

TWO-TON TONY GALENTO, the Beer Barrel Who Fights Like a Man, didn't bother taking a shower and rubdown when — at Madame Bey's Camp in Summit, New Jersey, one hot afternoon last July—he finished training for his fight with John Henry Lewis. It was already 4:30 and in an hour the evening rush would start at his larynx-spraying studio in Orange, twenty miles away as the touring car flies. So, drenched with perspiration though he was, Tony slipped a sport shirt and a pair of trousers over his gymnasium suit, jumped into an open car and was whirled through the Jersey countryside to his thirsty public.

Tony hadn't taken more than a dozen beers and was only halfway through the night's bartending chore when he began to feel woozy.

"It musta been somethin' I et," he apologized to his admiring clientele. "I guess I'll flop early tonight and get plenty of shuteye so I'll be okay tomorrow, though I don't need no sleep at all to lick that bum."

At Tony's bedside next day, his doctor broke the news to his manager, Joe Jacobs. It was double pneumonia. Jacobs was stunned for a moment, because it meant that the Lewis-Galento fight, promising a fat purse, was off. But recovering quickly from the shock, Joe—who is known in the Sock-and-Bust-'Em Guild as Yussel the Muscle—turned to the doctor and said: "Say, Doc, we might as well get all the publicity we can out of this as long as the fight's off. Wouldn't it be a better story if we told the press it was triple pneumonia? Tony's a pretty big guy, you know."

Six Champions and No Money

Yussel had the right idea there. By ballyhooing Tony's battle with "Kid Ammonia" as if it were a boxing match, Jacobs made him a national character and laid the foundation for a campaign that will be climaxed when Galento steps into the ring at the Yankee Stadium on the night of June 28th as challenger for Joe Louis' title.

A year ago, Jacobs' fat, fabulous, froth-blowing fighter was little known outside of his native Jersey and near-by New York. Today, thanks to Little Joey's mastery of the art of ballyhoo, the Biffing Barkeep is the most talked-of and written-about boxer in the business.

If a miracle should happen and Galento becomes the world's heavyweight champion, he will be the seventh champ Yussel the Muscle has managed. At forty-three, the little Hebrew with the merry twinkle in his eyes and the long cigar in his mouth is, paradoxically enough, both dead broke and the most successful manager of fighters in the business.

Yussel Jacobs owes his unusual shrewdness to the accident that his father, Samuel Jacobs, an immigrant tailor who came to New York from Russia in 1880, settled in Hell's Kitchen on New York's West Side. How was the pious little Jew to know that only Irishers lived in that neighborhood? Nor were his new neighbors lace-curtain Irish. They'd fight at the drop of a hat. In this environment Jacobs, the tailor, raised his family of three boys and two girls.

Little Joey, a pale, delicate-looking kid, was the smartest of the lot. Instead of getting himself involved in the neighborhood brawls with the tough Irish lads, he let them do all the battling while he offered advice from the side lines. Willie and Dave Astey were the leading fighters of Hell's Kitchen then and, with unusual acumen for one of his years, little Joey promoted himself into the job of managing them.

Dumb Dan Gets Smart

At the time Yussel was attending high school and adding such words as "irregardless" and "stood" (as the past tense of "stay") to his colorful Hell's Kitchen vocabulary, the leading fight manager in New York was a voluble Irishman named Dan Morgan. In that era, practically all the fight managers were Irish. The Jews hadn't yet taken over the profession. Resolved to be a fight manager and to learn the business from the best man in it, Yussel went to Morgan and applied for a job as his office boy. Amused by the kid's impudence and the twinkle in his eyes, Dumb Dan hired him.

Yussel's genius for publicity first asserted itself when he observed that Barney Oldfield, the famous automobile racer who was then in his prime, always had a cigar in his mouth when photographed. Barney's cigar was his trademark. Yussel the office boy resolved to make Barney Oldfield his model, and from that day to this he has never permitted himself to be surprised in front of a camera without a cheroot.

Yussel learned his managerial lessons so well under Tutor Morgan that he soon branched out as manager of his own stable. Willie Herman, the lightweight, was one of his early herring-retrievers. Yussel also hustled bouts in New York for out-of-town fighters, getting a percentage of their manager's cut. But his first real job of ballyhoo was accomplished with Benny Valgar, a French Jew whom Doc Bagley had discarded as all washed up. Yussel signed him to a contract, rechristened him "The French Flash" and built him up via newspaper headlines into an important figure in the lightweight division.

Yussel kazotskied into the Big Time in 1923. That year, Mike McTigue had won the light heavyweight title from Battling Siki on St. Patrick's Day in Dublin, where the poor benighted haythen had made the mistake of straying. Michael being without a manager at the moment, Yussel beat everyone else to the cable office and applied for the job. McTigue hired him.

Yussel committed his first real boner when he agreed in the summer of that year to allow McTigue to defend his title in Columbus, Georgia, against a young Georgia boxer called Young Stribling, just then coming into prominence. The Ku Klux Klan was still waging a racial and religious war from behind sheets and pillowcases in Georgia and points south, and this circumstance promised complications for an Irish fighter and his Hebrew manager. But Jacobs had never heard of Young Stribling and thought the Ku Klux Klan was a species of shellfish.

(Continued on page 39)

The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

IN COMMAND of Fort Grant, Arizona, Major Warren sends a detachment out to investigate an attack—presumably by Indians—on a wagon train. Led by Tom Benteen, a young lieutenant, the troopers find only one survivor: a girl who gives her name as Lily Marr.

At the post, where she becomes a guest, Lily is pursued, harassed by Jack Bean, an outlaw, who professes to love her. Detesting Bean and driven to the breaking point by his brutality, she informs Benteen that it was a band led by Bean, not Indians, that had attacked the wagon train. The wagons, she says, had carried gold, which Bean had taken.

Benteen sends the fellow to the guardhouse. After which, he leads a detachment out against the Indians—directed by a man known as Antone, who is a master strategist. . . .

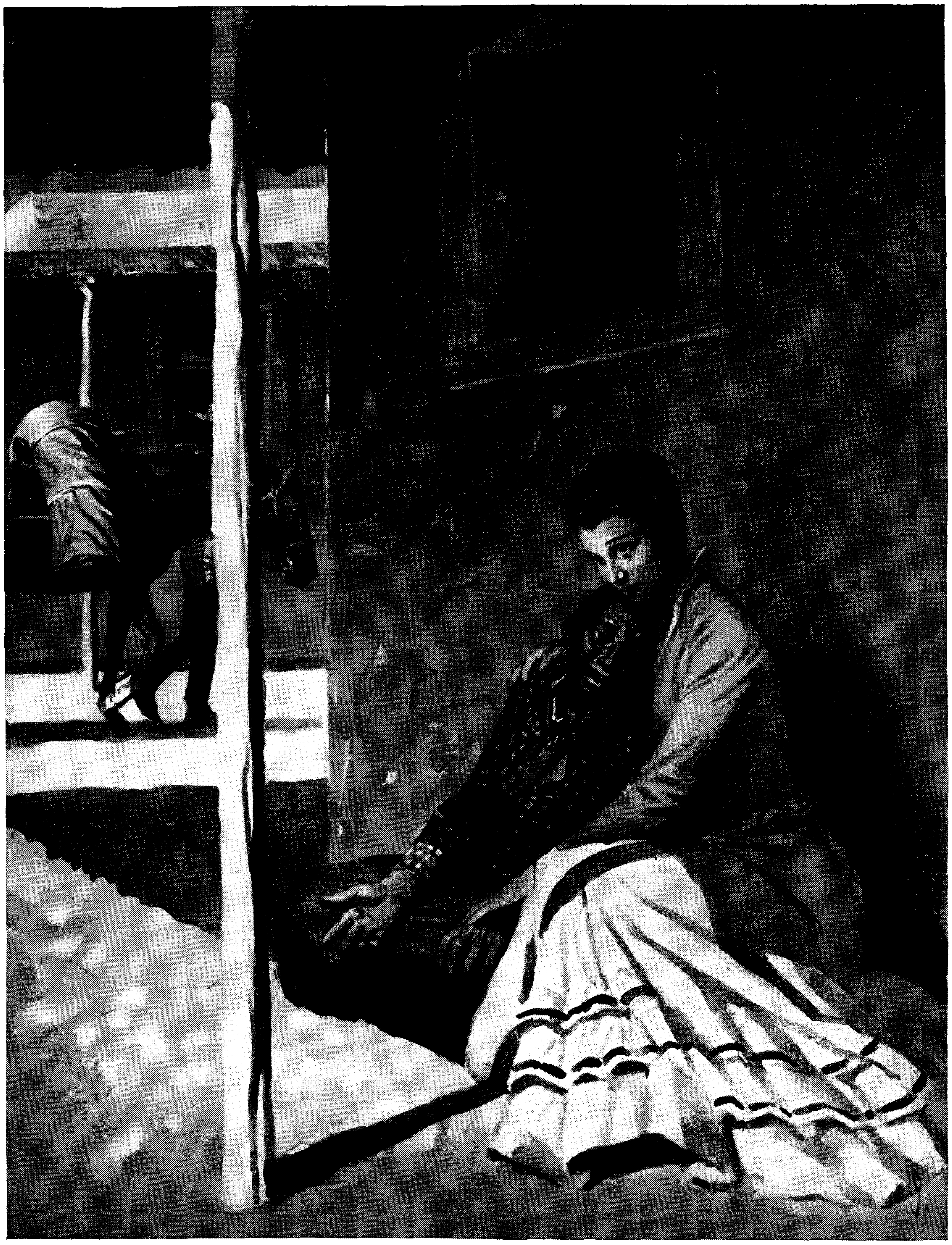
Major Warren has a daughter, Eleanor, who is engaged to Philip Castleton, a lieutenant. Castleton is a courageous man, but Warren does not trust his judgment. When this becomes obvious, Castleton becomes moody; then, suspecting that Eleanor may be falling in love with Benteen, he shows plainly that he is jealous of his young fellow officer.

Shortly before Benteen's troopers move out, Harriet Mixler, wife of Lieutenant George Mixler, becomes a mother. Lily Marr and Eleanor assist her through her ordeal. Then, when the baby is old enough to travel, she goes away. Loathing army life, she feels that she can endure it no longer. Her husband remains.

Advancing on the Indians, Benteen keeps two men close beside him: Al Hazel, a veteran scout, and Nachee, an interpreter. Hazel and Nachee give him invaluable advice, and—unlike Castleton, who is averse to listening to anyone—he follows it.

Following a series of skirmishes, Benteen engages the Indians, who retreat. Major Warren arrives with reinforcements, which are disposed in accordance with a plan formulated by Benteen. To Castleton is given the mission of scouting, with six men along a ridge top. As he leaves, the major calls to him: "Do not bring on a fight and do not charge any timber."

Benteen sees that his men are properly deployed. Then: "Come on—follow me!" he orders.



She put her head on Eleanor's shoulder, crying and speaking in Spanish. Eleanor held the woman, saying nothing

Conclusion

MCSWEEN stuck with Benteen as the thin skirmish line doubled around. He grumbled: "Keep back with me, Lieutenant! Don't get so damned far in front!" Apaches flashed in front of them, rushing for the clearing. But gunfire boiled up from the clearing, which was Major Warren's piece of K Troop checking Antone's retreat; and Harrison kept pressing in from the northwest. Pinched this way, Apaches rolled back up the gulch and through the trees, coming hard by Benteen. Benteen balanced his revolver on the driving shape of a wire-thin Tonto who came on afoot from the gulch. He dropped the Tonto and turned to signal his men forward. They were in the middle of it, the very heart of this whirling fight.

McSween trotted away, seeing Conrad Reichert lose his horse. He bawled: "Watch out, you damned Dutchman!" Harry Jackson ran through the pitted hummocks, the rest of the detail on his heels. Standing against the pines, or kneeling in the soft turf, they met Antone's recoiling warriors and beat them back into the ravine. Harrison appeared from the timber, his cheeks chalked by sweat and dust, and his lips pulled apart as he sucked in the dry, hot air. A part of K slashed through the pines behind him, reached the mine gulch and fell into it, yelling.

Benteen yelled: "Horses!"

The horse holders rushed in, the detail hit the saddles. Benteen followed Harrison to the edge of the gulch and stopped a moment to look down. Indian ponies lay slaughtered below and Apaches, both afoot and mounted, shrank back from the firing. Warren came down the steep opposite slope with his men, and Harrison drove the last scattered remnant of Antone's band off the ridge, into the bottom of the gulch. A few warriors, dodging this enclosing maneuver, raced to the head of the ravine, bent on reaching the potholes where Castleton had been trapped. Benteen pointed at them and carbines battered the dead-burning air, dropping some of the ponies. The rest of the fugitive Apaches rushed on, vanishing.

The firing dropped off. Antone's band was shattered, his men were dead in the hills and in the ravine, or they had fled across the ravine, or they stood now at the bottom of the ravine, sullen and no longer fighting. Benteen saw the troopers collecting below him, and led his men down. Warren stood on the end of the mine dump, considering the scene. A few last shots echoed at the end of the ravine. Troopers straggled back and horse holders came off the hill. Castleton rode down from the timber, hatless and with a streak of blood across his face. Three troopers were carrying George Mixler across the rocks. Mixler turned a little in their arms and raised his hand across his eyes. Benteen went over to meet him.

"What's the matter, George?"

Mixler was gray-white, and feeling pain. He shook his head. "I don't know. Hit somewhere."

Shiraz came up the gulch. The troopers put Mixler on the ground, arranging themselves to block the sun away. Shiraz unbuttoned Mixler's shirt, and bent over, his fingers pushing across

(Continued on page 42)

Red Gardenias

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

SUSPECTING that his nephew, Richard, and his son, John—both killed by gas fumes—were murdered, wealthy old Simeon March employs two detectives to look into the matter. Awaiting Mr. March's arrival in the Richard March home, in Marchton, the operatives—William Crane and Ann Fortune, who pose as husband and wife—hear strange noises. Investigating, they find Peter March, old Simeon's son, busily engaged in rummaging through his dead cousin's correspondence—"to protect him from blackmail."

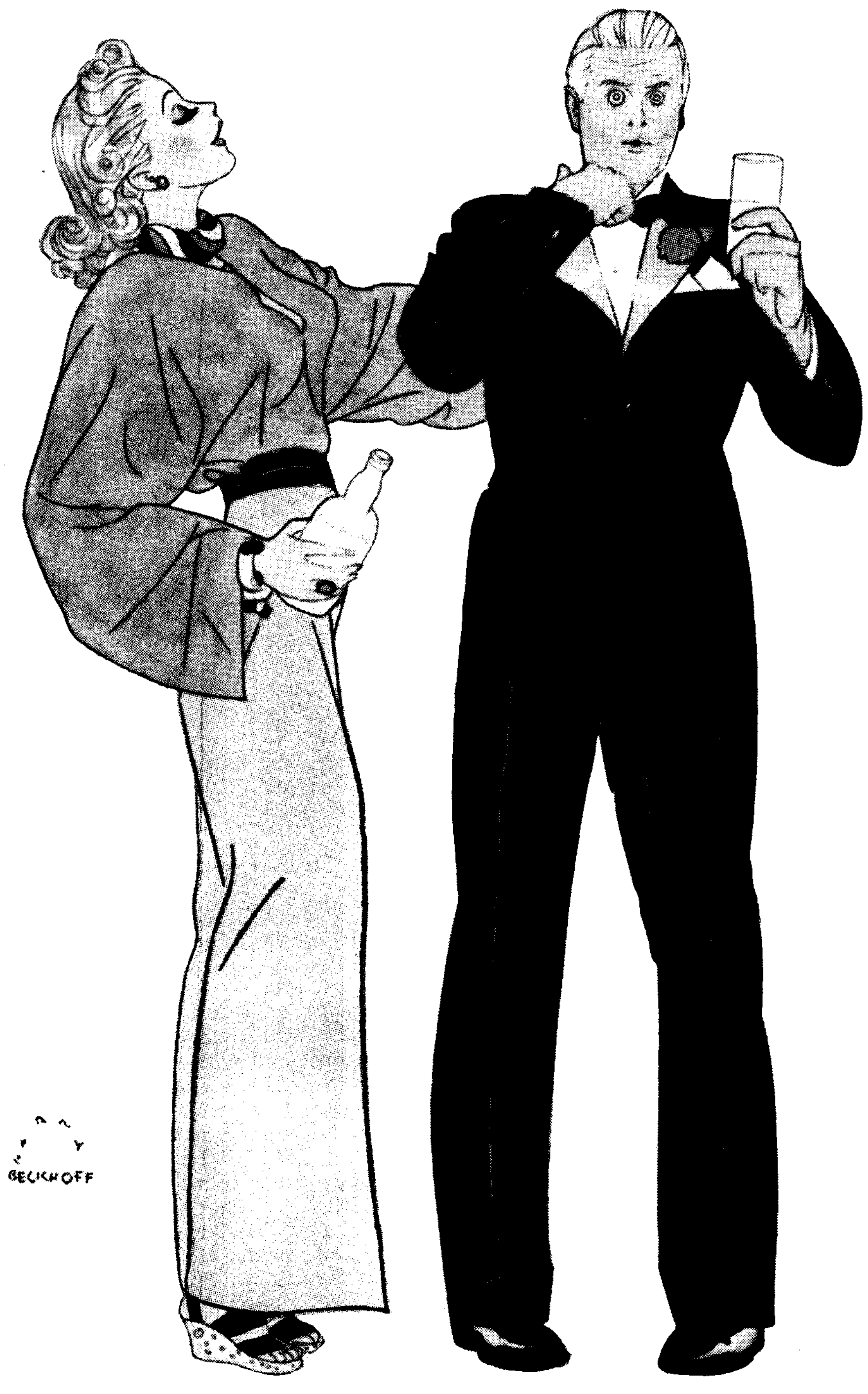
A few minutes later, a masked man steps into the room, covers the trio with an automatic, seizes a number of letters, and goes away. Then Simeon March arrives; he is accompanied by Carmel March, John's widow. Closeted with Crane, Simeon outlines the case, guardedly; but when Carmel leaves the house with Peter he names her as the killer! He can, however, produce no tangible evidence against her.

Dr. Paul Woodrin, a close friend of the Marches, gives Crane some interesting information: Richard had stolen his brother Talmadge's fiancée, married her, divorced her, with no settlement or alimony; and Talmadge had been her lawyer, in the divorce proceedings.

From some notes—torn up and thrown away by Peter—Ann and Crane learn that one "Delia" and Richard had been seeing much of each other, secretly. Following some "leads" in the notes, Ann and Crane discover that a "Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell" had, from time to time, up to Richard's death. occupied a cottage in a near-by town. Investigating further, the operatives feel sure that the Maxwells had been *Richard March and Carmel!*

Motoring to the cottage, Crane and Ann arrive just as a redhaired woman and the man who had stolen Richard March's letters are leaving the place, in a car. A wild chase ensues; it terminates when the bandit sends a pistol bullet into the car of the pursuers.

Another assistant for Crane arrives: Doc Williams. . . . Carmel and Crane have a long talk, in the course of which Carmel says that John had killed Richard after overhearing Richard imploring her to go away with him. She says that John, remorseful, had committed suicide. . . . Dr. Woodrin, Ann, Carmel, Crane and Peter March plan a party at the "Crimson Cat," a night spot. They motor to the place, enter it. A pretty blonde accosts Crane. "Alone?" she inquires. "Practically—except for a wife," Crane replies. Then, taking the blonde by the arm, "Come on," he exclaims. "We've got an extra man." He grins. "He'll take care of my wife."



Her eyes were surprised. "Say, Arthur, you can handle it!" she said

IV

ALL RIGHT," the girl said. A closer inspection showed she was maturer than Crane had thought she was. "At least for a while. Later I got to dance."

"I'll dance with you."

"No. I mean in the floor show. I do a specialty."

"Every woman should have a specialty," he said.

"I tap-dance," she said.

"I think that's nice. And here are our friends." He bowed to Peter March and Dr. Woodrin. "This little lady is going to sit with us for a short time and partake of champagne."

"If it's champagne I may sit for a long time." She sat down by Dr. Woodrin. "My name's Dolly Wilson."

"Mine's Bill Crane." Crane waved for a waiter. "These are Mr. March and Dr. Woodrin."

Miss Wilson gaped at Peter March. "Say!" she exclaimed. "I thought you was dead."

"I'm not, though," Peter said.

"Well, that's funny. You were out here a couple of times a year or so ago, and then I heard you were dead."

"That was my brother. We looked very much alike."

"Oh, say!" She reached over and squeezed his hand. "I'm awful sorry, Mister March."

"That's all right."

Carmel and Ann came to the table. All over the room people stared at them, the women looking at their clothes, the men at their faces. From even a few feet away Carmel was much the more striking, with dead-white skin, tomato-red lips and jet-black hair.

But Ann, Crane thought, was best quite near. Her tan skin was flawless; her eyes had interesting green depths. Her hair was the color of sun-dried bamboo. She was pretty even when she was angry.

He tried to hold her chair for her, but Peter March got to it first. He introduced Dolly Wilson to the women.

Dr. Woodrin, his eyes twinkling, said, "An old friend of Crane's."

Crane said, "She nursed me back to health after the battle of Gettysburg."

This set Miss Wilson to giggling. It was awfully funny because how could she have nursed him after the battle of Gettysburg? She was only nineteen and she must have been a little girl then. It was awfully funny.

Peter had already ordered champagne, and the waiter poured it into hollow-stemmed glasses. "Here's how," Crane said.

They drank. Ann pointedly ignored Crane, carried on a quiet conversation with Peter March. They seemed to like each other, Crane thought. Well, all right. The orchestra started a slow fox trot and he asked Miss Wilson if she would like to dance.

"And how!" she said.

She danced very well. For a time she was wary, watching for a false move of one kind or another on his part, but she soon came closer to him, closed her eyes, put a cheek against his.

"You're not bad," she said.

"I'm wonderful."

SHE had to giggle at this. Imagine his saying he was wonderful! He was awfully funny. She wondered which one was his wife. She hoped it wasn't the haughty-looking brunette. She was swell-looking all right, but she looked as though she'd be tough to live with. The blonde looked nice.

"Who runs this joint?" Crane asked.

"Frenchy Duval," she said. "But he doesn't own it. It's one of Slats' places."

He recalled the "Slats" of Delia's letter to Richard. "Slats who?"

"Slats Donovan."

"Who's he?"

"Oh, you've heard of him."

"No, I haven't."

"You must have. He runs the gambling in this district. *You've* heard of him."

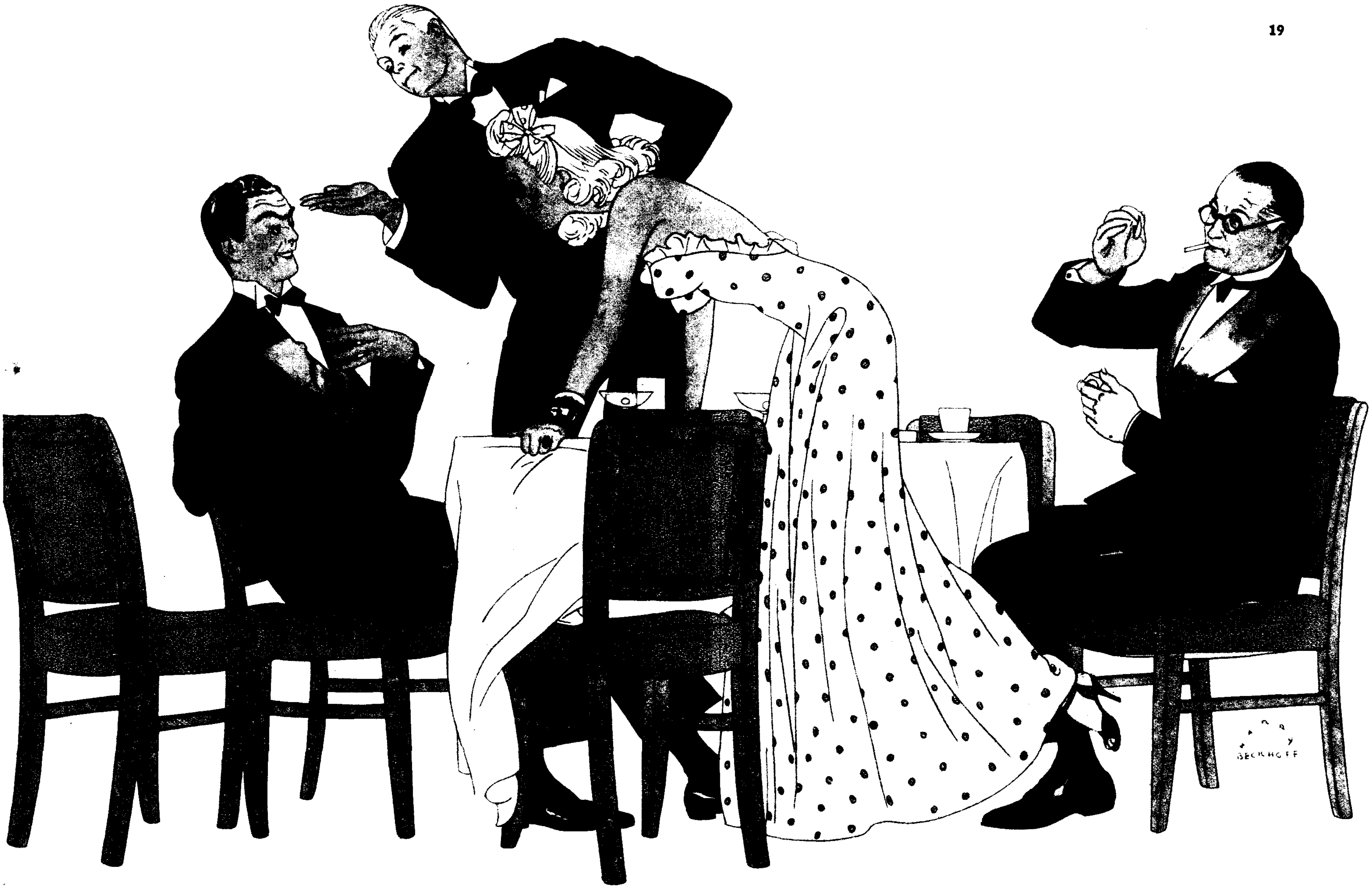
"I've heard of Al Capone."

"Oh, you!"

The orchestra, according to a bass drum lighted with red bulbs, was Sammy Parson's Swing Seven, but the members didn't work very hard at whatever they were playing. They had a good sense of time, though, and the music was good, if a little brassy.

"They don't jam until after the last show," Dolly explained.

Crane caught sight of a woman who had just come out from behind magenta drapes at the orchestra end of the room. She was wearing a black velvet evening gown which clung to her body as tightly as a wet bathing suit. She had fine curves, but she wasn't fat. She had carrot-red hair.



Miss Wilson gasped at Peter March. "Say," she exclaimed, "I thought you was dead!"

Crane danced in her direction. "Who's that dame?"

"Which one? Oh! Delia Young."

Crane's stomach tingled. It was the Delia of the letters. And the redhead of the chase. And Slats was Slats. He wondered if she would recognize him, and danced closer. Her eyes passed over him casually, went to other couples on the floor.

"What's she do?" he asked.

"She sings. She's good. They say she makes two hundred dollars a week."

Crane showed great surprise for Dolly's benefit. "I'd like to meet her."

Dolly was alarmed. "No, you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"She's Slats' girl."

"Couldn't I buy her a drink?"

"Listen." Dolly moved back a few inches, looked straight into his face. "The last guy who bought her a drink—they found him dead of an oversupply of mineral."

"Mineral?"

"He had too much lead in his body." She giggled.

"Well, well." He looked at Delia Young's curves. "Slats is jealous, hey?"

"With reason." Dolly's young face was wise. "He has a bodyguard for her."

"Does the guy talk as though he had a bad needle on his phonograph?" Crane asked.

SHE jerked away from him, stopped dancing. "Say! What do you know?"

Other dancers began to look at them. "Nothing," he said. "I remembered someone in Marchton telling me about her, that's all."

She allowed him to dance with her again, but her face was suspicious. "You've never seen her before?"

"Never," he lied.

"If Slats heard me telling this . . ."

"He's tough?"

"I seen him put his fist through a door once." She squeezed his arm. "Now I gotta go. The show starts in five minutes. Keep out of trouble until I get back."

"I will," he promised.

He walked back to the table. Carmel and Dr. Woodrin were there alone. Carmel said, "We thought you had gone for the evening."

"The evening's young yet," Crane said.

He sat down and looked for Ann and Peter, but they weren't dancing. He felt a trifle angry. Ann was supposed to be his wife, even though she wasn't. He drank some of his champagne. He decided to watch for an opportunity to meet Delia Young. He didn't know whether he was going to do it to pursue his investigations, or to annoy Ann. He guessed he didn't much care.

"Bringing a strange girl to the table," Ann said, dancing as far away from him as possible.

"So that's what's the matter," Crane said.

"No, it isn't."

"Then why are you angry?"

"I'm not."

It was the last dance before the floor show. Ann had come back with Peter March and Crane had asked her to dance. She hadn't seemed enthusiastic, but she went out on the floor with him.

"I guess I'm glad I'm not married to you," he said.

"Not half as glad as I am."

"I'm not really glad," he said. "I think you're swell. But don't you see I have to work?"

"Do you call drinking and chasing after girls working?"

"Certainly."

"How do you think I feel—having a husband on the loose?"

"But we're not married."

"People think we are." Her voice was cold. "I don't like people thinking they have to be nice to me because you aren't."

"You mean Peter?"

She looked at him scornfully. "He's been very thoughtful."

"I'm thoughtful, too. But I have to work."

The orchestra was playing an old piece that Crane remembered Paul Whiteman as having played. It was a fairly fast piece, with lots of work for saxophone and trumpets, and it was hard to dance and talk. He thought the name of it was You Took Advantage of Me. He caught sight of Delia Young's red hair in a corner of the room. She was talking to a man in a black suit.

"Would you really want me to slight my work?" he asked.

She didn't answer, and when he looked at her he was surprised to see moisture in her green eyes. He felt a tingling sensation in his stomach. He supposed it was sympathy. He felt a desire to hold her tight against his chest. That was sympathy, too.

"I'll quit work," he said. "I'll be nice."

"It's nothing to me what you do," she said.

She pushed his arms away and stopped dancing and left him. She held herself very stiff in walking.

He wondered why she had done that. It made him a little mad.

HE WENT into the taproom and had a double Scotch and soda. He saw Williams at the end of the red bar, in conversation with the tough barman, but he ignored him. Presently Dr. Woodrin came in and sat on the next stool.

"Have a drink?" Crane asked.

"Sure."

Crane ordered two more double Scotch and sodas.

"Say!" he said when the bartender had left them. "I've just heard something strange from Carmel. I think I'd better tell you since you're involved."

"What is it?"

Crane told him Carmel's story of John's suicide. "Was there really a note?" he asked.

Dr. Woodrin's pink-and-white face was serious. "Gosh! I hoped that wouldn't get out." His blue eyes searched Crane's face. "How'd she happen to tell you?"

"She was angry at Talmadge March."

"I don't blame her. . . . I don't know what he was driving at yesterday."

"I guess he doesn't like her," Crane said.

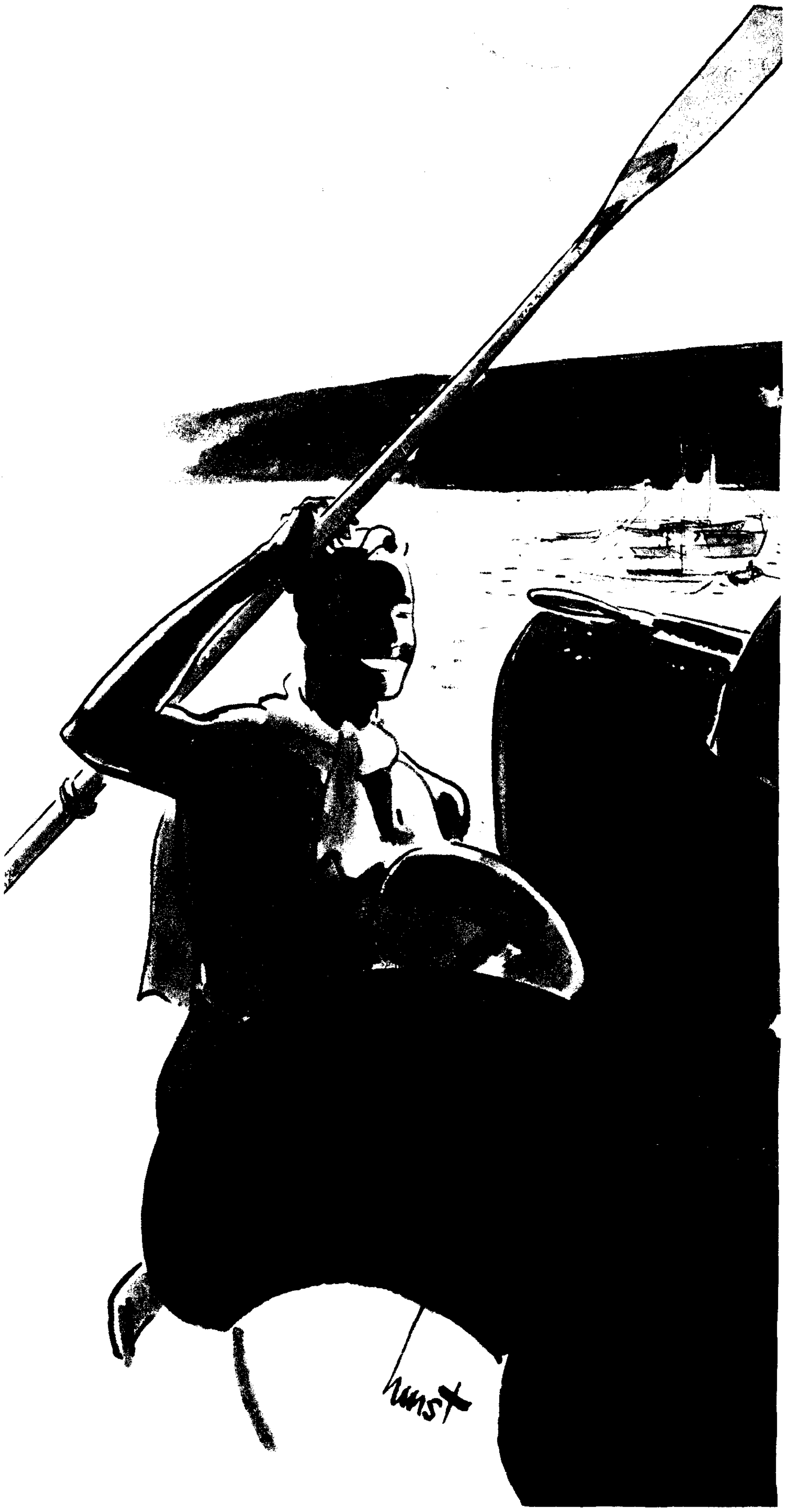
"That's Alice's work." The *(Continued on page 49)*

French without a Struggle

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Chip Rogers pulls a fast one. And Mr. Bunnell likes it. Things will be fine until Chip gets back from Europe



TAKE that number in red crossing the campus—which wouldn't be hard, Chip reflected confidently. Perhaps a little broad of beam—some of her curves were inclined to be circles—but on a balmy spring afternoon like this you could afford to relax the standards just a bit. Chip watched her turn into the Physics Building, and recalled himself with a start. "... You're right, Mr. Bunnell. Dead right."

"Because it isn't as though you couldn't master the subject, you know," Mr. Bunnell argued, frowning earnestly as he sought to keep pace with Chip's easy lope. "There's nothing difficult about French if you'll concentrate—"

"Absolutely right, sir," Chip nodded absently. Across the street, he had just observed, a little number in green was climbing into the rumble seat of a parked car, a process that necessarily offered the alert student a brief but interesting course in comparative anatomy.

"I do hope you understand, Mr. Rogers," Mr. Bunnell assured him almost apologetically, "that I have no personal desire to interfere with your crew activities—I'm as much of a rowing fan as anybody—but as long as you continue to flunk your work, I have no choice but to keep you out of the race."

"Oh, it isn't your fault, Mr. Bunnell," said Chip. "Whole thing's up to me. I got to get on the ball, that's all."

"You can see my position, can't you? . . . matter of routine, so to speak," Mr. Bunnell urged, hopping a little in an effort to match his step with Chip's long-legged stride. "You know the requirements. If you want to row . . ."

Requirements, routine, academic ritual. Chip sighed. Mr. Bunnell could not be more than three or four years older than Chip—he'd gotten his M. A. last year—but already he was as full of rules and regulations as a French grammar. If only there were some way to get around him, Chip mused. If only he were human. . . .

Chip glanced at his French instructor curiously. Odd guy, this Bunny. Not bad-looking, as a matter of fact, if he'd lay off the cheaters and pull his shoulders back. Women might even look at him twice; though Chip had to grin at the thought of Bunny looking at a woman even once. Somehow you never thought of Bunny with women. You never thought of Bunny doing any of the simple, ordinary, everyday things, like playing, or sleeping, or eating.

He was as impersonal as a French textbook. He spoke in polite stilted sentences, like a first-year primer. In the garden of my aunt is the plume of my brother John. This afternoon I am at home *(chez moi)*. What is it that it is that that? . . .

"Anyway, thanks a lot for your advice, sir," Chip added, pausing outside the door of the campus bookstore, and glancing surreptitiously at his watch. "And now if you'll excuse me, I've got to stop in here for . . . for a French grammar," he invented glibly. "I want to buckle right down to work."

"Commendable spirit," said Mr. Bunnell. "Maybe I can help you select it."

"Oh, no, sir," Chip exclaimed, taken aback. "No, I don't *think*—I *mean*, I wouldn't want to trouble you."

"No trouble at all," Mr. Bunnell assured him eagerly, following him through the door. "I'm so glad to see you taking an interest . . ."

BUNNY'S voice trailed, and he paused uncomfortably, gazing at the young lady behind the bookstore counter. Even in the semidarkness, which contrasted sharply with the brilliant spring sunshine of the street, he perceived at once that Chip's recent conversion to letters was based upon something more than a thirst for knowledge.

"Miss Kent," Chip began formally, endeavoring to convey by his expression that the present situation required a certain tactful aloofness between them, "this is Mr. Bunnell."

Linda Kent, gray-blue eyes widening in surprise, turned and regarded Bunny with a pleasant smile of greeting. Her face, when she smiled, was even lovelier to look upon, her cheeks high-colored, her little chin lifted, her lips parted a trifle on very white teeth. "How do you do?"

Bunny made an abortive sound in his throat.

"Mr. Bunnell," Chip explained, "is with the Department of Romance."

"Oh?" said Linda.

"Romance *languages*," Bunny inserted convulsively.

"Oh," said Linda.

There was a brief silence. Chip, gazing from one to the other, shook his head incredulously. From the moment they had arrived, he had been aware, Bunny had not taken his eyes from Linda's face. Now he realized that Bunny's eyeglasses were growing misty, a dull tomato-red color had spread upward into the roots of his hair, and his Adam's apple dropped below his collar with an audible gulp. It was as though an archaic French idiom were being translated, slowly but surely, into simple and understandable English.

"I think," Bunny began in a falsetto, and cleared his throat. "I think I'd better be going," he said to Linda brusquely, attempted a gallant bow, backed into a pile of French grammars, and turned stricken as the whole stack toppled to the floor. "Did I do that?"

"It's all right," Linda smiled, stooping to rescue them. "It was my fault for leaving them there."

"But it was *my* fault," Bunny assured her, on his hands and knees. "Really, I insist on its being my fault." He began handing up books to her, beaming with a moonlike expression that just escaped total idiocy. "I'd feel very sorry if it weren't my fault. . . ."

Chip sank back against the counter and passed a hand across his eyes. It was true; it had happened; nature, in her own inscrutable way, had worked the impossible. His not to question the miracle. His but to turn it immediately to his own advantage. Bunny had been delivered abruptly into his hands. His academic future was assured. He picked up a grammar from the floor, and glanced at its title.

"French," he read contentedly, "without a struggle."

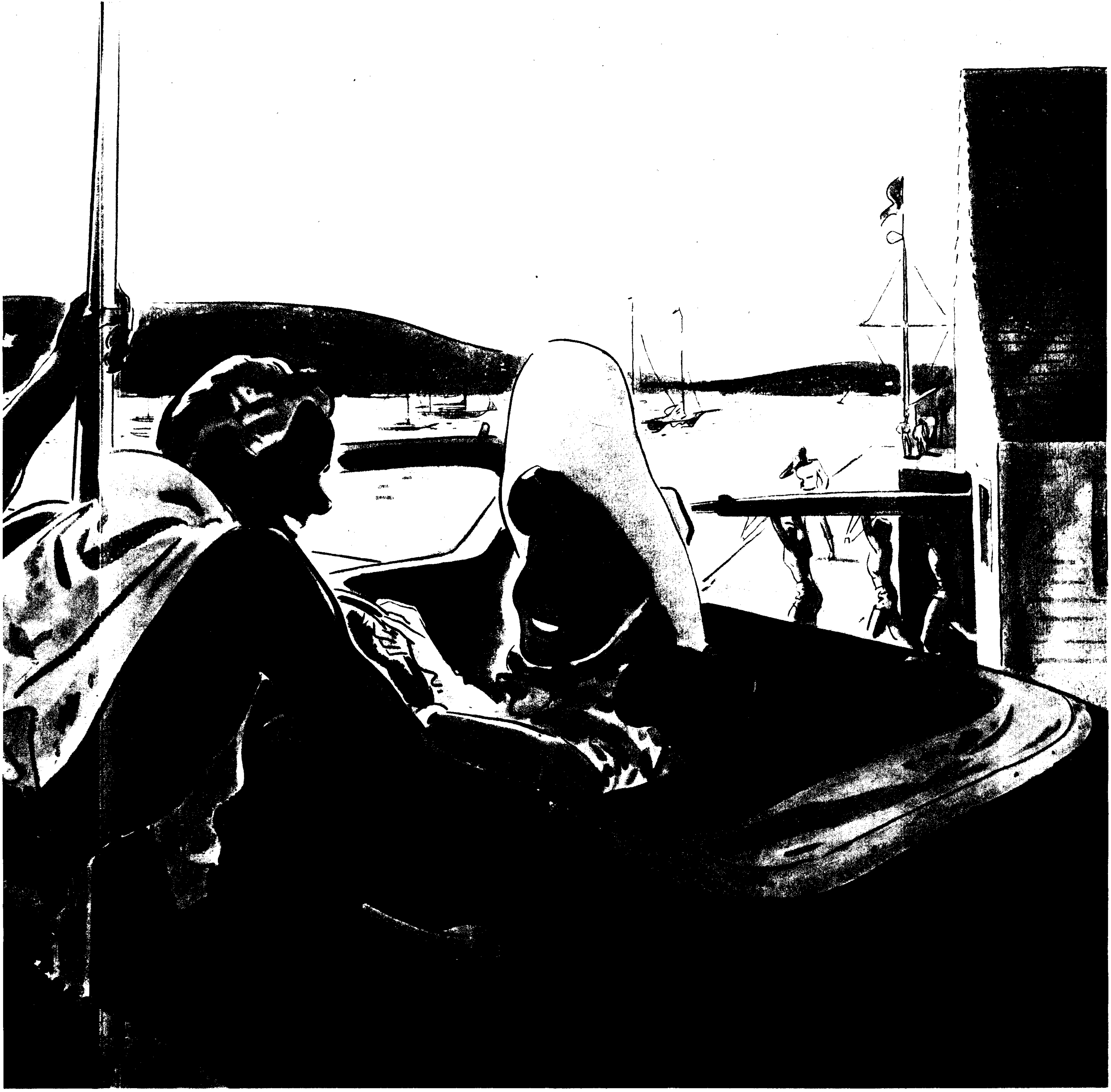
"IT ISN'T just a favor for me alone," said Chip. A sweatshirt was knotted loosely by the sleeves upon his bared chest, and he rested a tan arm on the door of Linda's roadster. Behind him, the other oarsmen in socks and narrow rowing trunks were carrying their sweeps down the ramp toward the float. "It's really a favor to Bunny, as you might say. Think what it will do to him."

"That's just what I'm thinking, Chip," Linda hesitated.

"What does he lose?" Chip argued. "You're nice to him for a few weeks. You let him take you around. You give him a little play—just enough to get by—and now and then, when you have a chance, you slip him the harpoon a little: how hard I'm working, how deserving I am, how much you hope he'll pass me in the finals. You know."

"I know."

"Besides, he's really a nice guy, if you get to know him. He's shy, that's all it is. This thing'll wake him up—do him good, Linda." He glanced over his shoulder at the oarsmen straggling back up the ramp toward the boathouse, ready



to take their places in the shell, and continued hurriedly: "So why not? We all get what we want. Bunny gets a whirl. You get a Girl Scout merit badge. I get off pro. What could be simpler?"

"It could be simpler, Chip," Linda suggested, "if you'd do a little honest work for a change instead of all this finagling—"

"Why work when you can get it done for you?" Suddenly he bent toward her, his handsome eyes intimate, the clefts deepening at either side of his mouth as he smiled at her: "Aw, honey, you'll do it for me, won't you? I'm counting on you, Linda. That's why I asked him up here to watch practice today."

"You asked him . . . this afternoon?"

"I told him the best place to watch it was from the towpath . . . you'll find him there all right," Chip told her, his big hand covering hers for a moment. "Be nice to him, honey. It's my only chance. The English Henleys are right after exams; and if I don't get a good grade in that French final, I just don't sail to England with the crew. And you know what it means to me to stroke that Henley race, Linda. It means more than anything else in the world."

"More than anything?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Anything but you, honey," he whispered at once, leaning over the door of the roadster until his face almost touched hers. "You know that. You know the only reason I really want to row is because—"

"All right, Romeo," the coxswain shouted venomously. "Any time you're ready!"

"Thanks, Linda," said Chip with a final pressure of his hand. "I knew you wouldn't let me down."

Linda sighed, put the car in gear, and headed dutifully toward the towpath. With a wave, Chip vaulted the iron railing and loped across the boathouse lawn toward the waiting shell. . . .

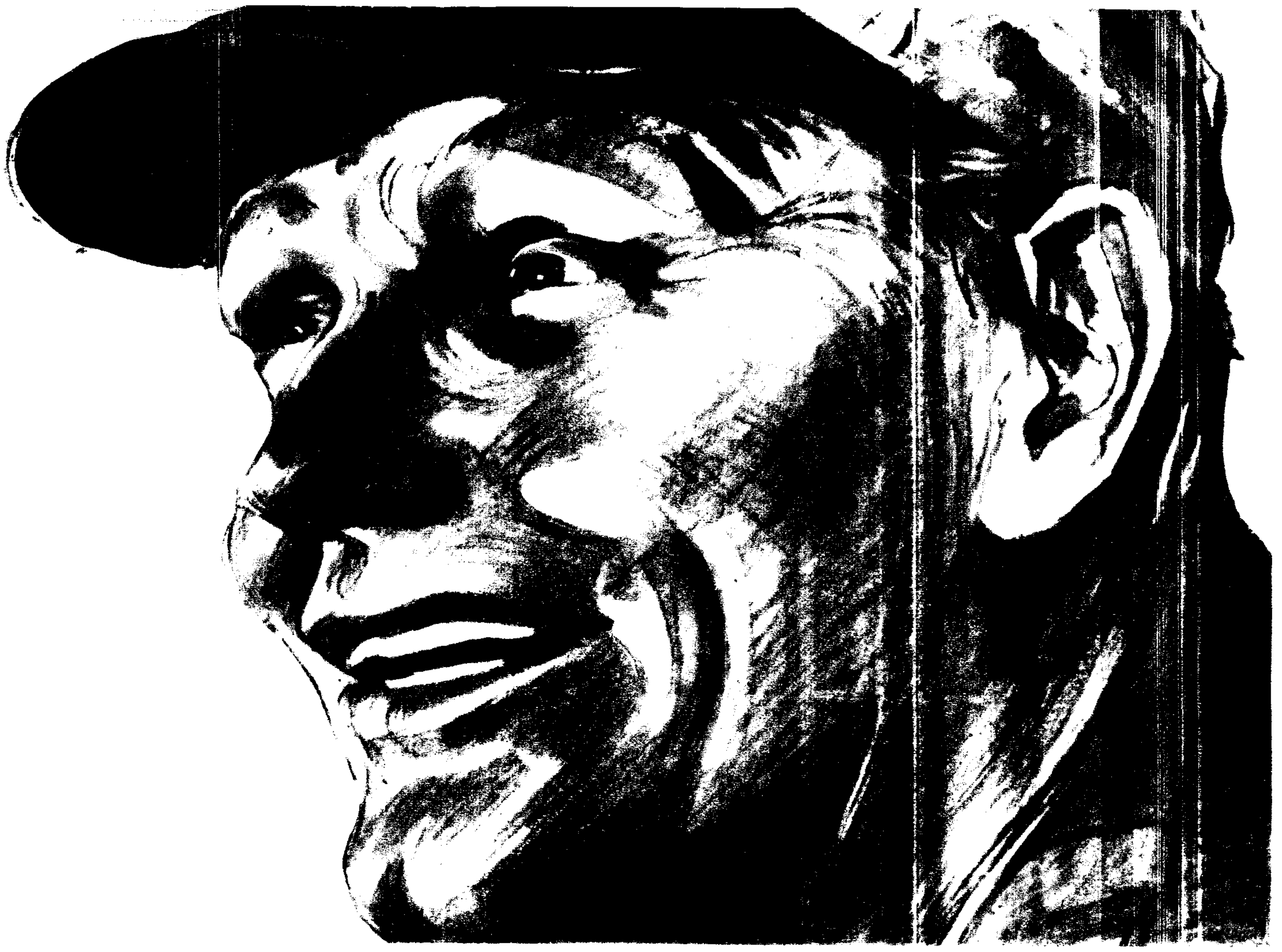
The long sweeps reached forward in unison to grab a bladeful of water, churned back to the finish, and the spindly shell ran forward evenly over the smooth lake water, keeping inshore in the lee of the protecting bank. The sharp orders of the coxswain rang out above the rattle of oarlocks at the shoot-away and the choked sputter of the coaching launch following them over the practice course. Chip reached out and lifted at the catch, swung back to a powerful layback, and his eyes rose for a moment to the towpath above him.

"Be nice to him, honey," Chip said. "If I don't get a good grade in that French final, I just don't sail to England with the crew"

Along the path, under the overhanging maples and willows, Linda's blue roadster drifted in and out through the spotty shadows, moving slowly along the course abreast of the crews. Bunny was sitting beside her in the front seat, his head turned toward her, an arm laid carelessly along the back of the cushion. Once the car jolted over a rut, and his hand slid down and brushed her shoulder. He snatched it away.

Chip's grin spread, and his oar blade

(Continued on page 28)



There was that sharp crack and then the roar of the crowd as the ball rose. It was a homer

One Way to Topeka

By William Cole

THE new suit fitted him well but he looked out of place in it, awkward and uncomfortable. But then he would have looked out of place in anything except a flannel uniform. His face was a rich tan under the thin, silver hair and deeply creased around the eyes . . . eyes that had closed to blue lines from forty years of following a white ball against the sun . . . that even now, as he came out through the dugout, focused critically on the players as they went through their batting practice.

"Get them wrists in more, Jess!" he called to the man at the plate. His voice carried authority. "You're usin' only your shoulders, none of your wrists!"

Then he remembered and was silent.

Dan Horlon, the third baseman, looked up as he walked over. "Hi, Mac." The greeting was routine, automatic. To the group of players, Old Man MacDougal was part of the ball park. Now if that guy . . . But then they remembered, too, and they all looked up. The man at the plate stopped thumping his bat on the ground and examined it closely.

"Well, well, Mac!" Shorty Walker said. He said it as if he hadn't seen MacDougal for a long time.

"My, my!" Joe Stock said. "Don't somebody look nice?"

They stood around, looking at him and scuffing their spikes in the grass. Jess snapped the bat a few times, using only his wrists.

"Well," MacDougal said. He scuffed his shoes on the grass; it felt funny without spikes. "Well, boys . . . I come to say goodby. I guess you guys heard."

The men crowded around him.

"They're crazy, Mac," Joe Stock said. He didn't look at MacDougal but at the hand he was shaking. "They think they can get another manager like you, they're nuts. Not like you."

"That's right," the other players said.

MacDougal laughed. "I guess it's good to have new blood. I been around long enough."

The pitcher had come in. "What you goin' to do now, Mac?" he asked. "You goin' with that Topeka club?"

"Me go back to the bushes?" MacDougal said. "Listen, don't make me laugh. I got all I wanted. I played a long time and I was manager a long time and I got my stake now and . . . Listen! I got a little place down in Georgia. There's plenty of trees and it's near a brook and the trout are so thick they come out and bite you. Well, that's where I'll be this summer—settin' there in the shade with my pipe. . . ."

A LIGHT breeze blew across the diamond as he spoke, and his eyes drifted out to the left-field stand—to the last aisle and last row—no, it had been the next to the last row where that ball had landed. They had needed those runs—needed them badly to stay in the series—and then Russo, with two out and two on in the eighth, had leaned on that fast one. There was that sharp crack and then the roar of the crowd as the ball rose. It was a homer.

His eyes moved away and around the park and he could hear himself talking: ". . . I'm glad it's over. Now I can just take it easy."

There were no more hands to shake now. He began backing up. The light wind lifted his coat out behind him.

"I'll be watchin' you guys," he said. "I'll be readin' about you in the papers." He grinned. "Boy, that'll be somethin', settin' there and readin' about you in the papers and not havin' to worry about schedules and injuries and . . . I'll be watchin' you guys," he repeated. "Keep on swingin'."

He turned quickly and walked away. The men watched him go. Shorty Walker, the veteran catcher, draped an arm over his shoulders and walked with him to the gate.

"Ah!" Shorty was bitter. "Whatta they want, that front office? Soon as a guy hits under .300 or a pitcher . . ."

MacDougal wasn't listening. "Keep an eye on that Larkin," he told him. "He's got plenty, that kid. Just has to be brung along right."

He left Shorty at the entrance and walked along the street outside the high, wooden fence. There was fresh paint on the fence. It had been without any paint at all the day he had joined the club. Then it had been as ragged as the field and the team. Twenty-three years ago, that had been. He had started from scratch and come a long way. From seventh place to four pennants and three championships. Yeah, a long way.

He came to the corner and waited for the traffic to change. From his pocket he took the crumpled telegram and dropped it into a refuse can. No, thanks, he wasn't interested. He had come up from the minors once before—come up the hard way—and he'd had enough. More than enough. For five times the offer, he still wasn't interested.

No, thank you, out there in Topeka. A one-way ticket on the fastest train south . . . a giant elm with its leaves touching the water . . . a sudden swirl, a rod bending in two . . .

He was in such a hurry to get where he was going, he didn't realize that he had stopped. And that he was shouting.

"To second! Get him at second! Let that man go!"

The kids in the sand lot paid no attention to him. Neither did the people looking on.

MacDougal watched them a moment. That thin, rangy kid looked like he had something. He seemed to know where the ball was going before it was hit.

THERE were a lot of kids like that, MacDougal thought, as he moved on. Kids of all ages all over the country. Kids who were naturals, who had everything, but who never got any place because they didn't have the chance. Kids who, with the right kind of training, would be a credit to themselves and the game.

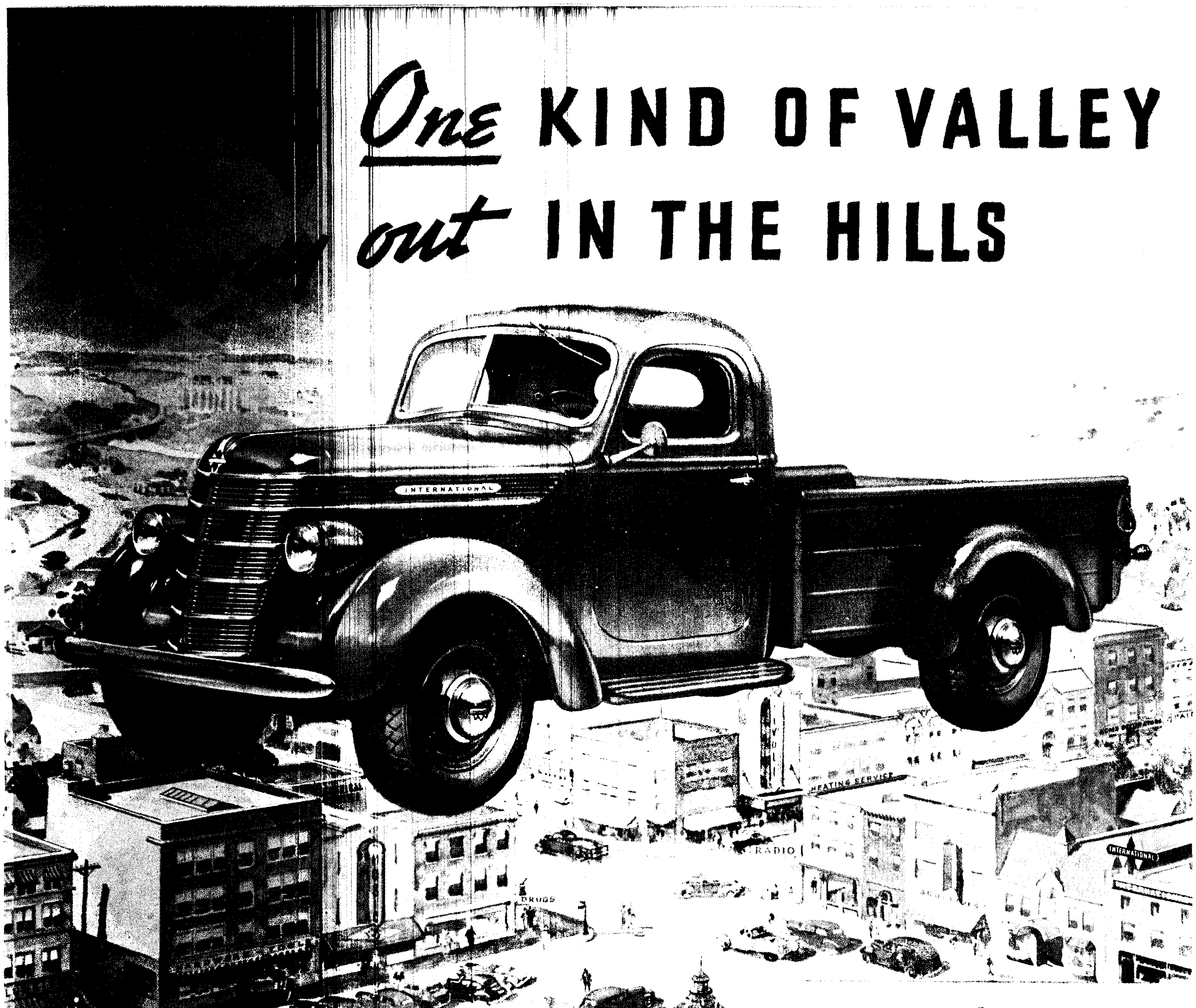
And wherever these kids were, cow field or stadium, there was all the rest of it. There was the punch and the drive and that something you couldn't explain. And whether it drew the roar of a crowd or of a handful of fans, that didn't matter much. It was still the same game. And when it came to deciding the greatest game in the world . . .

He didn't know he had reached the station until he saw the clerk behind the cage. He went up and pushed some bills through the window.

"One ticket," he said. "One way . . . to Topeka."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

One KIND OF VALLEY *out* IN THE HILLS



YES, and right on the *level* streets of your city there's another valley—a broad gap bridged by this great *"in-between"* truck, the ¾ to 1-ton International Model D-15.

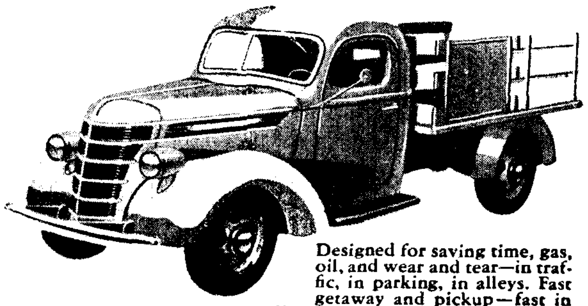
Once the careful truck user had to bridge that space with the Half-Ton truck—or the Ton-and-a-Half truck. He had *middleweight* loads to haul and deliver, year in year out. Half-Ton was too small—Ton-and-a-Half was TOO BIG. It bothered him no end. He was in the valley and his cost records showed it.

Then INTERNATIONAL pioneered the bridge, and didn't just build up the popular Half-Ton to do it—that wouldn't be Hoyle according to International. The basic design of the Model D-15 was built exactly right for *in-between,* and the D-15 went to town for all loads in its class.

Many thousands of this ¾ to 1-ton truck are on the job today. Dealers and branches operating under this famous Triple-Diamond emblem will show and demonstrate the "in-between" D-15 *at your convenience.* Other International sizes, Half-Ton to big Six-Wheelers.

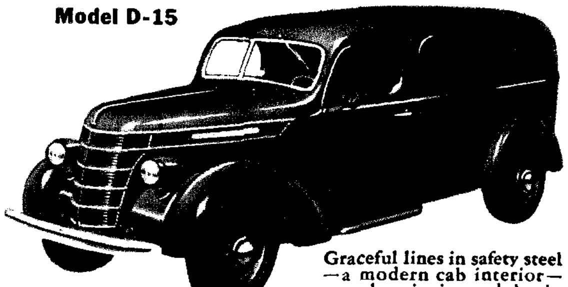
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL



The "In-Between" International Model D-15

Designed for saving time, gas, oil, and wear and tear—in traffic, in parking, in alleys. Fast getaway and pickup—fast in all speeds. STAMINA and ECONOMY morning, noon, and night. Wheelbase 130 inches; inside body 102 inches long.



Graceful lines in safety steel—a modern cab interior—superb springing and shock-absorbing—low center of gravity—low over-all height with AMPLE load space—extra-maneuverable—STAMINA and ECONOMY morning, noon, and night.

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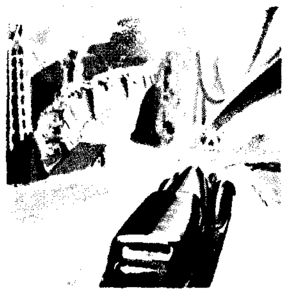

BANISH FEAR OF BLOWOUTS! Engineers usually build bridges, dams and the like to a safety factor of 4. The average safety factor of the parts of an automobile is 4. *But* . . . Squeegee-Generals have a safety factor more than twice as great! Stronger, safer—Squeegee-Generals give you maximum protection against blowouts.

TRACTION YOU CAN FEEL! Squeegee-Generals not only stop you quick and straight, . . . but you can *feel* them under you at all times. They give you new confidence rounding curves, crossing car tracks, going over bad road or pavement. The flexible tread and non-rigid carcass *hold you* safely where other tires would bounce or slide.

COMPLETE THE NEW CAR THRILL! General Tires never come as new car equipment but your General Tire dealer or your car dealer can give you information on how to have them from the start . . . at the lowest change-over cost in General's history. Even if your new car has run a few hundred miles you can still make the change-over.

THE TIRE WITH THE *wrinkle* IS SETTING NEW RECORDS FOR MILEAGE

THE way to be sure you'll get *mileage* from your tires is to buy the tire that has always been known for long mileage . . . General.

And when you learn that the patented, exclusive, Squeegee-Wrinkle tread on today's Generals has added thousands of *extra* miles to the former long wear . . . it is easy to understand why sales each month far surpass last year's record-breaking volume.

With this abundance of mileage, Squeegee-Wrinkle Generals give you *more of everything* that you want in a tire today. Sure-footed traction; quick-stopping safety; complete unconcern about blowouts; utter silence; restful cushioning and comfort; Top-Quality that assures safety and economy.

Let your General Tire dealer show you how easy it is to change-over your new car or to equip your present car.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO
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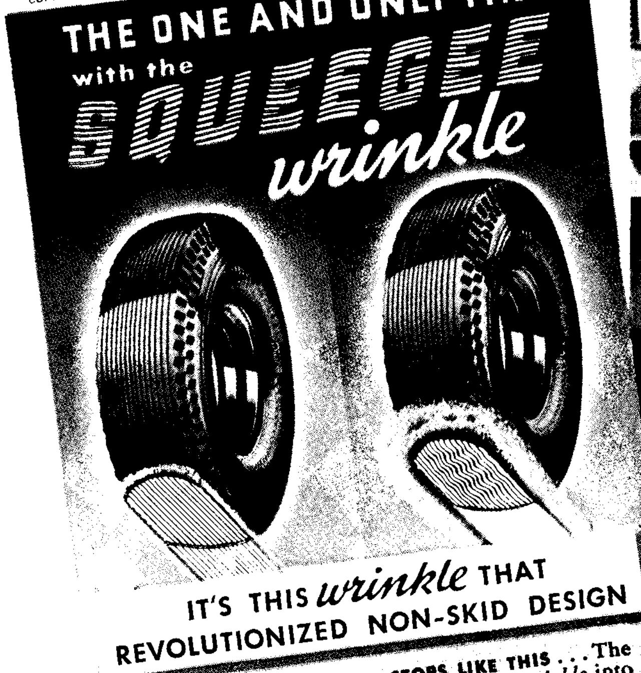


RUNS LIKE THIS . . . No wrinkle when running. Silent, smooth riding. Easy steering. Non-cupping. No slip or sway on sharp turns. Slow, even wear. *Long mileage.*

STOPS LIKE THIS . . . The flexible ribs *wrinkle* into squeegee-action . . . sweep a clean path . . . grip the road for a quicker, straight stop . . . without side-swerve or tail spin.

You're miles ahead with **GENERAL**

My Heart's in the Homeland

Continued from page 11

passport issued to him by the government of Panama as a distinguished man of letters, but Remarque insists that he is here on a card of identification from Switzerland.

The point is important because the struggle for any sort of passport security is a part of Remarque's highly dramatic novel. The refugees are shunted from border to border; one country smuggles them across at night to be rid of them; the other fights to keep them out. They may neither stay nor leave. Among all the dramas of our time there is nothing more stirring and tragic than the courageous struggle of these wandering legions.

The story of Remarque as a refugee becomes more ironical when it is known that he selected Switzerland because of a weak lung condition that had been aggravated by his service as a private in the German army during the World War. After finishing the gymnasium (high school) in Osnabrueck at the age of eighteen, he was drafted, sent to the front and was wounded five times while fighting in Flanders. The earlier wounds were slight but he was almost finished off in 1917 when a bullet slashed through his kneecap and plowed into his leg. Released from the base hospital in October, 1918, after a year of recuperation, he started back for the front.

"They didn't require me to go back but I didn't know what else to do," he says. "I hated war but there was no sense in going home when all my friends were at the front. So I started back."

The Post-War Years

But the Allies broke through, the Germans retreated, the Armistice was signed and the war was over before he got back into the trenches. Like most young men who were in the war, he was at loose ends when it ended and took advantage of a government effort to rehabilitate the returned soldier and went through a six-months course as a schoolteacher.

He taught for a while in Klein-Berssen, a little town on the German-Dutch border. But he tired of this and the following year he was back in his home town polishing and chiseling gravestones in a marble yard. That doleful existence evidently drove him to the opposite extreme, for he next embarked on tour with a gypsy caravan, one wagon being owned by a wartime comrade.

"That was a great life," says Remarque, nostalgically. "Went all over Germany and didn't have to worry about anything. After the stress of the war, it was like paradise. Soft, peaceful, sitting around the campfires at night singing songs, telling wonderful lies and romantic tales. . . ."

The gypsy life was carefree and happy but it finally collided with another supreme interest in Remarque's life: the love of motors. A pal of his offered him a job as test driver for the Continental Tire Company in Berlin and he couldn't resist it, because he never had been able to resist any kind of machinery.

He and other youngsters drove the cars, testing tires over all sorts of roads and in all kinds of weather. The work was made to order for him—continually seeing new places, meeting new people, and always having a new car roaring under his hand. It was during this period that he began writing, selling little articles and squibs to a Swiss motor magazine. After a year of test driving, he got a chance to work in the advertising department of the company and eventually became an excellent copy writer.

He was contributing to the company magazine and keeping up with the Swiss motor paper, so it was only a question of time till he quit to work on papers. From that he became assistant editor of a weekly sports pictorial, the *Sportbild.*

Because he was definitely in the writing business now, his mind turned to a story that had been stewing around in his head for years. It was about his war experiences and Remarque set aside two hours every night for work on the book. Writing with a pencil on ruled white paper, he turned out All Quiet on the Western Front in a little over four weeks, an amazing performance. Once he had it down he did very little additional work on it, offering it to the firm of Samuel Fischer, which in those days, before refugees were known, was the publisher for Thomas Mann and other important German writers.

"No, we're sorry," said the editors, "but who wants another war book? Everybody is sick of reading about the war."

OUR FACTOR
CO.
MR. PFONGG
GARDNER REA

"We've decided to take a chance and play ball with the Administration"

GARDNER REA

Remarque took it back and, without changing a word, submitted it to the Ullstein corporation, publishers of books, magazines and a string of newspapers. They wanted it primarily as a serial and were as surprised as anybody else when it became an overnight sensation, selling 1,200,000 copies in Germany alone the first year, 1929.

Success was overwhelming, but all Remarque got out of it, aside from the money, was a large pain. He found that fame was a nuisance.

"One day I was nobody and could go where I pleased and do what I wanted," he says. "But suddenly I was famous. I hadn't changed, but my friends started looking at me as if I were something that had just been invented. They treated me with awe, most of them, and when I talked to them that book was always there between us."

This was serious business for Remarque because in ordinary circumstances he is a big, bubbly guy, who likes to eat and drink, slap backs and bust out laughing when something strikes him right. The somewhat Mephistophelean austerity of his publicity photographs is also a part of him—the serious side that comes out when he is deeply moved—but he is obviously not a person who would take much delight in being toasted by stuffed shirts.

What he did in his first attempt to escape was get in his automobile and drive aimlessly over Europe. At each stopping place he signed a new name on the blotter, often identifying himself as a dog breeder, which he happens to be. After the motor tour, he settled in Switzerland.

His love for dogs runs a close race with his love for cars, and the number of them around the house varies according to the number of visitors that arrive. A favorite Remarque habit is to give a dog to anybody whom he happens to like.

Remarque is curious about everything and hopes he can retain that outlook until his death.

"Every child is an artist," he says, "and would continue being one if he could keep that first fresh point of view toward every blade of grass, every bird, every living thing."

He is still nonpolitical even though he has given away much of his money to his friends, most of them Jews who are now outlawed by Germany. The rest of his wealth is tied up in Germany and he will probably never get it out. But even if his new books were not popular, he could probably continue living quietly in Switzerland on the sales of All Quiet, which still run between 8,000 and 9,000 copies a year.

He has a valuable collection of Cézannes and Van Goghs, as well as of oriental rugs. He gets excited if anybody steps on one of his rugs; they are just to feast one's eyes on; but he never says a word if a dog goes to sleep on his finest Persian.

He was married thirteen years ago and divorced in 1932. Just to show you what sort of man he is, he remarried his former wife last year.

Although he is as much the victim of Hitler and the Nazis as any of his fellow refugees, he refuses to say anything about it. He helps those who are in need and for the rest keeps quiet.

"No one should abuse his homeland," he says. "Germany is still my home."

So he is over here on his identification certificate from Switzerland, arranging for the publication of "Flotsam." It will appear in Collier's as a serial, will appear between covers and be made into a movie at M-G-M. Recently he has been in Hollywood visiting his friends, Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg and the other German members of the film colony.

When he returns, all may be well in Switzerland and all may go very badly. The refugees who felt they were safe in Czechoslovakia are now either dead, in concentration camps or again wandering through a distressed world. Having fled from Germany to Austria and then to Prague, they are again on the march—the most tragic and heroic group of people in history. Remarque writes most powerfully about subjects that are close to him and he is as inevitably bound into the refugee problem as the poorest exiled worker.

"Afraid?" he asks. "Yes, I'm afraid. All of us are afraid. But I have no more fear than a man must have to live. What if a man didn't have fear? He'd be a robot, a mechanical man. Having no hopes, he would have no fears. I wouldn't call that living."

The Real Hope of Germany

His father and two married sisters still live in Osnabrueck and Remarque was there last in January, 1933, to see his mother, who had been desperately ill. When she died several years ago, he didn't dare return. As a final ironical twist, his father is a bookbinder. Remarque's books are no longer allowed to be published in Germany and copies confiscated are burned; but his father may bind other and more proper volumes.

The great book-burning of 1933 took place in front of the Opera in Berlin, under the personal supervision of Dr. Goebbels and not far from the office of Otto Clement, who is now Remarque's personal literary representative. That May morning two Storm Troopers presented themselves at Mr. Clement's office and announced that they had been assigned to see that no harm came to him during the sacred ceremony. Presently, they became bored and asked if they could borrow something to read from the library. He invited them to help themselves. One selected All Quiet on the Western Front; the other took Remarque's The Road Back.

"They sat reading them," says Mr. Clement, "blissfully unaware that the government was burning those books only a stone's throw away."

Remarque smiled a bit ruefully when Mr. Clement told this, as if it somehow gave him hope. But suddenly his face took on the austere look it bears when he is thoughtful and, without anything being said, it seemed plain that he was thinking of other things besides hope, thinking, perhaps, of the people he now knew best, the refugees who struggled and made love and raised families and fought the elements and hoped for a future that might bring them security. Just at this moment, they seemed to be the Germans worth worrying about, the real hope of Germany.

America's Watchi

PLYMOUTH'S 1939 SALES GAINS ARE THE TALK OF ALL AMERICA

GREAT CHANGES have been taking place in the low-price field this year—with the attention of the public focused on *Plymouth!*

Plymouth has been making battering-ram gains in position—smashing into first or second place in sales in a long list of important cities.

These many changes in the "All Three" line-up have *naturally* been exciting plenty of attention and talk. It's the most intense competitive situation in years.

Big fact of the situation is: Of "All Three", Plymouth *most resembles the high-priced cars.*

Manufacturers can be expected to put the finest features into their highest-priced cars.

While high-priced cars are not identical, specifications show they *do* resemble each other in 25 important features.

Consequently it is very significant that Plymouth alone of "All Three" *low-priced* cars gives you the majority of those 25 big features.

PLYMOUTH IS MOST LIKE

Here's How "All Three" Low-Priced Cars Compare in the 25 Important Features Found In High-Priced Cars—
PLYMOUTH has 20
CAR "2" has 9
CAR "3" has 7
And the Plymouth De Luxe has 24

	1. Four Double-Acting Shock-Absorbers	2. Roller Bearing Universal Joints	3. Level Rear Compartment Floor (No Tunnel)	4. Hotchkiss Drive	5. X-Braced Frame	6. Hypoid Rear Axle	7. Valve Tappet Adjustment	8. Radio Speaker Grille Built Into Instrument Panel	9. Aluminum Alloy Pistons	10. Chain Camshaft Drive	11. Ventilating W front Do	
$2995 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YE
$2595 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YE
$1732 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YE
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	NO	YE
LOW-PRICED CAR "2"	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	N
LOW-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	N

PLYMOUTH BUILDS G

g PLYMOUTH!

Plymouth has More Quality Features than the "Other Two" Low-Priced Cars Combined!

- Of the 25 important features found in most high-priced cars, Plymouth has 20 . . . car "2" has 9 . . . car "3" has 7.
- Of leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is 5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other.
- The only low-priced car with the matchless ride of coil springs as standard equipment *on all models.*
- Plymouth is the only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with steering-post gearshift on DeLuxe models at *no extra cost.*
- The only low-priced car with a rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.
- *All* Plymouth models have the same big, 6-cylinder "L-head" engine giving the thrill of full power *with* economy.

Since "All Three" low-priced cars cost about the same, Plymouth's supremacy in value is the year's "*buying news*". Easy to buy—your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low price.

THE HIGH-PRICED CARS!

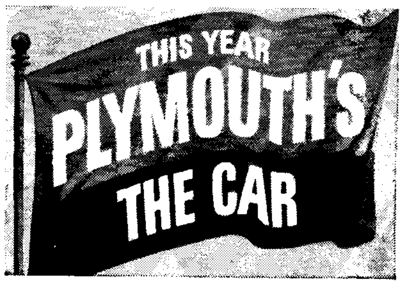
s Per Piston

3. Precision Type Connecting Rod Bearings	14. Four Springs	15. Steering Wheel Gearshift—Standard	16. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	17. L-Head Engine Design	18. All-Silent Transmission	19. Tapered Roller Differential Bearings	20. Sway Eliminator	21. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft	22. Automatic Choke	23. Independent Front Wheel Suspension	24. Chrome Decorated "Catwalk-Type" (Low) Ventilating Sections	25. Insulating Pad Under Rear Floor Carpet	TOTAL
ES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	25
ES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	25
ES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	23
ES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	20
ES	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	9
O	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	7

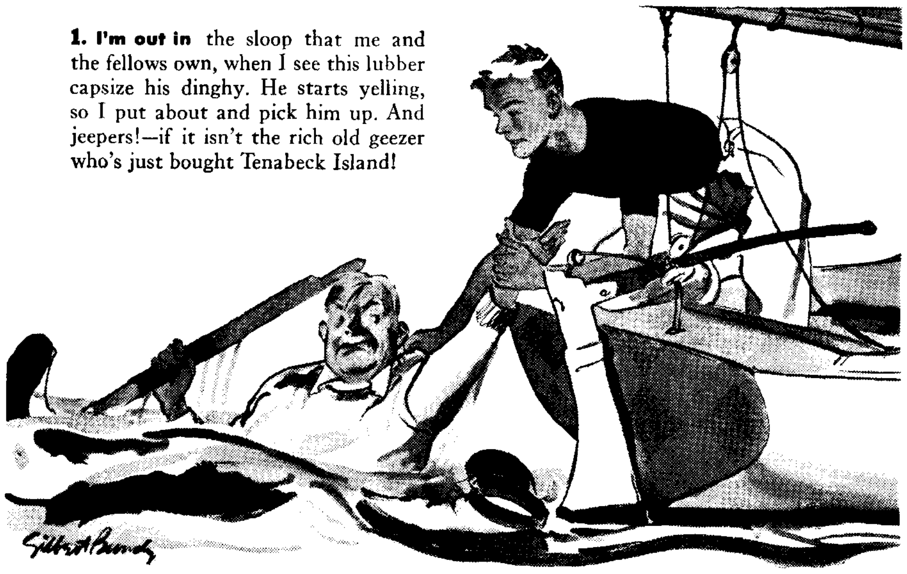
EAT CARS

COUPES START AT $645 | **SEDANS** START AT $685

—Delivered in Detroit. Prices include all Federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.



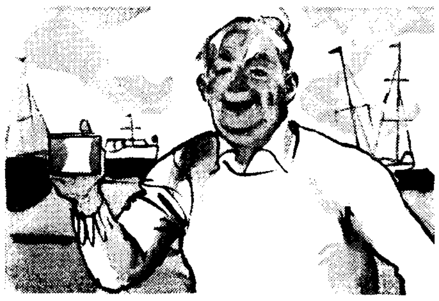
A Million Dollars yelled for Help!



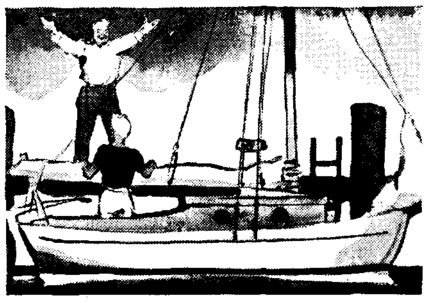
1. I'm out in the sloop that me and the fellows own, when I see this lubber capsize his dinghy. He starts yelling, so I put about and pick him up. And jeepers!—if it isn't the rich old geezer who's just bought Tenabeck Island!

2. He's wet as a skate and twice as peevish, so I ask him to have some good hot coffee. "Coffee!" he howls—and turns purple. "I'd give up three directorships if I could drink coffee . . . but the caffein won't let me sleep!"

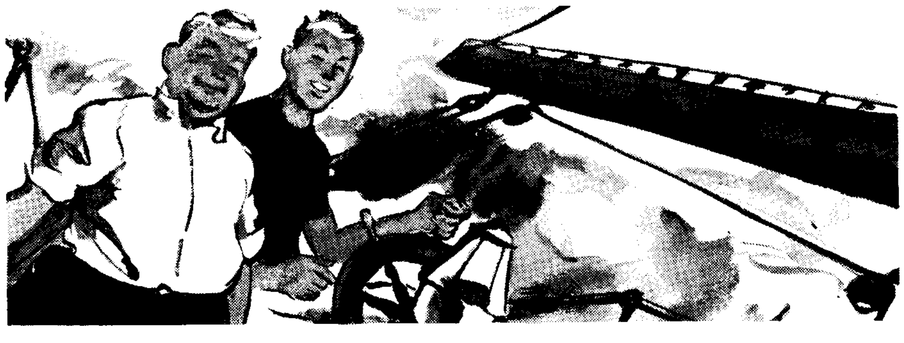
3. "Try this, sir," I say to Old Moneybags. "*It's Sanka Coffee.* 97% caffein-free . . . so it CAN'T keep you awake!" The old boy looks suspicious. "Don't you worry," I add. "It's real sure-enough coffee!" So he samples it.



4. "Young fellow," he beams, holding out his cup for seconds, "this Sanka is the finest coffee I ever tasted!" "Right, sir," I pipe up. "You see, it's this way—*only* the caffein is taken out—all the flavor *stays in!*"



5. Next morning Old Moneybags comes prancing down on the dock. "Can't believe it!" he says. "Three cups of Sanka Coffee and I slept like a log! Say...how about teaching me to sail my new boat—at your own figure?"



6. Since then, he tells me he checked up on Sanka with his doctor . . . and found that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

KEEP COOL with ICED Sanka Coffee . . . it's delicious! Be sure to make it strong—as all good iced coffee should be made—one and a half heaping tablespoons to a cup of water.

French without a Struggle

Continued from page 21

dragged forgotten in the water. The coxswain rapped sharply against the gunwales with the tiller handles.

"You're late, Rogers," he barked. "What's the matter with you today? Can't you keep your mind on your work?"

Chip's knees rose, his tanned body bent forward, his long arms extended as he reached confidently for another bladeful of water.

HIS confident grin widened during the ensuing weeks. It was working out, better even than he had dared hope. Bunny was helplessly, hopelessly smitten. He was in constant and devoted attendance at the bookstore every afternoon while Linda was there. He had supper with her. He took her to the movies. They had a soda together afterward. . . .

There was no doubt about it now: the passing-mark was assured, the trip to England in the bag, the Henley race a cinch. Linda had done a good job. All she had to do now was to say the word. . . .

"You're going swell, honey," he whispered to her once.

"I don't feel swell," she confessed. "I feel mean. It's . . . it's so easy."

"It's done him good," Chip assured her, patting her hand. "Look at him. Have you noticed him lately?"

Indeed, the change in Bunny was beginning to be noticeable in numerous little ways. His clothes no longer had an academic dust on them, his shoes were shined, he wore a different necktie each day to class. And he was happy: incongruously, absurdly happy, like a gangling puppy. On the street he would beam and chuckle to himself, and occasionally, during a lecture, he would break off in the middle of a conjugation and gaze absently out of the window.

"I don't know how to explain it, myself," Bunny confided to Linda. They had eaten supper together at the campus cafeteria—that was getting to be a custom lately—and afterward they had stopped next door to see Camille. "It seems so natural, I don't know. As if it was the most natural thing in the world to feel this way. And yet I never felt this way before."

The rear of the theater was deserted, and in the darkness his shoulder pressed against hers for a moment. He drew away apologetically.

"I guess it's because I never met anybody before that made me feel this way," he mused. "Did you? No," he checked her abruptly, "don't tell me. I don't want to know. I'd rather keep thinking it was the first time you . . . you ever felt this way, either. But of course you probably don't even feel this way," he floundered helplessly.

They sat in silence and watched Taylor love Garbo.

"If I were like that," he scowled.

"Like what?"

He indicated a lingering kiss that terminated in a guttural Swedish groan. "If I could come right out like that, and say what I wanted when I wanted to say it to somebody I wanted to hear it."

"That sounds like a line," she smiled.

But he did not smile in return. "I wish it were a line. I wish I could say clever things, instead of dull things . . . then maybe I could say what I mean. If only I didn't mean it so much. . . ."

They perched side by side on a high-backed settee in the campus drugstore, and he scowled at the chocolate soda before him, rocking the glass around and around a wet ring on the wooden table. The demonstration radio at the front of the store was playing so loud that he had to raise his voice a little.

"If we were in some night club now, and that were the orchestra playing, and we'd been dancing," he said, "and I were Robert Taylor in a tuxedo, with my hair slicked back, and I'd lift a glass of wine and gaze into your eyes . . ." He hoisted the soda glass and smiled at her over the rim. "And then if I could say in some clever way that I love you . . ."

Her own glass halted in mid-air, and she looked at him for a long moment.

"I love you, Linda."

"It's getting late, Bunny," she said, putting down her glass abruptly. She evaded his eyes. "We'd better be starting back."

Chip paced the floor of the bookstore distractedly and halted before Linda. "And you haven't said anything to him about me? Not in all this time?"

She shook her head.

"Well," he said mournfully, "I guess that washes me up, then. I guess I don't go to England, that's all. I took that French exam this morning," he sighed, "and I flunked it cold. I know I did. . . ."

"I'm sorry, Chip."

"Unless you say something to him before he reads it," he suggested quickly. "Unless for instance you see him tonight—"

"He asked me to go out with him tonight."

Chip laughed aloud in sudden relief. "Gee, why didn't you say so? You had me going there for a while, honey. Why, tonight's just perfect. Couldn't be better. It's the chance we've been building for."

"But I'm not going," she said.

"You're . . . not going?" He braced the heels of his hands on the counter and gazed at her incredulously.

"I'm not going to see him any more," said Linda. "I can't go ahead with all this, Chip. He's too nice. It . . . it means too much to him. You see, he likes me."

"But, Linda," Chip said hoarsely, "look what it means to me—"

"Look what it means to me, for that matter," she exploded. "You haven't stopped to think that . . . that I might like him, too."

Suddenly she pressed her handkerchief to her nose, whirled, and raced down the aisle of the bookstore. A rear door slammed. . . .

CHIP wandered alone down the street, stunned. His eyes were glazed, his head lowered, he stared fixedly at the ground. A lesser soul might have quit at this moment, convinced that all was lost; but Chip was made of sterner stuff. He was thinking, thinking fast. Already in his mind he was beginning to see a glimmer of light. There was one way whereby he might turn defeat into success. There was still one last long chance.

He turned and headed with determined stride toward the faculty building.

Bunny glanced up at a knock on his office door, and murmured, "Come!" He rose politely as Chip shouldered into the room, and closed the door behind him. He stood leaning against the doorjamb, facing Bunny in accusing silence. Startled, Bunny removed his glasses, polished them nervously, and returned them to his nose.

"I guess you know what I want to see you about, sir," said Chip at last.

"If it's your mark, Mr. Rogers," Bunny faltered, "I'm afraid I haven't had time . . ." He indicated the pile of examination books on his desk. "But I'll let you know as soon as I've read your paper."

"I guess you don't need to read it," said Chip bluntly. "I guess you've made up your mind what my mark's going to be, all right."

Bunny stared at him blankly.

"Oh, I asked for it," Chip shrugged. "I led with my chin. It isn't as if I hadn't seen the whole thing coming."

He made an apparent effort to control himself.

"Look here, Mr. Bunnell," he said, lifting his eyes abruptly, "let's be perfectly frank with each other. Let's forget we're instructor and student for a minute. Let's just talk man to man."

"I—I don't understand."

"I mean about Linda."

BUNNY collapsed into his swivel chair. "Miss Kent?"

"Oh, I suppose I should have known better than introduce you to her," said Chip, studying his knuckles ruefully. "I'd been told your reputation." He stole a quick glance at Bunny, and hurried on. "You have a way with women, the fellows all say. They don't know what it is you do, but women can't resist it. You seem to fascinate them."

"Me? Fascinate?" Bunny echoed in amazement.

"Maybe it's because you're older and more experienced," Chip considered. "You're a man of the world. You hand out this romantic line—" He saw a dumfounded expression spread across Bunny's face, and he continued soberly: "You get off all those clever French phrases. You make them dream of strange far-off places: Paris, the Mediterranean, Monte Carlo. No wonder women forget everybody else when you're around. Sure, the fellows all warned me. A word to the wise," he sighed. "A *beau entendeur salut*."

"A *bon entendeur,* Mr. Rogers," Bunny corrected automatically, and then checked himself.

"What chance did a kid like Linda have?" said Chip. "She'd never known anyone like you before . . . mature, good-looking." He saw Bunny glance down in surprise at his reflection in the polished chromium inkwell on his desk. "How could she resist it when you'd smile at her . . . when you'd gaze into her eyes with that calculating look like a . . . like a Robert Taylor or somebody . . . ?"

Bunny shot his reflection a tentative calculating look. His reflection leered back at him, and he started. He recollected himself and frowned self-consciously at Chip.

"Naturally, it was just another affair to you, sir," Chip continued, with a studied waver in his voice. "Linda couldn't mean to you what she means to me. You see, we'd always felt we were meant for each other. I suppose you'd say we were engaged. At least, that's the way we figured each other, anyway until—until you came along and took her away."

"But she'd never indicated to me that I'd . . ." Bunny stole another incredulous glance at the inkwell. "That is, I didn't know she felt . . ."

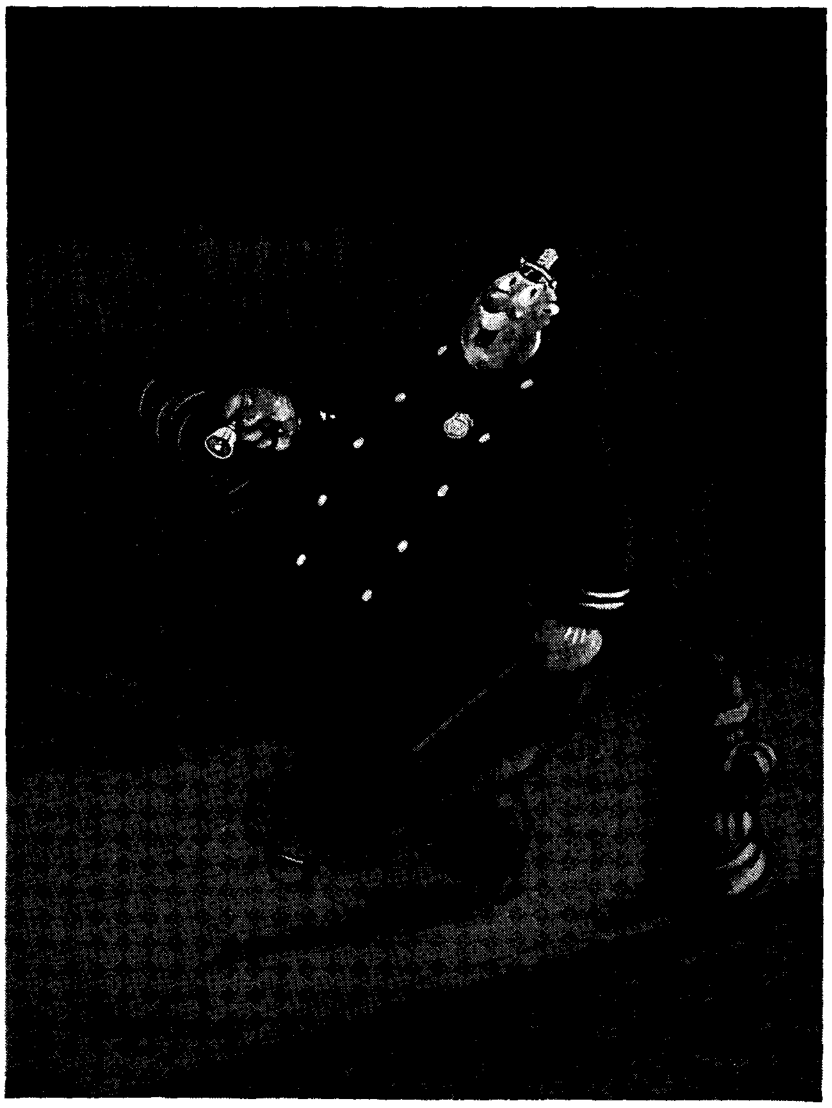
"Not that I really blame you much," said Chip, his face carefully innocent. "I'd probably do the same thing. I'd take advantage of you, too, if I thought it would help me get what I wanted."

Bunny looked up slowly. "And so you think that's why I'm flunking you?"

"Sure, why not? You've got it figured out," Chip shrugged. "You know if I don't pass French, I won't be able to sail for England next week with the crew. And you know how that'll make me look to Linda. Of course," elaborately, "all's fair in love, I suppose."

Bunny sorted the pile of examination books, and drew one out. He held it for a moment. Chip's eyes lit hopefully.

"Mr. Rogers," he said at length, "this



"Twelve o'clock . . . an' all's well!"

JAY IRVING

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KEEP COOL-JUST OPEN A CAN OF SP
COLD OR HOT
SPA HITS THE SPOT!
50 PAM IDEAS FOR YOU! GET THIS BOOK-IT'S FREE, IT'S NEW!
THE MEAT OF MANY USES BY HORMEL
NET WEIGHT INCLUDING JUICES 12 OZ
THE HORMEL MEAT OF MANY USES

SPAM & SALAD SAVES THE DAY!

Even when luncheon guests forget to telephone in advance, you can be at your ease if you have SPAM on your shelf. Just arrange thin SPAM slices on each plate and add Waldorf salad, radish rose, pickle fan and stuffed olive. Expensive? You can make half a dozen such festive luncheons from a single can of SPAM!

SPAM is made of pure pork . . . comes only in this handy 12-ounce can that needs no refrigeration.

NOBODY KNOWS just how many delightful, delicious ways there are of serving SPAM, the Hormel *meat of many uses. But* so that you won't miss some of the latest SPAM suggestions, we've put about 50 of them in a brand new 20-page book that's packed, cover to cover, with tested recipes and menus for every occasion. This helpful, illustrated book, "Hormel Invites You to Dine," is yours free for the writing. Write: Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Dept. B71, Austin, Minn. Marple, Jones & Co., Ltd., agents for the United Kingdom.

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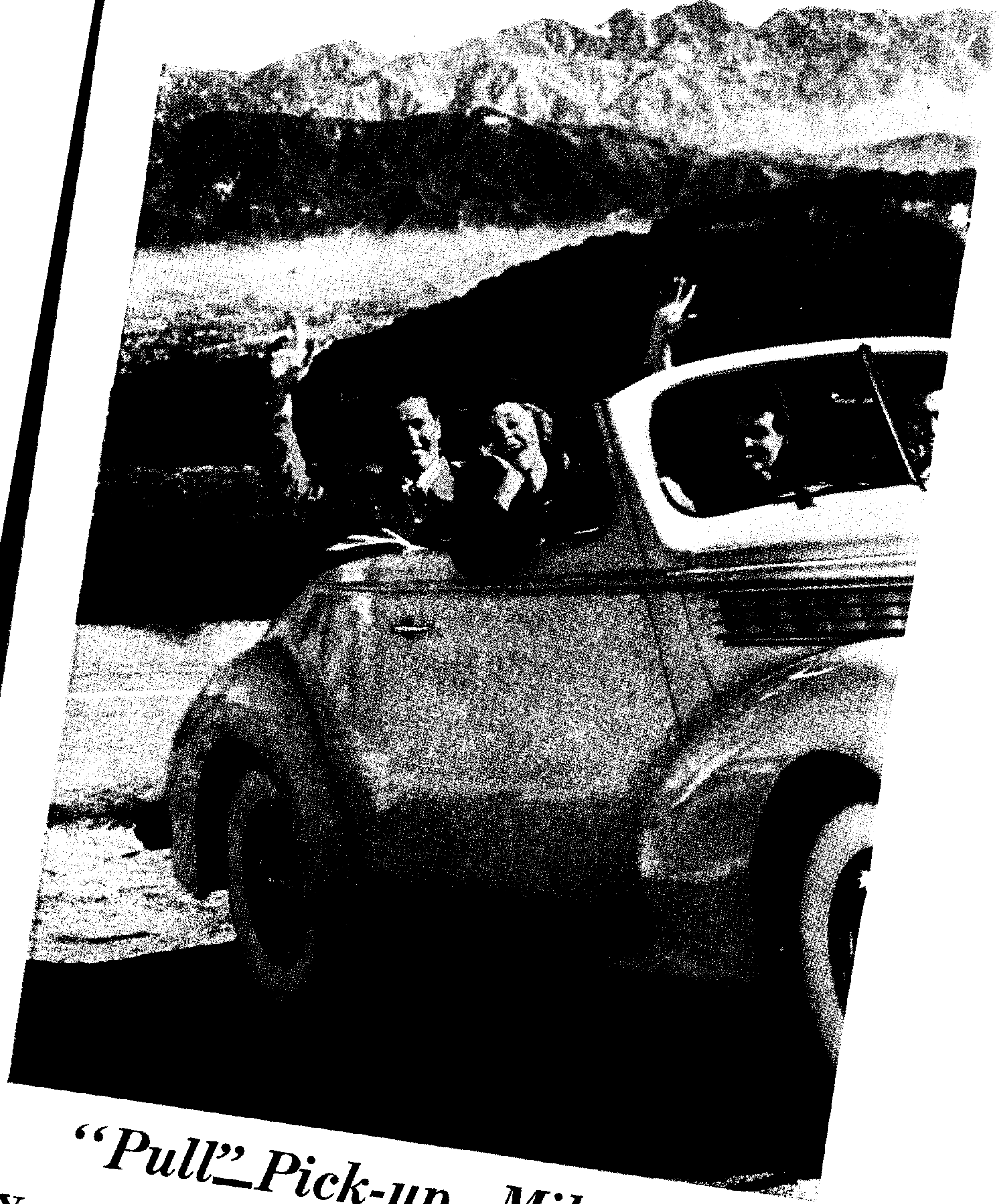

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...gasoline that meets all of its demands!

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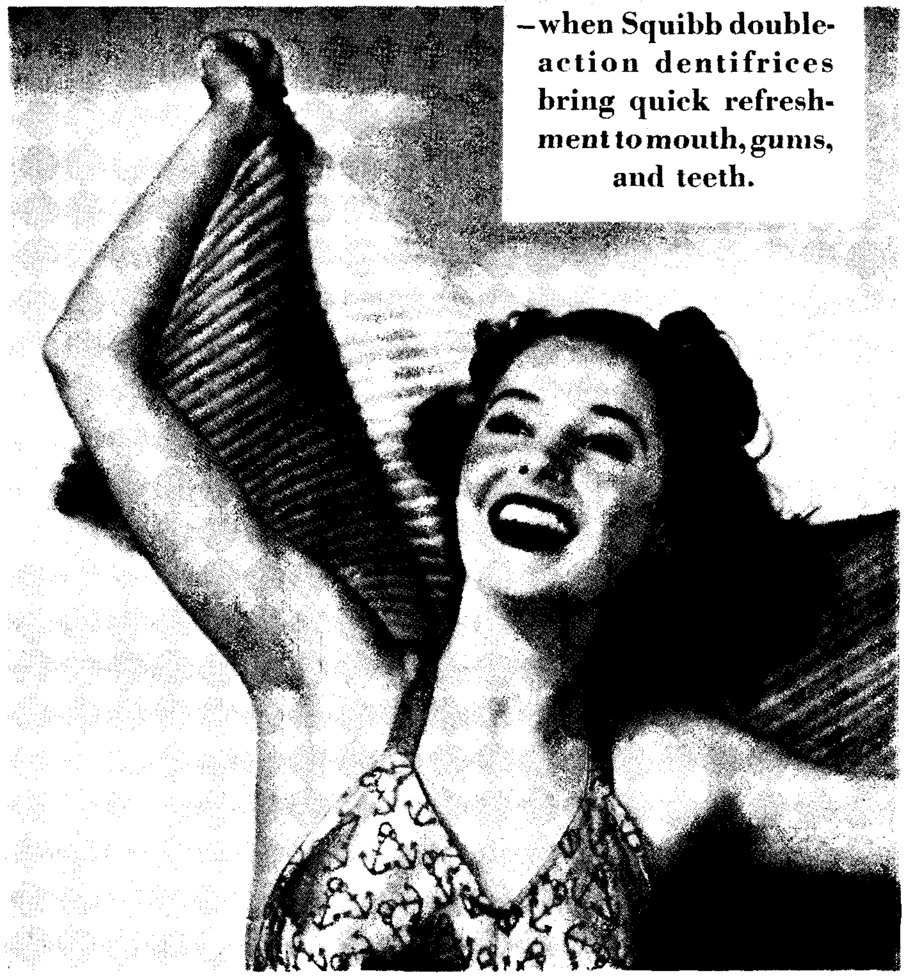

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Fight Acid

when you brush your teeth!

SQUIBB DENTIFRICES have a double action. They cleanse and polish safely . . . and they help you to *fight acid when you brush your teeth.*

Few escape the daily menace of destructive acids formed when food particles ferment in tiny fissures in and around the teeth. These acids may attack enamel and contribute to tooth decay.

That is why both Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder contain a proven antacid which neutralizes acids when it comes in contact with them.

Use a Squibb dentifrice *today, every day,* at least *twice a day.* Massage your gums with Squibb Dental Cream at night, and allow it to remain to secure its full benefit.

Feel and *taste* the cooling difference of a double-action dentifrice! —the delightful feeling of cleanliness and quick refreshment.

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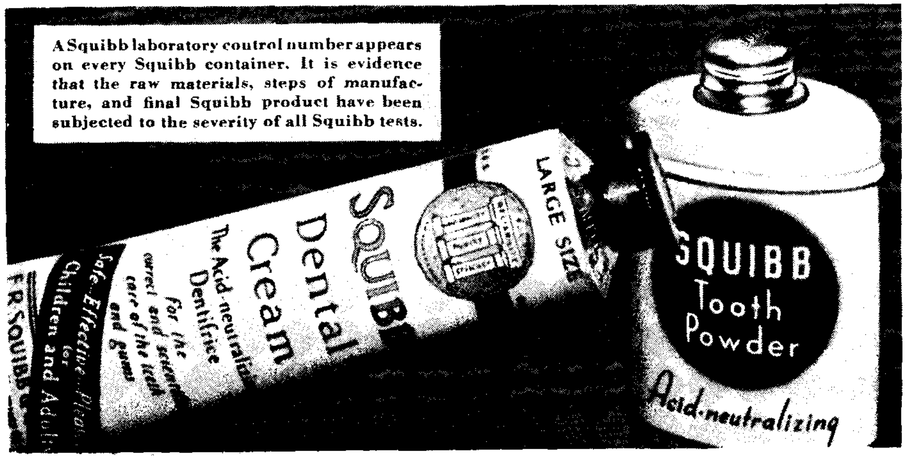
THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



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The Acid-neutralizing Dentifrice
For the correct and scientific care of the teeth and gums
Safe, Effective for Children and Adults
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Acid-neutralizing

is your final paper. I haven't read it. I . . . " He suppressed a slight shudder. ". . . I'm not going to read it." He marked an A in red pencil on the cover. "You're going to England with the crew."

His eyes met Chip's squarely. Chip held out his hand.

"I appreciate your doing this for me, sir."

"It's not for you," Bunny said with a wistful smile. "That's not why I'm doing it."

THE vast sides of the ship rose deck on deck, ablaze with lights, and the cavernous pier echoed with last-minute shouts, laughter, rattle of baggage trucks, muffled music from the salon overhead, the warning gongs of the stewards: "All ashore that's going . . ." A renewed burst of babbled instructions: ". . . and give 'em a race, gang!" "We'll be reading all about it in the papers!" "Don't you come back without that Challenge Cup!" Someone started an organized cheer with three "Crews!" on the end, and it was swallowed by the thudding blast of the whistle. Chip, pausing at the foot of the gangplank, glanced up at his crewmates beckoning to him from the boat deck, and gave Linda's hand a final grip. "I got to get aboard, honey." He grinned. "Thanks again for all you did with Bunny."

"But, Chip, I didn't," she faltered.

"Sure, you did. Why do you think I'm going to England?" He pulled her toward him and kissed her. "Why do you think he gave me that A, honey? Don't kid yourself. Why, he told me it wasn't for me."

Linda, pushing back from his embrace, stared at him in sudden query. "What did he mean by that?"

"What do you suppose? I knew it would work. It couldn't miss." The whistle roared again, and he sprinted up the gangplank. "French without a struggle. . . ."

The air shuddered with the third and final blast of the whistle, and pulley-blocks rattled as the gangplank rolled back onto the pier. Linda turned and began to force her way through the crowd. Someone touched her elbow. "Linda."

She glanced at Bunny beside her, and tried to force past him. "No. Please."

"But why not?" he persisted, clinging to her arm as they moved through the crowd. "Why won't you let me even talk to you? I've been trying to get you on the phone for a week. . . . What's the matter, Linda?"

She pulled her arm away, and shook her head.

"But aren't you even going to tell me what's wrong?"

"The whole thing was wrong, Bunny. Wrong from the start." She halted and faced him. "That's why I don't want to talk to you. I'm ashamed to."

"Chip?"

She nodded unhappily. "It was a trick, Bunny. I guess you know that now as well as I do. And I was in on it."

"It worked, didn't it?"

"That's the trouble," she said. "I know why you gave Chip that A. You did it for me."

"Oh, no, I didn't," said Bunny simply. "I didn't do it for you. I did it for me."

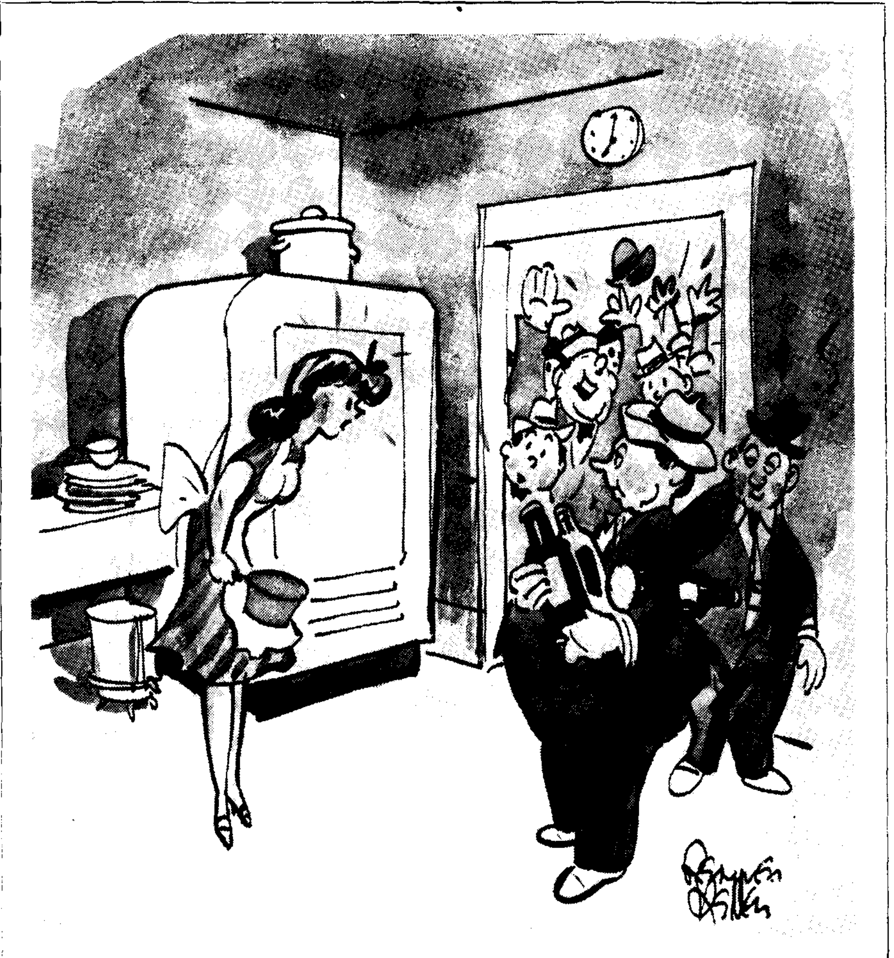
HE TOOK a deep breath, thrust out his lower lip, and gazed at her with a calculating smile.

"It was a good way to get him out of the country, wasn't it?" he said. "All's fair in love . . ."

He glanced over his shoulder at the steamer, easing slowly away from the pier, and locked his arm confidently through hers.

"I thought tonight we might go look up a night club someplace, with an orchestra and a place to dance," he suggested, "and I'll have on a tuxedo and slick my hair back, and we'll order some wine. . . ." They were walking faster and faster ahead of the crowd, arm in arm. "Because I want to tell you something I've been wanting to tell you for a long time. . . ."

Chip, leaning over the railing of the boat deck, was staring back at the pier with a puzzled frown. "That's funny," he murmured. "Doesn't she know I'm all through with French? . . ."



"You got another raise! I'm still paying the bills we ran up celebrating the last one"

REAMER KELLER

Cashing In on Sin

Continued from page 14

Sleeper said, "You'll have to change your name. Claire Wemlinger won't go well in lights—too long." Lights? Sure. Why not? They kept passing signs of the well-known gas and oil company and Mrs. Wemlinger's little girl started murmuring, "Claire Sinclair—Sinclair, St. Claire." So she and her friend decided on the too, too elegant tag of Claire St. Claire.

Adorned with it, she went from office to office reciting her manufactured experience with all the dramatic effect she'd learned at the academy. It was something to hear her.

"You say you were in The Ivory Door?" asked one casting director.

A lot of assorted small young blondes had been in and out of that and she felt it was one of her safest Broadway parts.

"When were you in it?" he persisted. She hesitated because she had forgotten to decide that small detail. "The beginning?" he inquired.

"N-no," said Miss Claire St. Claire.

"The end of the run?"

"N-n-no—no, not the end," she gasped. "I—I think about the middle. Yes, that was it—the middle."

"Strange," smiled the gentleman, "I don't remember you. I cast that play myself."

So she broke down and admitted she'd lied. He gave her a part to read anyhow. And she read it so badly that she didn't get the job.

Finally Robert Henderson interviewed her about going out to play in his drama festival at Ann Arbor. With all that acting experience and her appearance he said—well, there was no doubt, she was ideal, and how much money did she want? She blithely asked $125 a week, and settled for $85—not bad for a start, eh? She made her debut in Ann Arbor—in Antigone, of all things. She also played Nina in Chekhov's Sea Gull—a nice classical start that brings a sardonic grin when she remembers it.

Wrong Name

Returning to New York after the summer season a full-fledged actress, she sat around casting offices so much that they began to consider charging her rent. No producer showed any sign of relieving the tension. Finally, an office boy told her she'd never get anywhere as Claire St. Claire.

"What would you name me?" she asked.

"Trevor's good," he offered. "Why not Claire Trevor?"

So she simply said, "All right," and let it go at that, and it's gone at that ever since. It must have done the trick. Pretty soon she had a job in Warners' St. Louis stock company. And then she played on the road a while. She'd got back to New York again and was acting for coffee and cakes out at Southampton in the summer and wondering what, if anything, the winter was going to bring when Alexander McKaig saw her and offered her a part in the New York production of Whistling in the Dark with Ernest Truex.

The play was a success and Claire Wemlinger St. Claire Trevor thought she was set, her days of trial were over. It was one of those mistakes you learn about afterward. When the play closed and Hollywood made an offer, Claire said, "No!" It was a pretty grand gesture.

Almost as though to punish her for turning down the offer, a deadly monotony of nothing to do set in. Recent success apparently meant nothing.

Eventually, light broke when she was given the lead in The Party's Over. It got brighter when the play actually opened, and when it set in for a run, the brown-eyed blonde rose in a blaze of glory. She was glad she hadn't taken the advice to go into pictures the year before. By the time she joined Twentieth Century-Fox in 1933, she felt better prepared.

Arriving in Hollywood, she practically jumped off the train onto a horse, with the cameras grinding on a little number called Life in the Raw. It was. She was later released from the saddle for The Mad Game with Spencer Tracy and went on from there through the other twenty-odd parts.

Fan-Mail Flattery

Her favorite fan letter came during this early period. It read: "Dear Miss Trevor: I am a fan of yours. Will you please send me a picture of Buck Jones on a white horse?" She did, but she began to wonder if she was getting quite as far as she should.

"You can work right along in Hollywood and still be buried as deep as though you were six feet down in a cemetery," opines the Trevor girl. It's really worse than if no one knows what you look like. An unknown with a little time on her hands can go abroad, fake an accent, and come back as the Queen of Sheba and it's entirely possible that some experimental Hollywood soul will order a scout to look up that guy Solomon and bring him back to team up with her in a girl-meets-boy epic.

An unknown may even get noticed for such a thing as talent. But one who's been at it year in and year out right on a neighboring lot is likely to be known as "Uh-huh, that girl in the B's. Figure isn't bad, but she's typed."

So they send scouts to Peoria, Europe and the South Pole for someone who can do an emotional strip tease while little Uh-huh, ready to give her all, rests unnoticed and eventually sinks into what used to be known as innocuous desuetude. That is, unless little Uh-huh manages to bust loose on her own and gets a chance at a four-minute charge of dynamite like Francey. It doesn't happen often. When it does, the thing to do is move fast. So, all of a sudden, with Miss Trevor, came the revolution.

She has been called clever, foolhardy, impulsive, levelheaded, warmhearted, good-natured and obstinate, and she is probably all of them—and very direct about it. People like her and she likes people, but she hasn't bothered much about the social life of Hollywood or the local pastime of pulling wires.

She just broke loose and took what came and it has been pretty good—including even a husband. For the first time in years, she could do what she pleased, so she had plenty of time for a radio program with Eddie Robinson. It's called Big Town and she's still playing a reporter in it—a gal named Lorelei. But that's all right. Lorelei is a good reporter—not a sap.

When she went to work on the radio series, she met a man named Clark Andrews who directed it. Last July they were married. And they've actually had time to get acquainted with each other. They both dislike parties and enjoy loafing around home when they get the chance.

It all goes to prove, avers Miss Claire Trevor, that you can't keep a bad girl down—dramatically speaking—and that the wages of sin, in the cinema, are higher, provided always that the daring damsel has a heart of gold.

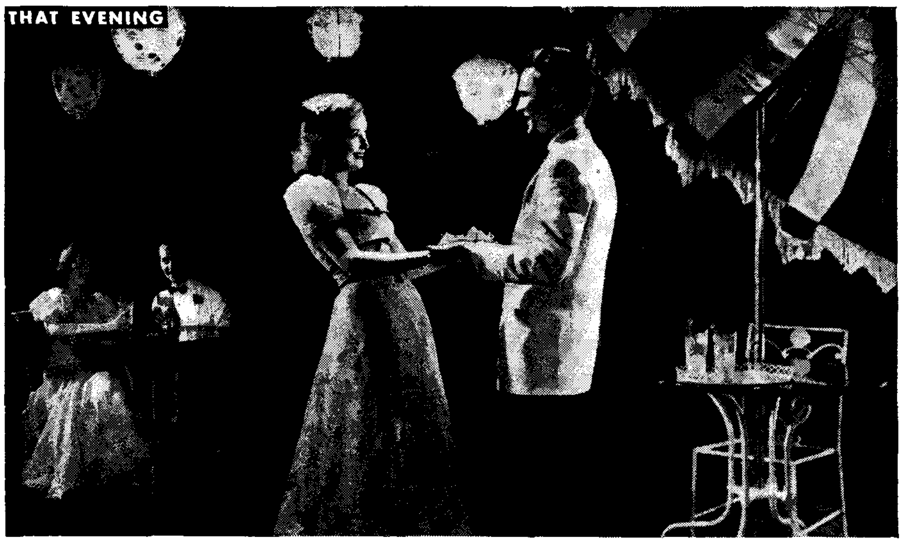
To come back faster —take Sal Hepatica!

MRS.: What'll I do, Jack? I've asked everybody and his uncle for lawn supper tonight. I've bought a knockout dress, and lo! I come up with a sickish headache! Even with a laxative, it'll be hours before my head clears.

MR.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, angel.

MRS.: Why? Is Sal Hepatica different from other laxatives?

MR.: You bet it is! First, Sal Hepatica's laxative action is both quick and gentle. Second, Sal Hepatica counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.



MR.: Grand party, grand little hostess. And, light of my life, you *do* look marvelous!

MRS.: *Feel* marvelous, Jack. Your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica has made a new woman of me!

SAL HEPATICA

Get it at your druggist's today!

TUNE IN! "What's My Name?"—It's new, it's fun—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

An Oscar for Looie

Continued from page 10

There are a billion silly women in the world who get a lift out of looking at your mug. Do you think they're in love with a . . . what's your father . . . a *barber's* son? You're make-believe, and you've got to stay *that way*. Aloof of all . . . ugliness, all shoddiness—ah, cripes, you know what I mean."

"They're going to stay."

He said it a few more times on the trip in. He said it subconsciously, recognizing the truth of Mercer's argument, but unable to think of anything . . . except what Valerie—a lady with centuries of English culture behind her—might think if she ever saw them. Valerie . . . and Mamma. He shuddered involuntarily.

GABRIEL called up Valerie when he got back to his house. "I'm supposed to be ashamed of my own people, huh?" he roared at his mystified Filipino. "I'll show that Mercer how much I'm ashamed. And I'll begin by telling her." He dialed her private number savagely.

It took her an intolerably long time to come to the phone. It always did. And by the time she did and he heard again her cool, clear voice, he had lost all his freshly returned family loyalty. At least he couldn't tell her over the phone.

"I've got to see you . . . Valerie." It was the first time he had ever called her that, but he was furious with himself and he didn't think.

She laughed at the foolish earnestness of his voice. "I mean it," he said. "I must see you at home. Now."

"But you know I don't see anyone at home."

"But listen, Valerie, there's no place we can go where we can talk. This is important. Honest. Something's happened to me, and you're the only person in the world who . . ."

"No," she said. "I'll see you at the studio tomorrow." She hung up with an impersonal click, and he bawled an unhappy torrent of abuse into the dead phone.

"Studio on odder phone," the Filipino said impassively, at the first semicolon in Gabriel's tirade. Gabriel snatched the phone away from the boy.

"Whadyawant!"

"Here's Mr. Gerani," an operator impersonally sang. He heard the call go through several secretaries and he knew it was Goldblatt.

The great man came on the phone at last.

"Who iss it?"

"It's Mr. Gerani, Mr. Goldblatt. You wanted to speak to him."

"Gerani? Gerani? Oh, my Gott yes. Hallo, Gerani?"

"Yeah."

"Mercer wuss just in and what he says gives me a haddache. So I'm giving to your family a prasunt. I'm sending them to Honolulu. A nice trip this time a year, and then home by way of the Canal."

Gabriel swallowed. "No."

It was the first time Goldblatt had heard the word in years, but he still understood it.

"I haven't time to argue with you, Gerani," Goldblatt said. "But lemme tell you this. If any bad publicity comes out about them, or any freak pictures or interviews, you're through. I'm talling you. I won't keep a star who's laughed at."

It was just as well they were going to do Man Against Woman and that Valasco, the imported director, began shooting that terrific scene where Gabriel accuses Valerie of marrying him only because she was going to have a baby by another man. For he was in a rage against her cool aloofness the next morning. And characteristically sensing it, Valasco worked them like dogs, stood over them at lunch to hurry them back to the set, and they were still at it at six o'clock when Miss Fanshawe fainted.

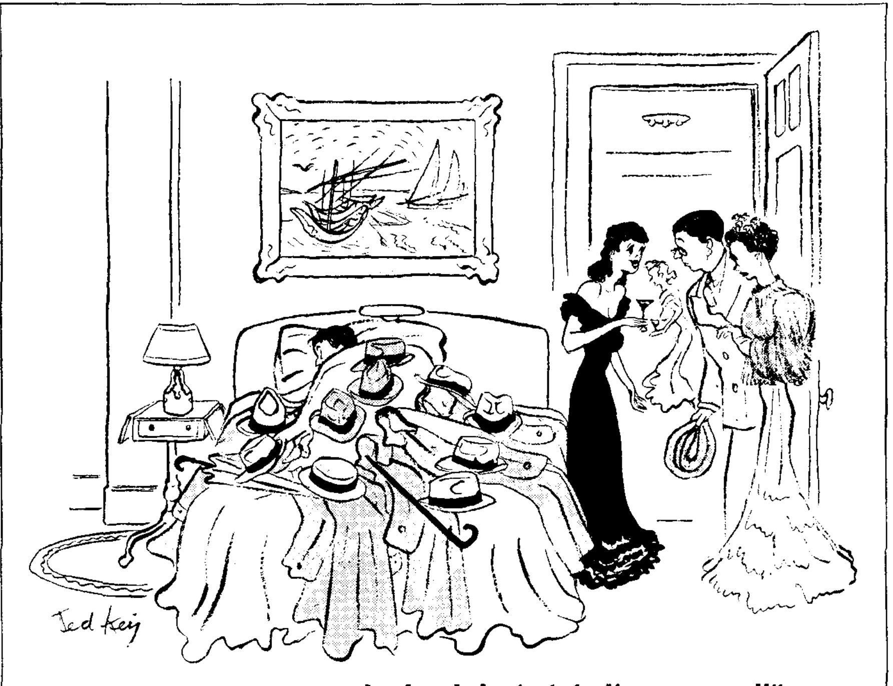
Gabriel was sorry then. He picked her up in his arms and carried her to her dressing room. And when the maid went to call the doctor, he leaned over Valerie and he kissed her cool, fresh lips.

It was the first time he had ever done that, save at the direction of a man with a megaphone.

Her lids fluttered. "I'm sorry," she whispered to him. "It's so terribly silly."

"I'll take you home," he said. "We'll tell Dr. Rumson to meet us there. Are you sure you're all right?"

"Surely. I am. And I really don't want you to bother about seeing me home." Her maid had come back. "Agatha will take care of me."



"You must excuse my husband; he isn't feeling very well" TED KEY

It irritated him beyond reason. "But I *want* to take you home. I want to tell you about my family. I want to hear you say that it doesn't matter if . . ."

She was very tired, and showed it. And the maid said that her car was waiting. But he went to the door with her and helped her chauffeur walk her to the car.

"I'm coming with you no matter what you say."

"Really, Gabriel," she pleaded. "You mustn't. You can't."

He helped her into the car and started in after her, but the chauffeur stopped him. "You heard the lady," the big fellow growled.

There would have been more to that, right then and there—if it hadn't been for Nick. For now Gabriel heard the booming of his brother's voice.

"Here he is, everybody. Say, Looie, we been lookin' all over hell and gone for you."

He stood now with the arrested animation of a man freshly stabbed, and the car began to move all too slowly away from him.

Mamma wanted to kiss him. "You say you come to the house, Looie my boy. I wait all day for you. Then I say we come down to see you." She smiled.

"Looie," said his father, briskly, "You gotta come out to the front gate and fire one of them guards."

"Oh, he was terrible," Angelina protested. "Why, that dirty bum treated us like we was dirt. One more crack outta him and I'd 'a' let him have it."

"It's hard for people to get on a lot," Gabriel said, weakly.

He shepherded them hurriedly into his dressing room, and locked the door. And, stalling for darkness, he opened a bottle of Scotch.

A couple of quick ones made him feel a little easier. "You know what I'd like?" he finally asked, trying to be sociable.

"What, Looie?" his mother asked, gently wiping her face with a knot of handkerchief.

"One of your good old dinners. Let's all drive out to the house and have one." At least it would get them safely home.

"Nope," his father decided. "We didn't get in nothing for dinner. We guessed natur'ly you'd be wanting us to go to dinner with you here in town. That's why we dressed up."

"Make it the Trocadero, willya Looie?" Angelina pleaded. "Honest, I been wanting to see that place."

Gabriel didn't like to drink, particularly. But he took another one—neat.

"No soap," he said, shaking his head. "The Troc is one of those formal places. You've got to have white tie and tails, and evening gowns."

"Well, there must be a lot of other places," his father insisted.

"Pop, you don't quite understand. I can't go every place, as much as I'd want to. It sounds conceited, I guess, but I just couldn't eat. I mean those autograph people . . ."

"Well, Looie, we gotta eat *some* place," Angelina said irritably. "I'm so hungry I'm sick."

GABRIEL called the place where he had rented the big car. Then he said, "Listen, I know a swell place. It's out about ten miles in the country, and you don't meet a lot of people there. I mean autograph people. You'll like it."

They didn't. Nor did Gabriel, who ran into Joan Crawford just as he was herding his straggling relatives through the door. None of them recognized the actress when she spoke to Gabriel. Gabriel ate with his back toward the half-empty dining room. And he hurried the waitress so much that Mamma came down with a resounding gas attack.

He sent them to Grauman's Chinese after that, slipping Nick a twenty-dollar bill to pay for the tickets. There was some debate over this, and Pop said it was a hell of a note that the studios didn't supply his son with passes. But it was settled after an interminable discussion, and Gabriel got out of the car at the studio, to pick up his roadster.

"I wish you'd come with us," Mamma said.

"I saw it when it opened," he lied, standing at the running board. "Now you all go along and have a good time. I'll be out to see you tomorrow."

He walked moodily through the gate of the studio. It was raining now, and he remembered a little bitterly that the top was down on his car.

The seat was soaked. So was he by the time he got to his house in Beverly Hills. But he didn't take his wet clothes off. Miss Fanshawe had called him.

"Gabriel, I'm sorry if I seemed rude tonight," she said, when he hurriedly rang her back. "I didn't want to be." She had a superb gentility to her voice, and it, and the memory of his family, now filled him with fitful inferiority.

"*You're* sorry! How about me?" he complained. "Why I'm not good enough for you to walk on," he said softly, meaning every word of it. "Ah . . ." he wanted to say "darling," but now he knew there never could be anything between them. "Ah . . . Valerie, you're swell to call up to tell me this. You're swell."

SHE made no answer, so when he spoke again he spoke of the new script. For here was their only real meeting ground. Here, miraculously, he was her equal. And for a half-hour, as he stood dripping on his rugs, they spoke of the new film.

Then Gabriel took a shower. Now that he had spoken to her he itched to wash himself clean of his family. The screen lover of sheltered, mysterious Valerie Fanshawe simply could not be Looie Strafini. He had to be Gabriel Gerani. And remain that.

That's why Gabriel Gerani that night dressed up in his most elegantly formal gear, even to the white-satin-lined opera cape, and went in solitary grandeur to the Colony. One of the visiting sob sisters saw him there at the roulette table, gushed happily over him, and swooned all through her column the next day. He lost eighteen hundred dollars playing a homemade system, but the expedition restored his confidence.

The studio liked the column. Mercer met him at lunch. "Gee, you knocked that dame for a loop," he marveled. "She must have ten million readers with that new syndicate." He clucked happily. Then he got around to tell him what was on his mind.

"Kid, I did something today that you won't like. But it's for your own good. I left word at the gate not to let 'em in any more."

Gabriel didn't need to have it amplified. "You take a lot on yourself, don't you?"

"You bet I do," Mercer snapped, heartily. "You're my meat, Gabe. Mr. Goldblatt has practically put me in charge of you. If they ever yanked you out of this glamor world, I'd get fired. And, buddy, I don't plan to get fired."

It was two days before he could find

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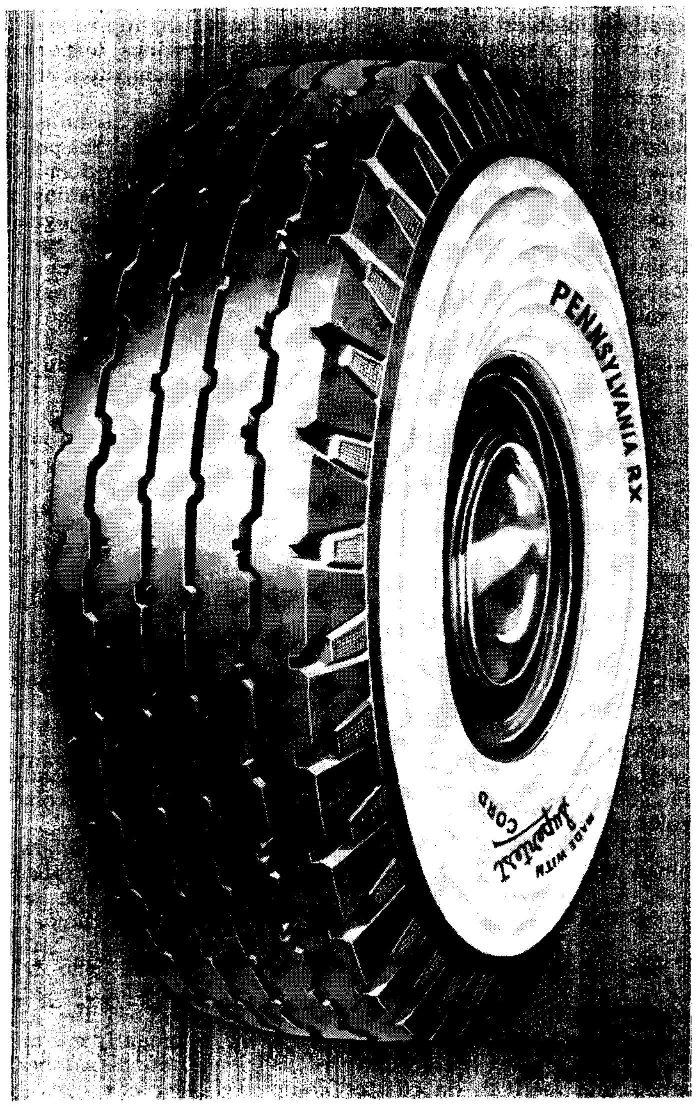

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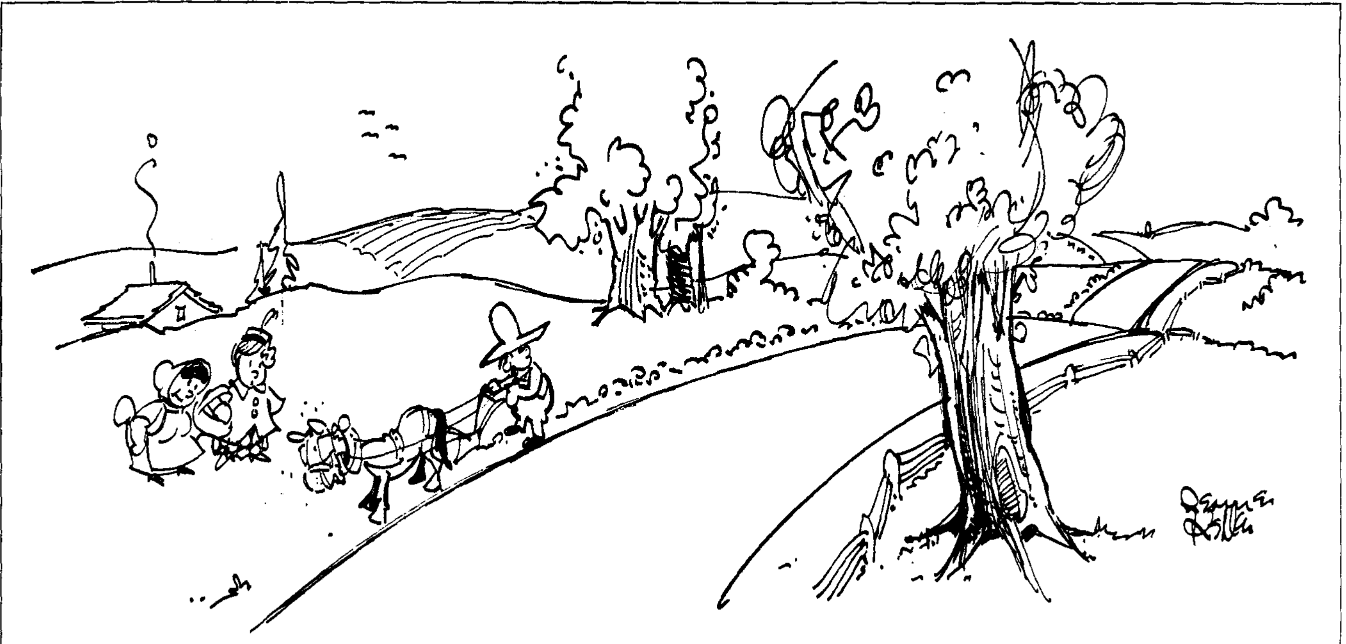

"Kennesaw always plants his corn along the edge of the road —that way we don't have to get out of the car to pick it"

REAMER KELLER

time to get out to the house, and on the way he framed elaborate apologies for not having called them.

But as it turned out he didn't have a chance to apologize. There was a party going on. The radio, turned on full force, blew a terrific and unheeded din. Mamma liked it that way. Mamma was in the kitchen (the cook Gabriel had hired had quit because of her) and the rest of the family was having a drink in the brightly lighted living room, with a strange man.

"Looie," Nick said oratorically, "I want you should meet our friend Mister Spatafaro. Pete, shake hands with my brother. You know, Gabriel Gerani."

Pop cleared his throat. "We're gonna stay in California, Looie," he said. "Pete wants I should go in business with him at his shop out here, and I decided yes. Bill here is gonna be with us too."

Gabriel swallowed. "But Pop, you may not like it out here, after a while. You just can't leave a place like New York and go live somewhere else." He prayed that this wasn't as lame as he felt it was.

"Looie," said Bill, in his sly way, "Pete here's got a great idea. Tell him, Pete."

"Okay. I'll get right to the point. You got a pretty good rep, see? So I thought it'd be a good idea if we cashed in . . . I mean if we. Well, in other words, would it be okay to name the barbershop after you? We'd put it up in the blue neons: 'Gabriel Gerani Tonsorial Shoppe.' How about it?"

"No!" he cried, more sharply than he intended.

Pete shrugged. "Well, acourse if we done real good with it, there'd be a cut in it for you."

"Shaddap," Mamma commanded. "If Looie no can do, he no can do."

THE next month was a busy one, full of labor and the pains of creative work. Gabriel's part in Man Against Woman was the most difficult of his career, calling for a maturity that would enable him convincingly to portray at first an eager young architect, then the degenerative phases of gradual bumhood, and finally a shaky redemption in middle age. It would have been difficult work, even without his mounting burden.

Twice he was perilously close to being exposed. The first time was when Nick, resplendent in his new veteran's uniform, led a detachment to the studio to invite Gabriel to speak at the next post meeting. The guards at the gate stopped him. He protested heatedly, and it finished up in a free for all on the pavement. The Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Spanish American War Veterans of Los Angeles promptly put a boycott on all of Goldblatt's films.

A few days later a gossip columnist printed a line about a homely woman who was making the rounds of the better Hollywood and Los Angeles shops, charging things to romantic Gabriel Gerani. It was Angelina, of course, and only by chance did Mercer head her off when she was starting down to the newspaper to claw the writer.

Then Gabriel, with only faint misgiving, stopped going to see his family.

But he could get no closer to Valerie Fanshawe. There was really no time. Valasco worked them like cattle, trying to finish Man Against Woman. She was often completely exhausted at the end of a long day. And when at last it was done she was ordered to bed. He phoned her repeatedly but he was never able to pass through her high mysterious walls.

EVERYBODY knows the sensational thing that happened to Man Against Woman. It was not only judged the picture of the year, but the Academy Awards went to its stars. And for sheer swank, there was never an Academy dinner quite like it.

They sat at the very center of the great head table, these incomparable lovers who had found each other—cinematically at least—though an ocean of distance and a hemisphere of culture had ordained that they never meet. Bette Davis made the presentation of the statue to Valerie with a graceful little speech.

Valerie was superb in her words of acceptance. "I can't very ably tell you what this means to me," she said with quiet emotion, her graceful hands caressing the figurine. "But it's a gift I shall always try to merit . . . a gift to England as much as to myself. A compliment to my people, as much as to me."

Paul Muni presented Gabriel with his "Oscar." The great actor said that Gabriel first was a man who had the courage to rebel against a land of political despotism, and then courage enough to play a role that pictured him at times as a degenerate. And when at last he handed the "Oscar" to Gabriel the applause rose in a great wave from the distinguished audience. And Gabriel—who had lived a galling and futile life as Looie Strafini—stood there beneath the spot, brilliant in his superb clothes, as handsome as a man could safely be. He picked up the "Oscar" and looked at it a moment, collecting his thoughts.

"It's difficult to follow so charming a person as Miss Fanshawe," he finally said, bowing slightly to her, ". . . and so able and gracious a person as Miss Davis, and so competent an actor as Mr. Muni. But . . ."

That was as far as he got before the crowd broke through the police lines and crashed in the front door of the place.

Gabriel stopped speaking, a word half born in his throat. But even if he could have spoken above the tumult and the guttural shouts of the police who now came up, he couldn't have uttered a sound. For up near the front of the crowd, elbowing savagely, were Angelina and Nick. And a little behind them, helpless, disheveled and tossed about wretchedly was his mother. His father, he found out later, was trampled underfoot outside. Bill had been picked up on an intoxication charge.

The harried cops threw themselves viciously against the front rank of the mostly good-natured and rowdy mob. Angelina scratched at the face of the officer who was pushing her back, and he turned her around roughly, put his shoulder to the small of her back and "dug" like a football lineman—while she screamed over her shoulder to the stupefied Gabriel: "Help . . . Looie . . . tell them who we are. Looooo-ie!" Nick was almost as loud, until he caught a punch in the mouth from one of the policemen.

Mamma Strafini somehow stood still, like a fat, wet rock that rolls but will not join the millrace. The noise of the crowd was dimming now. The police herded the last curious stragglers, and blocked off those who tried to get through to the tables, for autographs.

Gabriel stood on the dais, looking across the indignantly murmuring heads of his friends, into his mother's eyes. He could feel Mercer's eyes boring into him, and, as if from a great distance he heard Goldblatt impatiently whisper for him to go on. The big shocked crowd turned back to him expectantly. But he was through. He walked quickly down to the end of the speakers' table, stepped down quickly to the door and roughly stopped the policeman who was shoving the old lady out the door.

Mamma cried then, an absurd off-key gasping snuffle that filled the room as she enveloped him in her meaty embrace. Gently he set her down at an unused table, and suddenly the hot mortification of it all left him. It didn't even return when, with their clothes torn, Nick and Angelina got back into the room, pursued by two officers.

Gabriel straightened it out. "They're all right," he said to the officers. "That's my sister and my brother. This is my mother."

He hadn't especially wanted it to be heard around the room, but when the mounting buzz told him it was, he didn't care. He felt hollow. Out of the corner of his eye he drew one quick look at the white-faced Mercer and the apoplectic Goldblatt. He couldn't look at Valerie.

But now, of a sudden, as he wallowed in his humiliation by inviting his family to eat the elaborately chilled fruit cocktails that sat at each place at the table, Valerie sat down beside him.

"I KNEW she was your mother," she said to him, quietly mystified by her own insight. "I knew from your face." Tormenting himself, he introduced them. He looked her hard and straight in her fabulous blue eyes and said he was sorry his father and brother-in-law weren't there too, but that if she stayed they might join them.

"Then we can all go to the Troc together," he said, his voice flat with poison.

"No," she said. "Let's go to my house. My mad, mystic mansion. . . ." She began to laugh, quietly, a little hysterically. She took his hand in hers. "I want your people to meet mine," she went on. "They'll adore one another."

"You're kidding me, you . . ."

"But I'm not," she cried, trying to speak above her laughter. "My people have been living with me two years. They came on from Brooklyn, where I was born. There's my older brother . . . he drives for me . . . my two aunts, my sister and her baby. All of them broke, and living behind my glamorous ten-foot wall."

The big beautifully groomed crowd shuffled uneasily and commenced to leave. But the strange little party by the door—three of them eating furiously and the other two holding hands and fairly howling with laughter, paid no heed. They didn't even mind the grim reporters who formed a brooding rim about them, taking notes.

"What's your name again?" Valerie gasped, laughing so much that the tears ran happily down her cheeks.

"Looie Strafini," he roared. "And yours . . . ?"

She was too overcome for a moment to pronounce it. "Ida . . ." she gasped. "Ida Mulligan," and the very sound of it sent them into new paroxysms.

And the reporters made a concerted rush for the phones.

GABRIEL and Valerie borrowed Errol Flynn's debonair sloop for their honeymoon and sailed for weeks down the primitive coast line of Lower California. It was, at last, the escape from the tinsel and the deception that they had loathed. They never would have gone back to Hollywood now that their people had returned east, if they did not have to pick up their belongings and sell their homes.

Goldblatt had a sleepy-eyed yes man stationed at each of their homes. Goldblatt had been reading the newspapers and the trade journals and he had been stunned to learn that it wasn't particularly deplorable to be exposed as an American actor and actress. Goldblatt scratched his nose reflectively and became a patriot. Henceforth, he announced, his studios would deal only in native folklore, glorifying the home-bred, "retouching the forsaken canvas of American life and American ways."

Above all, Goldblatt told them on that night the sophisticate lovers were brought before him, Goldblatt needed a boy from the East Side and a girl from Flatbush Avenue.

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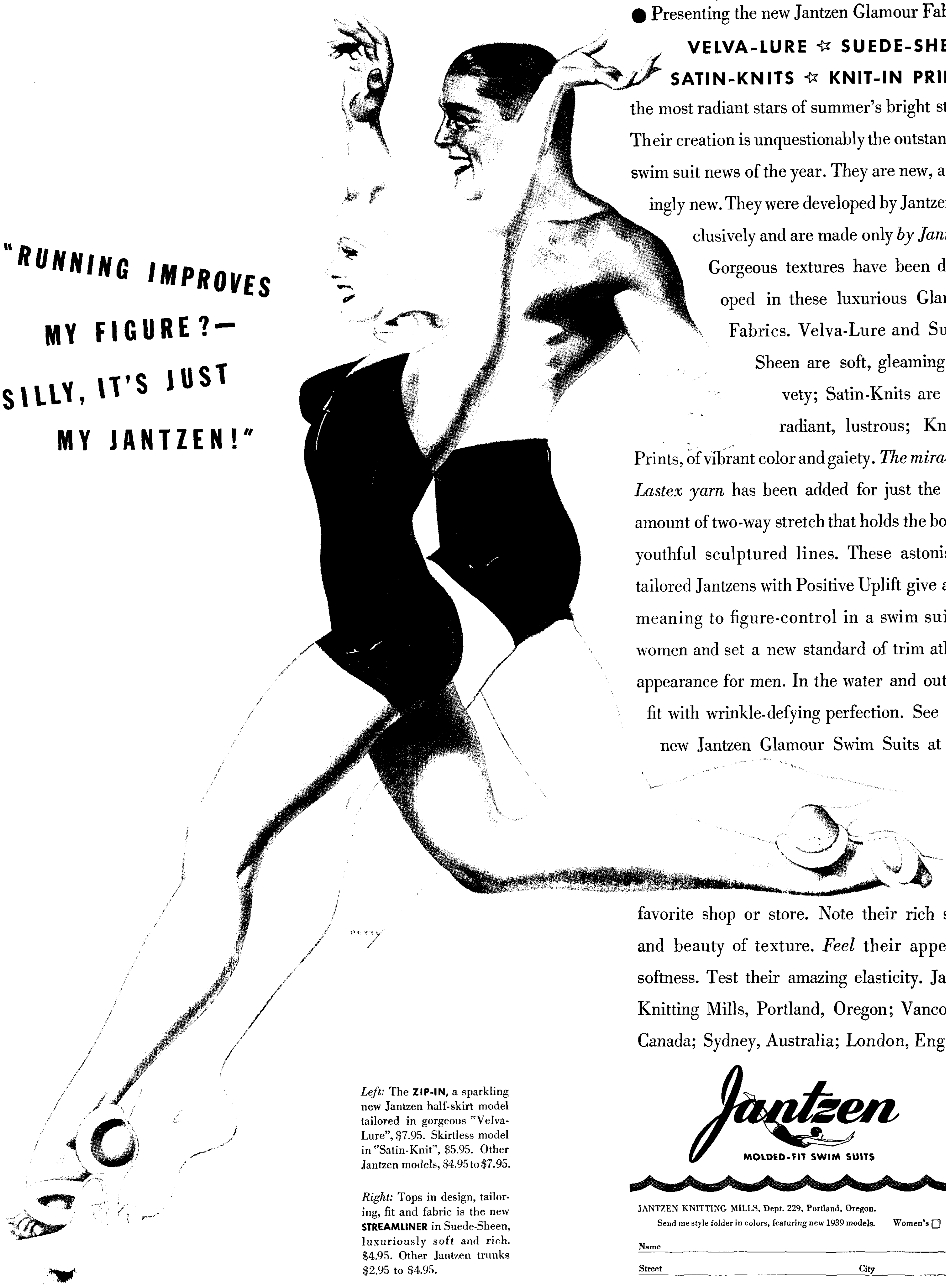

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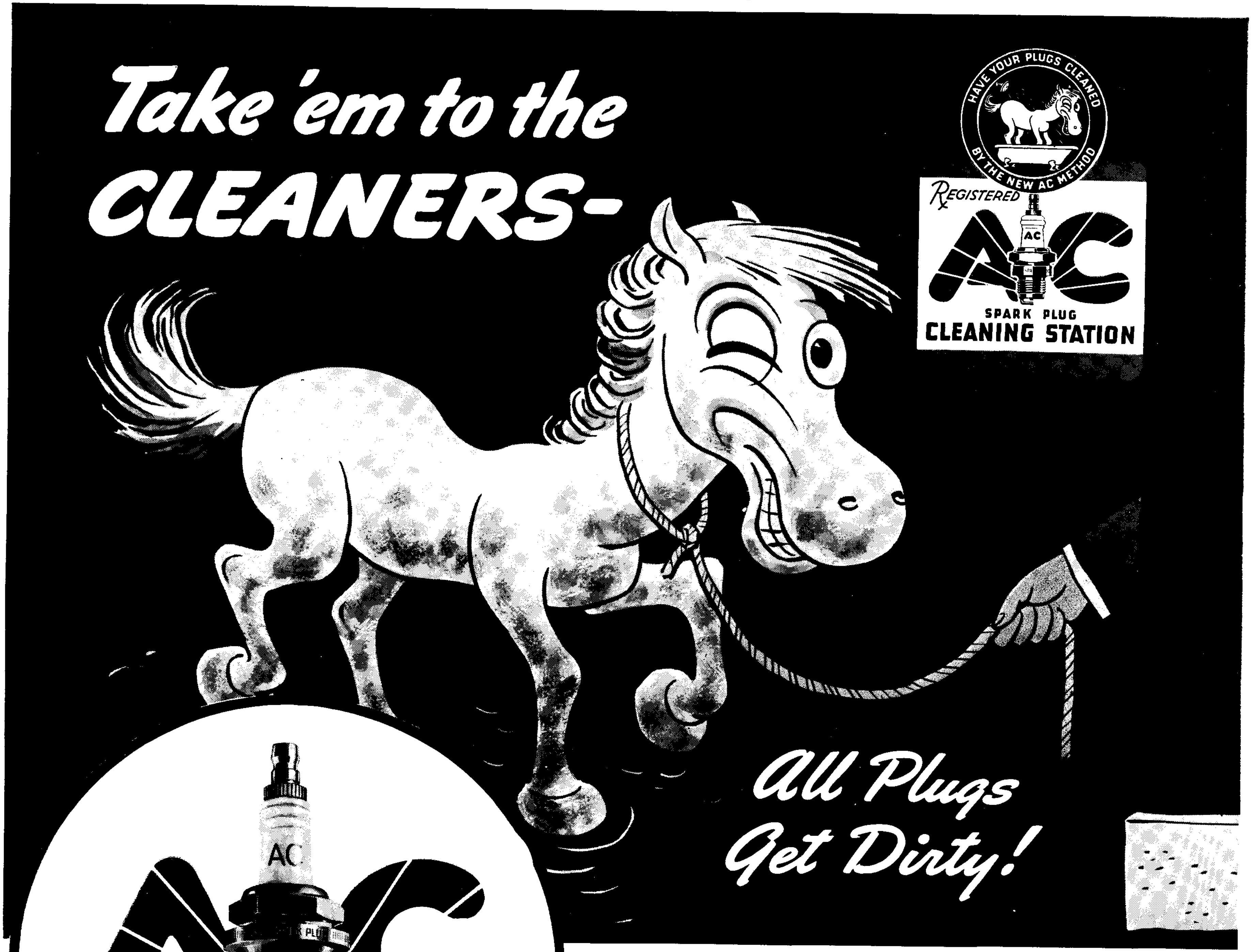
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Yussel the Muscle

Continued from page 16

Besides, wasn't he bringing along his own referee, Harry Ertle, for protection?

Arriving on the scene and sizing up the situation, Yussel tried to pull out of the fight by claiming McTigue had "hoited" his hand. The Columbus promoter, John Paul Jones, produced several doctors who certified Mike's duke was as sound as the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Yussel, on the other hand, dug up the town's only Irish Catholic physician, Dr. Callahan, who pronounced Mike unfit to fight because of an injury to his right mitt. The issue was settled when the local branch of the Klan scowled a few times in Jacobs' direction. "The fight's on," said Yussel.

The unanimous sentiment of the Klan boys who packed the ball park was that the native son had made Mike look pretty sorry as a world's champion. Referee Ertle didn't like the situation at all, when the tenth round was over. He called the fighters to the center of the ring, held up their right hands to signify that his decision was a draw and tried to duck. But he hadn't reckoned with the Klan boys. They climbed into the ring and surrounded Ertle.

"You'd better change that decision if you know what's good for you," warned the Klansmen, menace dripping from their voices.

"I gave the decision and I can't change it now," protested the referee feebly.

Fast Work in the Clutch

Just then Yussel's hair-trigger brain detonated an idea.

"That's right, boys," said Jacobs with spurious cheerfulness. "The rules says he can't change his decision. It's up to the promoter or boxing commission to change it."

"Then I change it to Stribling," said Promoter Jones, raising Stribling's right hand.

With the crowd thus temporarily appeased, Yussel, McTigue and Referee Ertle, guarded by a few soldiers from near-by Fort Benning, pushed their way through the mob to their cars and were whisked away. Arriving in Atlanta at 4 A. M. they went to the offices of the Associated Press, where Ertle cleared up the confusion over the decision by reiterating that the fight was a draw. McTigue's title had been saved by Yussel's fast thinking in a pinch.

After this Jacobs formed a partnership with Pete Reilly and Billy McCarney, two smart Irishmen whose talents dovetailed peculiarly with his own. Yussel had Frankie Genaro, the world's flyweight champion, under his wing, and also managed Johnny Dundee at the period when Johnny held the junior lightweight title. As an associate of Reilly and McCarney, Jacobs was also implicated in the management of Jack Delaney, the world's light heavyweight champion, and André Routis, the little Frenchman whom they maneuvered into the featherweight title.

About this time, a German heavyweight named Max Schmeling came to New York to look for fights, accompanied by his manager, Arthur Buelow, a bewildered-looking little Berlin sports writer.

Schmeling was at Madame Bey's camp in Summit, New Jersey, letting a broken hand knit when Routis, the Frenchman, as emissary of his three managers, approached him. Routis planted the idea in Schmeling's mind that with Buelow as his agent he'd never get anywhere in America. He would quickly reach the top, even as Routis himself had, with the three smart Americans, Reilly, Jacobs and McCarney, handling his business. The idea, planted in fertile soil, flourished and it wasn't long before Buelow went back to Germany, brokenhearted, while Schmeling suddenly blossomed into prominence in the heavyweight division under his new managers.

Thus did little Joey Jacobs from Hell's Kitchen come by his sobriquet, Yussel the Muscle. He had muscled in on another manager's fighter and thus greatly enhanced his reputation for smartness in his profession. At first, Messrs. Reilly and McCarney were active in the management of Schmeling, but Pete sold his share and McCarney later was eased out, leaving the Muscle in supreme command.

There are many critics of Yussel's methods in getting Schmeling to the top but few deny that it was Yuss and no one else who did the trick. Once again it was that hair-trigger mind that worked for Yussel at the precise split second when Opportunity knocked. Schmeling was fighting Jack Sharkey in the final match of an elimination tournament that was to crown Gene Tunney's successor as heavyweight champion. The bout was being held at the Yankee Stadium on the night of June 12, 1930, before a $749,935 house. For two rounds, Sharkey had scored at will. But in the third, Schmeling, always a slow starter, had begun to come on and the Lithuanian Lalapaloosa didn't seem to relish it. Soon after the fourth got underway, Sharkey planted a hard right in Max's mid-section that caused the German to drop to the canvas, doubled up with pain. Referee Jimmy Crowley began to count him out when Yussel leaped into the ring crying: "Foul, foul! Stop counting that man out. We wuz fouled!"

"Now can I join your gang?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

The referee, confused, stopped counting and looked around for advice. Near Yussel's corner sat the late Arthur Brisbane, professional dispenser of advice, and he came to Crowley's rescue.

"If you don't disqualify that man for fouling I'll kill boxing in New York State," he shouted to the befuddled official.

Now alarmed, the referee asked the two judges if they had seen the blow. One, the late Charles F. Mathison, admitted he hadn't seen it. The other, Dr. Harold Barnes, who was later suspended indefinitely by the commission for another decision, said it was a foul. While all this was going on, Yussel was screaming "Foul!" at the top of his voice and many in the crowd had taken up the cry. Crowley, his mind finally made up for him, disqualified Sharkey and proclaimed Schmeling the world's heavyweight champion, the first in history to be crowned on the flat of his back.

Yussel took a wide detour around Sharkey in 1931, at the same time squaring an old score. Though Sharkey was the logical opponent for Max that year because of the highly unsatisfactory ending of their 1930 fight, Yussel handpicked Young Stribling, now pretty shopworn. The match was moved to Cleveland to avoid the wrath of the New York State Athletic Commission. It took Max just short of the regulation fifteen rounds to finish an opponent who had no more relish for fighting him than a mule has for a juicy tenderloin steak. But, though the bout added little to Schmeling's prestige, it was a master stroke for Yussel, not only because it enabled Max to hang onto his title for another year but also because it permitted Yussel to erase the Columbus, Georgia, score from the tablets of his memory as "settled."

Forced by public opinion and the New York State Athletic Commission, Yussel had to accept the Sharkey bout for Max in 1932. After a close and featureless fight, Sharkey won the decision. When the decision was announced Yussel squealed like a laboratory full of guinea pigs. He ran around ringside, charging that the whole thing was a plot engineered by his archenemy, Jimmy Johnston, who had a piece of Sharkey. Asked by the radio announcer to say a few words about the decision, Yussel, without removing his panatella, screamed into the mike: "We wuz robbed!" Yussel's wail has since become a byword in the fight racket.

Setting an example in tolerance for Der Fuehrer himself, Yussel gave the Nazi salute in the ring at Hamburg in 1935 after Schmeling had butchered the American, Steve Hamas. It is true that 25,000 Germans, aware of his non-Aryan ancestry, were watching him closely, but it is equally true that none of them saw the fingers of his left hand crossed behind his back or heard him mutter: "When I get back to New York, this don't go!"

Grammar Takes a Beating

Yussel is proud of his unconscious knack of coining phrases that get a nationwide circulation. Arising at noon, several hours before his accustomed time, to attend his first World Series game in Detroit in 1934, Yussel nosed into an unseasonable blizzard. After shivering in the press box for a few minutes, he turned heel and exclaimed with disgust: "I should of stood in bed!" On the West Side, where Yussel learned his peculiar nuances of the mother tongue, "stood" is used in the best families as a synonym for "remained." Yussel's chance remark, picked up by the sports writers, traveled from coast to coast, was used as the title of a popular song and is now employed commonly in the fight game to express the nadir of futility.

Until he began to get suspicious after reading the word "irregardless" fifteen times in an interview he gave to a sports writer, Yussel thought there was such a word. Now he says "disregardless."

Despondent after Schmeling was obliterated from the heavyweight picture by Joe Louis in that unforgettable two-minute shamble, Yussel the Muscle turned in desperation to the fat barkeep from Orange, New Jersey. He had picked Galento up along the pugilistic wayside two years before, more for the laughs he might provide than the dividends he might produce. Now, Tony had to be the breadwinner because Schmeling was through, Yussel was broke and there was no one else in sight.

Money means nothing to Jacobs except as a means of satisfying his ego. Despite his shrewdness, he's the softest touch in the whole racket, the most generous spender and the most frequent contributor to charity.

Besides being generous, Yussel is also deeply religious. After appropriating Schmeling from his German manager, one of his first acts was to go to the Temple Beth Israel, which his father helped to organize, and pray for Max's success under his management.

Yussel expects to die broke, like all fight managers. Yet he can point a moral in the career of Dan Morgan, his first mentor. Dan lost a fortune at the race track and this has caused Yussel many moments of unhappiness.

"A guy is a fool to throw his money away on the ponies when he can get rid of it on Broadway having a good time," philosophizes Yussel. "Too bad Dan didn't have some fun losing his dough."

Though he was half-hearted about Galento when he went to work on his case in earnest last summer, he did the fastest (and some say, smelliest) build-up job on record. Leaving a trail of suspensions in states where his water buffalo pushed over opponents in various stages of paralysis (or decomposition) Yussel conducted Two-Ton Tony on a tour that, if not triumphant in itself, at least wound up that way when Promoter Mike Jacobs selected Galento as the June opponent for Louis. And now, though the rest of the job lies mainly in Galento's hands, his case isn't entirely hopeless so long as Yussel's hair-trigger brain is functioning in Tony's corner.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

His Own Coin

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

POLDER'S last dime had gone for breakfast coffee. All he had left, now, was the ransom money. Most of that was in the suitcase he had checked at the railroad parcel room, but there was fifty dollars of it—ten five-dollar bills, wadded to a sweaty lump in the shut hand he kept in his pocket.

Ten death warrants. Spending one of those bills here, so quickly after the snatch, was taking a long chance on the big chair with the straps and wires.

Taking a chance. Leaving it to luck to decide between death and life!

Luck!

Polder hated the word and the thing it stood for. Always he'd seen it clearly for what it was, an enemy, implacable and cunning, lying in patient ambush for the fools who put their silly faith in it. And in a little while Polder was going to trust it with his life!

He decided, suddenly, to do it now, before he got too hungry to be choosy about where he did it. He'd do it at that little sidewalk flower stand just ahead. Nobody would be expecting a kidnap killer to spend his hot money on flowers, and the girl behind the plank counter looked tired and hot and hungry and not very smart. Her face brightened, though, as she turned and saw him.

"Why, Mr. Haley! I was just hoping you'd come along!"

Polder held his breath. If she only kept on thinking he was somebody else, somebody she knew—

"Look what I just took in!" She opened a tin cash box. "A two-dollar bill! And they're always lucky for me! And my name's Victoria and there's a horse called Vicky's Boy in the sixth. Put this on his nose for me, will you?"

Polder managed not to snatch at the bill but he didn't trust his voice. He only nodded, grinning, as he moved on, forcing his feet to walk.

Maybe he'd been wrong. Maybe, after all, there was such a thing as good luck. There must be, or he wouldn't have that crumpled bill in his hand, wouldn't have this sudden, flashing, clear idea of how to use it.

The two dollars paid for bus fare and a grandstand ticket, with a dime over for a program. He grinned at the crowd in front of the betting windows. They'd be cued up, keeping the tired men behind those windows hustling at top speed, too busy to stop and look at the number on every bill they handled. He kept on grinning as he found a seat and as he watched the first four races.

When the bugle sounded for the fifth, though, he wasn't grinning. He was in a queue that edged forward, too slowly and yet too swiftly, toward a window.

He managed to keep his hands from shaking as he pushed two of his bills across the shelf, to hold his voice steady: "Five times on Number One."

BREATH went a little deeper into him as the seller brushed the bills into the drawer. He managed not to snatch at the five bits of pasteboard that slid out of the vending machine, not to hurry too fast to the line before the next window.

"Five tickets on Number Two."

It wasn't quite so hard, this time, to say it carelessly. At the next three windows, betting on the other three horses in the race, it was almost easy.

No need, now, to ask luck for any favors. He'd played each horse to show—to finish third or better—and three of them were bound to do it. He'd have fifteen winning tickets to turn into money. Safe money. Safe.

The word was warm in his mind as he watched the horses flash past him. Luck was still on his side. The favorite ran fourth and the two longest shots were in the money. His winning tickets paid him back his fifty dollars, with two to spare.

Two! Just what that dumb dame had given him. Her lucky two! Well, it had been lucky—for Polder. So lucky that maybe—he chuckled as he bought a two-dollar ticket on Vicky's Boy to win—maybe there was still some luck left in it.

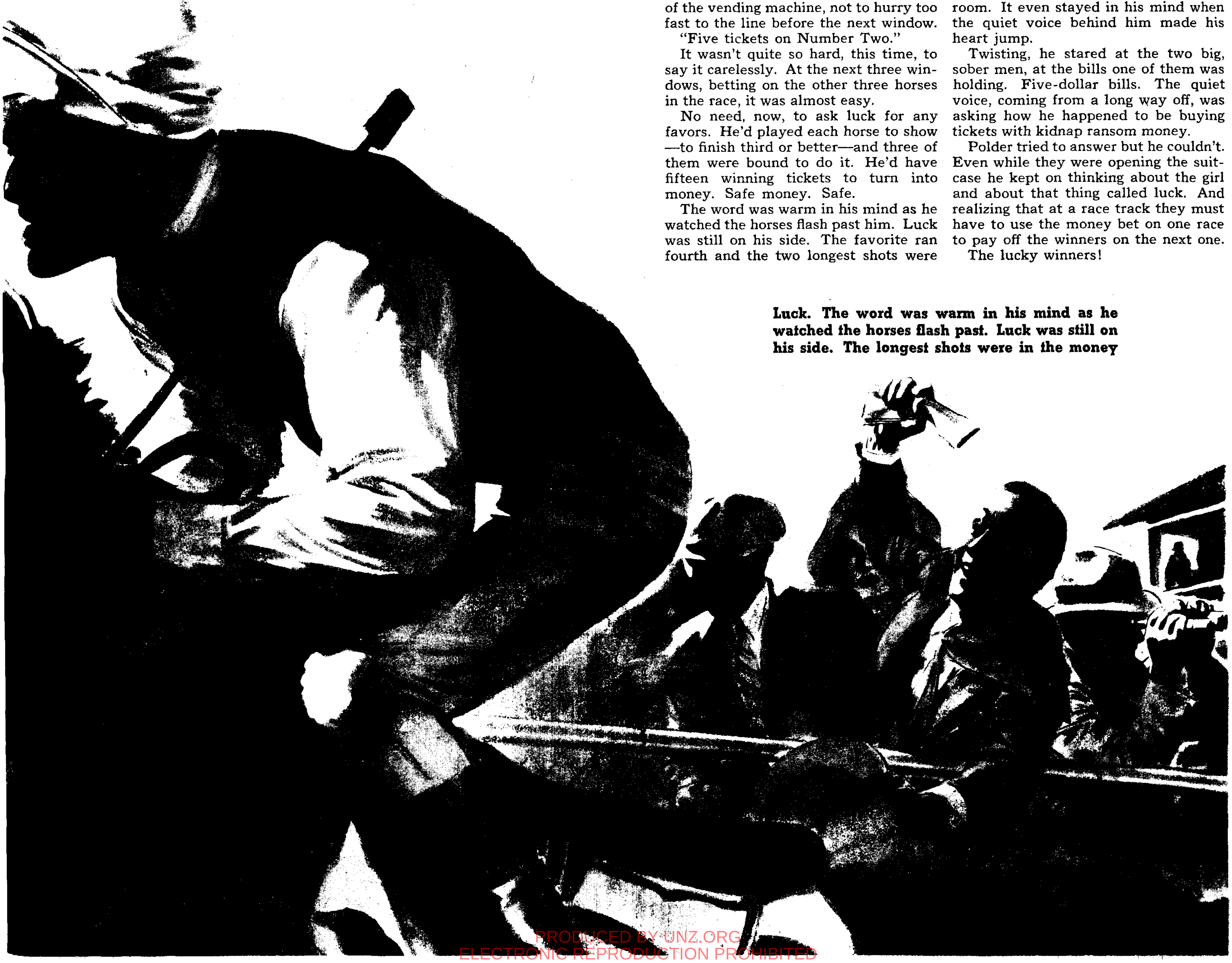
There was. Vicky's Boy coasted home at fifty-five to one. And Polder, leaning back in the scudding taxicab that carried him toward the railroad station, felt of the thick roll of bills in his pocket and laughed at himself, under his breath, for still being stupidly afraid of luck. For still thinking of it as an enemy, waiting its chance to strike. For even being dumb enough to consider, for a minute, the cockeyed notion of trying to buy it off by paying that girl her winnings!

He wasn't crazy enough to do it, of course, but he kept thinking about it. He was thinking about it as he peeled off the bills to pay for his ticket and compartment. He was thinking about it as he got his suitcase from the parcel room. It even stayed in his mind when the quiet voice behind him made his heart jump.

Twisting, he stared at the two big, sober men, at the bills one of them was holding. Five-dollar bills. The quiet voice, coming from a long way off, was asking how he happened to be buying tickets with kidnap ransom money.

Polder tried to answer but he couldn't. Even while they were opening the suitcase he kept on thinking about the girl and about that thing called luck. And realizing that at a race track they must have to use the money bet on one race to pay off the winners on the next one.

The lucky winners!



Luck. The word was warm in his mind as he watched the horses flash past. Luck was still on his side. The longest shots were in the money

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The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 17

Mixler's chest. Suddenly Benteen turned aside. Manuel Dura called from the opposite slope: “Hey—thees is Antone,” and he pointed at the ground.

Troopers trotted toward Dura and Benteen walked over, looking down at the small, wizened face of the Apache who had, for so long a time, laid his terror across the Territory. He was past middle age, stringy and shrunken, with an astringent, unforgiving expression on his face, even now. He wore a striped shirt, with the captain's bars pinned to a sleeve; and around his neck was a cord holding a brass medal with a picture of Washington on it, a peace-treaty medal handed down to him by some older warrior. Benteen reached out and ripped the captain's bars from the shirt.

Details were climbing the slope to bring back the dead troopers. Somebody said: “Hey, Jackson, Canreen wants to see you.” Benteen started back to Warren, but turned aside, for Castleton stood in front of Warren, and the major's red face was full of anger. The three troopers carried George Mixler into the dobe, Shiraz following. Benteen took a drink from his canteen and suddenly crouched on the ground, turned dizzy by heat and hunger and the drain of the last four days. Manuel Dura walked up to him, and McSween came up. McSween said:

“Give me your hand. You'll get out of this sun.”

“Manuel,” said Benteen, “Al Hazel is up there. Over on the right, just after you get to the top of the slope.” Dura went away at once, murmuring under his breath.

McSWEEN pulled Benteen to his feet and slipped an arm under Benteen's elbow. “Hell, Lieutenant, it would be a bad thing now to see you on the ground. Any other man, but nawt you.” Harrison walked over from the Apache prisoners. He stared hard at Benteen. He took Benteen's other arm. “I don't wonder, Tom.”

Warren called both of them and they walked on to the mine dump. There were these four on the dump—Warren, Castleton, Harrison and Benteen. Castleton's cheeks were rigid. He kept his eyes on Warren, almost sightless in the way he stared. Warren said:

“We will camp here. It is unnecessary to go on.” He paused, shifting weight on his feet, irritably pressing sweat away from his eyes. Then he said: “Mr. Castleton is under arrest, and will exercise no command during the balance of this trip. That is all.”

Benteen walked down the slope toward the cabin, the back muscles of his legs barely bracing him. He went into the cabin and sat down beside Mixler. Shiraz had finished working on Mixler and shook his head at Benteen. “Not a pleasant prospect. It will be a bad trip back, for him. Better stay in here, Tom. You look pretty well washed out. I'll get you a drink of whisky a little later.”

Mixler said in a husky voice: “One for both of us.” He groaned a little and moved his head from side to side. But he managed a small smile when he looked at Benteen. “You turned out to be a pretty good soldier, old boy. I shouldn't like to have been in your shoes.”

Benteen murmured: “Part of the game, George. For both of us.”

“Sure,” groaned Mixler. “For both of us. I guess I'll get mine on the ride home. Still, it is a comfort in a way, to know what you'll do under fire. I'd never been in a scrap before. There's always a little doubt. I used to envy you, because you already knew what you could do. Now I know what I'll do. Pretty good feeling.”

William Williams
WILLIAM WILLIAMS

HARRY JACKSON crawled over a deadfall, up in the timber, and found Gordon and Maris kneeling by Canreen. Canreen was on his way out; it was in the slackness of his big lips; it was a nearing shadow in his eyes. But when Harry Jackson came up he moved his arm a little and had his say:

“Take my watch, kid, and give it to Rose. And listen. I been through the mill and I look at a woman different than you. You're pretty young and you got some strict ideas. But that girl Rose is all right. I wouldn't hold nothin' against her for the way she's made her livin'. Never hold that against any woman, kid. When you get a little older you'll see what I mean. You been sore at me, but you're all right, too.”

Maris said: “We got to pack you back to camp.”

“Sure,” said Canreen. “But just wait a minute, then I won't feel it. That Camp Grant graveyard is a hell of a dry spot for a man that's been as thirsty as me.” He closed his eyes, his big lips softly turning.

Harry Jackson said: “About Rose. You think—”

“Never mind, Harry,” said Maris, “he don't hear you any more.”

THERE was no reason for rising at reveille, yet when the call came Harriet Mixler at once dressed and watched the sun break across the high rock ramparts behind Camp Apache. Strolling in the morning's bright, winy coolness, she saw the details of post life with understanding eyes, and was a little surprised that she should. It flowed around her in aimless regularity—troop drill and fatigue detail, commanding officer's orderly stiffly wheeling down the walk, horses milling in the breaking pen, the water cart's to-and-fro traveling, the sick-call line in front of Doctor Panzer's door, the Indians crouched in the quartermaster's building shadows.

She had never thought this life could leave any impression on her. Once away from it, she felt she would soon forget it, as she might forget an unpleasant dream. And yet this listening for things that were familiar, this faint expectancy that came when the buglers walked to their station at the guardhouse and breathed tentatively into their instruments just before sending their calls across the camp, this conformity to routine, this faint stir of something deep inside when the troops, stiffly marching in platoon front, passed in review before Major McClure—this told her something about herself.

Camp Grant was far away in the lowlands, sweltering in the desert heat. Sitting quietly in the background of a cheerful group in Major McClure's house, she thought about that heat with a shrinking sensation. The heat and everything that had gone with the heat. It was, she told herself, the tragic period of her life. Nothing before had ever been like it; nothing ever would be like it again. From this detached place, she looked back rather clearly, to realize one poignant truth: her girlhood had died at Grant; there were things she could never believe again, there were things she could never feel again. . . .

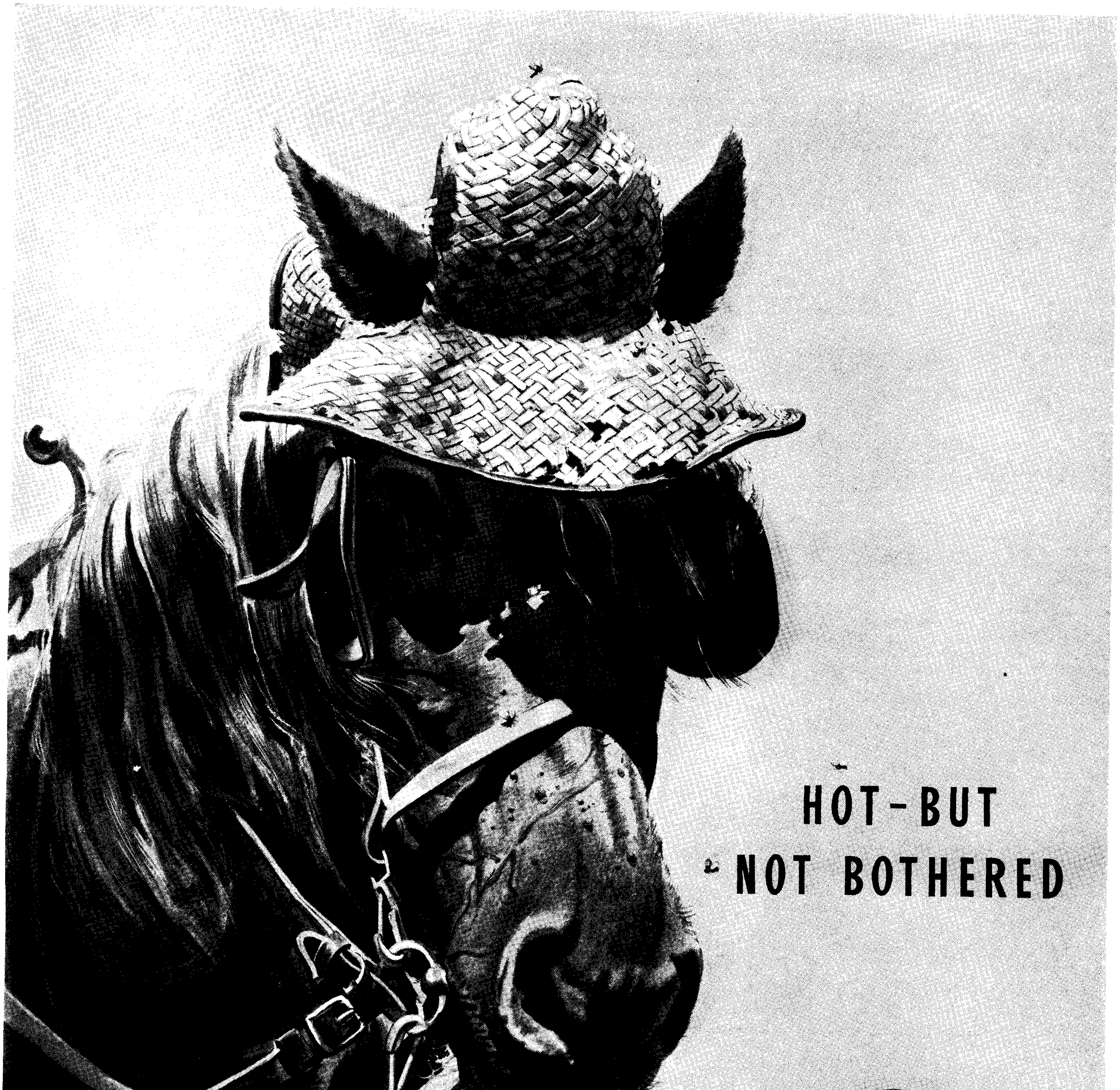
It was rather late in the evening. Major McClure told his bear story and Mrs. McClure brought out coffee and a very elaborate pudding. Four other officers of the post had gathered here with their wives, carrying on a robust and cheerful conversation. Harriet sat somewhat apart from the group, watching them. McClure said: “Messenger came up from Grant this afternoon. Benteen went on an extended scout, picked up Antone's location. Warren has taken his whole command out. I expect they may have a brush with Antone. Be fortunate if Warren can break up that fellow. Relieve the pressure of this campaign considerably. I am sending a detail down to Grant in the morning to get the paymaster.”

Harriet rose. “I think,” she murmured, “I'll go see Sonny,” and turned from the room. Taps was just then sounding across the parade. It swung her around and turned her breathing deeper and made her stand straight, with her small hands tightly closed. She listened to the call with a solemn attention, hearing something so timeless and faithful in the long-drawn notes. There was a sadness in the call that turned her a little humble, there was a strength in it that took possession of her and bound her to this parade ground and to the lights shining from the barracks, to the tramp of the sentries' feet on the hard earth, to the smell of dust, to the feel of the faint wind rolling off the hills. She had straightened and her eyes watched the stars so bright and high in the southwest sky, where Camp Grant lay.

MAJOR WARREN brought his command into Camp Grant at noon. From the commanding officer's ramada Eleanor watched the column file through the gate. She stood very still, gripped by the fear that always came when troops returned. The men were exhausted, sweaty and beard-blackened; blistered and parched by the sun, and round-shouldered from the fatigue in their bones. The dead were blanket-wrapped across their saddles, and on these shapes her glance clung. George Mixler lay cradled in an improvised carrier between two mules. Her father sat on his horse uncomfortably, looking tough and old and cooked by the sun. Her eyes rummaged the column, man after man. Hanna wasn't riding as guide of K, and then she knew the name of one of the blanketed shapes, and closed her eyes, blinking away quick tears. When she opened them again she saw Castleton.

A long breath escaped her, but her attention remained on the gate as they filed in, and her fear was as real and as suffocating as before, until she saw Benteen. Then all the fear went out of her and she put her head down, afraid at the moment to look at his high, loose shape. Al Hazel's wife stood by the quartermaster's building, crying out a question in Spanish. The captive Indians, men and women and children, crowded to a corner of the parade. I and K troops swung front into line, waited for dismissal, and filed on toward the stables. Eleanor went immediately to George Mixler. Shiraz and two troopers were lifting him from the carrier and when she saw Mixler's face she knew he had been badly hurt. They carried him to Shiraz's quarters.

Captain Harrison walked on, smiling a little through his cracked lips. “We got Antone, Eleanor,” and continued toward his dobe with a definite limp. Castleton threw the reins of his horse to an orderly, cut across the parade and disappeared into his dobe at once. He had not looked at her. Eleanor thought,



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"Something has happened," and watched Benteen come up.

She noticed at once a ragged mark on his cheek. His face was thinner, he was sweated dry, he was ridden down to muscle and bone. It had an effect on her, an actual physical effect. She touched his arm, looking at his eyes. He was smiling, and she knew, from the manner his face changed, that he was pleased with the pressure of her fingers. It was a feeling that at once lay in both of them. But his face had some of the old reserve on it; it held away something.

She said, softly: "I said my prayers for you, Tom."

"Sometime," he said, carefully picking his words, "I want to talk to you, Eleanor."

She looked down and was disturbed. "Is it something you ought to talk about, Tom?"

"We'll be living in the same camp for a long time."

"Will that be bad, for you?"

"I don't think—" he began. But he shook his head. "I need a little sleep first."

Al Hazel's wife sat in the dust, against the wall of the quartermaster's building. She was crying, rocking her shoulders slowly from side to side. Eleanor breathed: "Where's Al?"

"He's dead," said Benteen. "We had quite a scrap with Antone, Eleanor." He went on, turning into Shiraz's quarters to see Mixler.

The crying of Al Hazel's wife was a steady moaning in the hot, windless air. Eleanor went over and crouched in the thick dust. Al Hazel's wife stared at her out of dully red eyes. She put her head on Eleanor's shoulder, crying and speaking in Spanish. Eleanor held the woman, saying nothing. A detail of soldiers circled the Indians in the yard, her father crossed the parade to his quarters and Benteen left the Shiraz dobe, entering his own. She saw him duck at the doorway and put his hand against the wall, as though bracing himself. Castleton's quarters were directly opposite her; he was plainly visible to her, sitting on the edge of his cot, his shoulders crouched forward, his arms across his knees. He was smoking a cigarette and his head was dropped forward. Presently Al Hazel's wife rose. She said, "Ah," and moved her arms apart, and walked back along the line of the quartermaster's building. Eleanor went at once to Castleton's dobe and for the first time in her life stepped unbidden into an officer's room.

"Phil."

HE DIDN'T look at her. His long jaw was hard-set; his voice came at her roughly: "Go away, Eleanor. Not now—not now."

"Phil—what happened?"

"Didn't your father tell you?"

"I haven't seen him, Phil."

"Then," he said, "how do you know anything's wrong? Maybe Mr. Benteen gave you the details."

"No," she said, "do you think he would?"

"Ah," breathed Castleton, "Mr. Benteen is an officer and a gentleman and wouldn't stoop to common gossip—is that the way you feel about him?"

She hated that domineering sarcasm and yet realized how deeply stung he was, how completely his fury changed him. So she spoke quite gently: "Do you have to hurt me, Phil?"

He said in a stony, flat voice: "I am under arrest for going beyond the letter of the law of your father's orders." He drew a breath and she knew he meant to add something to that phrase. She waited, dreading what that addition might be. She wanted him to be honest. Above all other things she wanted him to show neither self-pity nor evasion. These qualities she despised. They were, to her, cardinal sins in an officer. Suddenly, not quite sure of what he meant to say, she broke in:

"We can live down any honest mistake, Phil. We can go on, we can keep trying—we can whip any kind of bad fortune—if we face everything straight."

"We?" he said in that high, intolerant voice.

She gave him a long look. "Am I not a part of your life, Phil?"

She hoped it would break his temper. She stood there, desperately waiting for him to rise and come to her and include her in his misfortune, to show her some relieving gentleness and understanding. And yet he did not. He said in a dry monotone:

"There seems to be no place in this command for an officer who exercises any judgment of his own. Apparently we are to be little sticks jerked by strings."

SHE had, when deeply affronted, her own quick temper; and now he had outraged her sense of fairness, her hope, and her long-placed faith.

"Stop being a fool, Phil! Stop excusing yourself and pitying yourself. You *should* know better—your training should have taught you better. There is no sense in trying to dramatize yourself as a young hero on a horse, leading desperate charges. I'm ashamed of *you!*"

He said, red from throat to forehead, and shaken visibly by his resentment: "Are you? Are you indeed? Perhaps, Eleanor, it would be better if you tried not to guide my life for me. I do not wish to hide behind a petticoat."

She opened her mouth, and shut it tight on her feelings; and she studied him a long, long interval, at last saying: "I think it would be better to wait until we are both less quarrelsome." Going out, she returned to her own quarters. Her father sat half collapsed in the easy chair.

"Daughter," he groaned, "see if you can get these damned boots off."

She knelt down, and had her head lowered when she spoke: "Why is Phil under arrest, Dad?"

He said: "Don't interfere, Daughter."

"I know," she answered him, quite humble. "But that's the man I'm marrying. Shouldn't you tell me?"

"I gave Mr. Castleton orders to conduct a scout and keep out of a fight. His gallant notions led him straight into trouble."

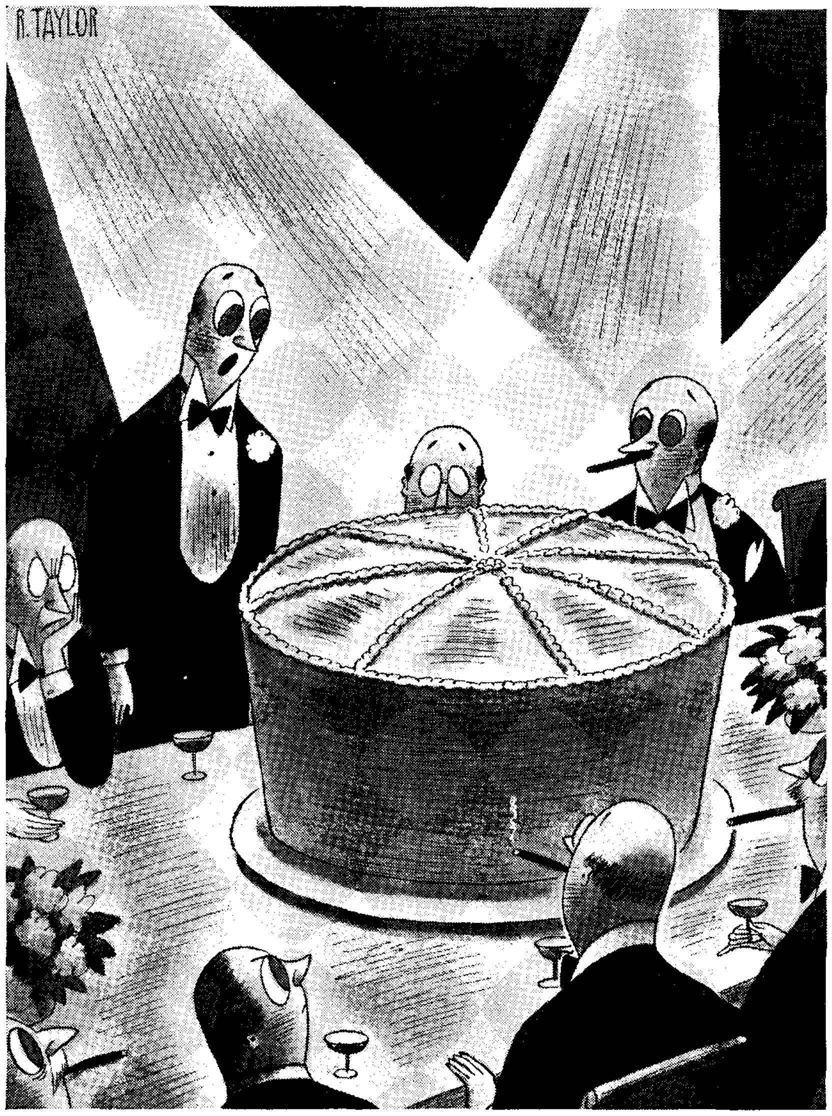
She pulled off one of his boots and, still kneeling, asked softly: "Was Hanna with him, Dad?"

"Hanna and Van Rhyn and Canreen. Now don't ask me anything more."

"No," she said. "Nothing more." She stood up. Major Warren, watching her now with a shrewd eye, saw no expression on her face and heard none in her voice: "I'll make up some lemonade for you, Dad."

She went to the kitchen and was there when she heard him say, in pleased reflection: "It was something of a sight to see Benteen come off the ridge to meet us. The Apaches had him cornered. They were on the top of the ridge. It was as close to hallelujah as that young man will get for some time. I am mentioning him in my report to Crook."

Coming back from the stables, young Harry Jackson found Rose Smith at the corner of the barrack, turned his way as though waiting for him. He came up to her, embarrassed and oppressed by the message he had to give. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out Canreen's gold watch and held it to her.



"—er, Miss Galloway! I say, Miss Galloway, are you there?"

R. TAYLOR

"He told me to give this to you."

"He's dead, isn't he?"

Young Harry Jackson nodded, still holding the watch. She didn't take it. She watched him, the shine of the sun in her quiet black eyes, and he felt something rise in him that he had thought entirely dead. It took the heaviness out of him; it made her as she had been before—a desirable woman.

"Rose, I'm not such a hell of a greenhorn. Like I said before, my enlistment runs out next year and I propose to settle in Prescott. It would be a good place to start. For the both of us."

Her lips, softly pliable, changed and pressed together. A shadow rushed across her face, or seemed to. "There's something you'd have to forget, Harry."

He said, very gravely: "I'd forget."

HER eyes had a glowing deepness, and sudden sweetness made her face younger and prettier. But she was shaking her head.

"You keep the watch, Harry. Canreen was a good man, in his way. You keep the watch, to think of him and maybe once in a while to think of me. You wouldn't forget, Harry. It would come back. It would always come back."

She stepped nearer and brushed her lips across his cheek and went quickly toward the sentry line, toward the ranch on the flat. Harry Jackson didn't turn to see her go. He stood fast with the watch unnoticed in his hand—and wanted to cry.

Midafternoon's heat pressed in on the post, one thin layer on another, and the soil of the parade ground glittered against the sullen light and the powder-dust mushroomed up as a man's foot touched it. A detail took the dead troopers out to the little cemetery behind the post, and K and I troops stood in single rank around the fresh graves, listening to Warren recite the services: "Man that is born of woman—" This was all, this and the crash of the carbines and the march back. Lily Marr walked with Eleanor as far as the guardhouse and stopped there while Eleanor went on. Lily faced the grated door and Jack Bean who stared out from the rank jail cell.

He looked at her, neither in hate nor in liking, but she knew something now. Each day of this past week, coming before him, she had watched his eyes; and now she saw what she wanted. This man had always been wilder than the wind, enduring no restraint. He had never known quietness, he had never felt anything as strong as his own will. She watched him, calm and certain, showing him no feeling.

"The marshal will be here this week."

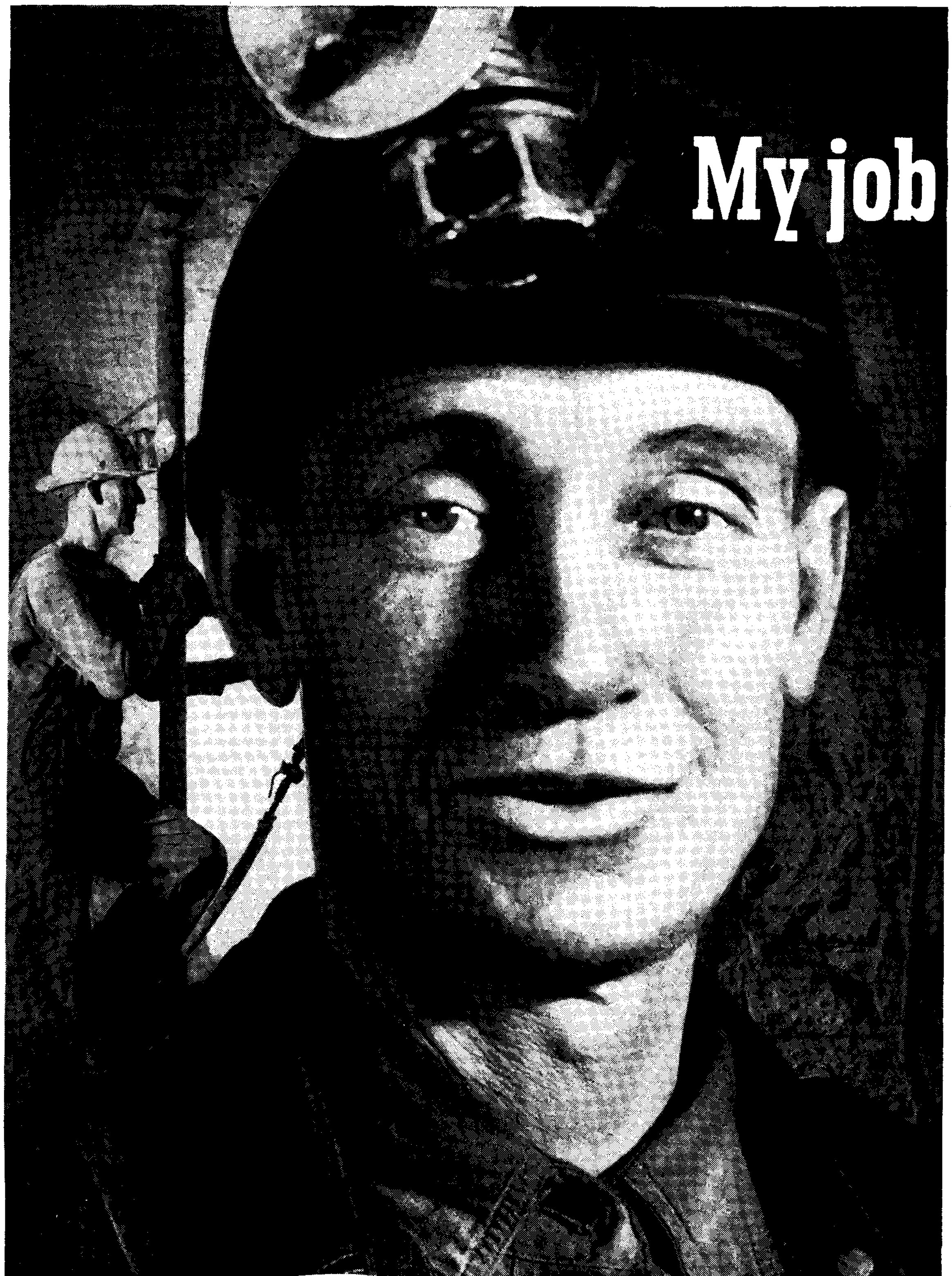
Jack Bean shrugged his shoulders, not answering, and Lily Marr knew he didn't care. She came nearer the bars, speaking with a low, smooth softness: "When it gets dark tonight I am coming by this door, and reach the key and throw it in. The guard will kill you if he catches you coming out. There won't be any horse to cross the desert on and there won't be any water. Maybe you'll get to Tucson."

SUPPER and retreat and the bugles strongly sounding while the flag went down; and again the sudden twilight fading into dark. Eleanor stood under the headquarters ramada watching Tom Benteen cross from officers' mess to the stables. She kept her eyes on him until he turned the corner of the barrack. Afterward she put her arm against a post of the ramada, waiting. Horsemen came over the San Pedro gravel, to be immediately challenged by the sentry: "Halt—who comes there?"

"Officer and party from Fort Apache."

"Halt, officer and detail. Corp'r'l of the guard, post number one!"

Doctor Shiraz came from his dobe,



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paused long enough to gather a breath of air, and turned back. He had been inside all afternoon with George Mixler. Major Warren left headquarters office, paused at Shiraz's door and walked forward. He called into the dark: "Orderly," and stopped by Eleanor, his round cheeks gloomy. "I do not think George will live." Then he said to the orderly, "Ask Mr. Castleton to come here." The orderly walked away, boots scuffing the boards. The detail from Apache swung into the parade, six horses and an ambulance wagon. Turning about, Eleanor saw Harriet Mixler come swiftly down from the seat. Warren went around on his heel, into the house.

Harriet came near Eleanor, her white, drawn face vague in the moonlight. "I left the baby at Apache. Is George here? Do you think he will see me? Do you think—?"

Eleanor breathed, "Harriet—Harriet—" She held Harriet's arm. She was almost whispering: "You will find him with Doctor Shiraz. You'll—"

Harriet said, "Oh," and caught up her skirts, rushing down the walk. She called, "George!" Her voice, thin and high as a child's voice, made a forlorn and diminishing echo on the night air.

HARRIET came into the room, finding George on the bed. Shiraz got out of his chair and stood back, turning completely around so as not to observe this. Harriet knelt at the bed and George Mixler's drowsy eyes opened up and were a cloudy, puzzled blue. He said, *through his mouth's thickness,* "How did you know this?"

"I didn't—I didn't. I left Sonny at Apache. I came."

"Wanted to come back, Harriet?" he murmured.

"Yes, George. But how—what happened?"

He seemed not to hear her. He rolled his head from side to side on the pillow, he ran his tongue across his lips, and faintly framed the words on them: "It is good to know—that you changed your mind. My young wife, my lovely wife. I should like to have seen the boy again. Do not let him entirely forget me." He breathed suddenly and painfully and she heard the fading, breathless tone: "My love, all of it—as it's ever been—to you."

She saw him loosen; she heard him sigh again. He was smiling and sleepy and there was no motion in him. Harriet turned her head to Shiraz. Her big round eyes, so dark and so frightened begged at him; and her face held the fear that the face of a child holds when its deepest faith is broken. This was the way she looked at him. Shiraz put his hand across his mouth so that she might not see its changing; and shook his head.

CASTLETON came out of Major Warren's house. Eleanor crossed the parade to him, placing her hand on his arm. Light gushed through the doorway, shining on both, and she knew that he could see the concern and the loyalty on her face if he looked, if he broke out of his tremendous self-absorption.

"Phil," she said, "walk with me."

But he held his place, intractably willful. "Eleanor," he said, "there is no hope for me in this regiment. I am resigning."

"Phil!"

He looked at her. "We can have a little fun out of this, Eleanor. If we go to Tucson we can be married there, catch the stage to San Diego and the boat to San Francisco, going back east by the Pacific Railroad."

"No," she murmured. "No, Phil," and felt the heaviness of her heart.

He lifted his chin a little, watching her with a hardening reserve. "I don't understand."

"I couldn't."

"I thought a woman followed a man," he said, sarcasm in his voice once more, "if she loved him."

She drew a long breath. "If a woman loved a man, I suppose she would."

"Then what has this been?" he demanded.

"Whatever it was—and I did love you once, Phil—it isn't love now."

SHE waited for temper to pour out of him, or hurt feeling, or pleading—or anything. But nothing came. After a time, he murmured, "Ah," in a dry, quick breath, wheeled on his boots, and strode across the parade.

She watched him go. There were heavy shadows on the parade and into these he faded physically and was gone. And afterward, in a manner that forever afterward puzzled her, he was gone as well from her heart and her conscience, leaving no trace, no emptiness where he had been. This was the way it happened if loyalty was pulled too tight and worn too thin. The time came when, as with her now, it broke completely. These were her thoughts. She was free of him, she was looking back, seeing him as she had loved him and then, in this new lucid light, she was seeing him as he had come to be. She was free of him—and realized how great the strain and self-deception and anxious hope had been.

The sudden bawl of a sentry rose from the post bakery: "Corp'r'l of the guard—prisoner's loose!"

Eleanor ran over. Boots scuffed up *from the corner of the quadrangle and* Benteen trotted out of the stables, a lantern swinging in his hand. Her father came on, cursing at the loose stones under his bare feet. The door of the guardhouse stood wide open and Benteen, throwing his lantern high up, said: "How'd he get out?"

The sentry said: "It was closed when I walked past it last time, sir. When I turned the beat and came back, it was open. Just one minute between times."

Major Warren said: "Who carries the key?"

Benteen said: "It usually hangs on top of that projecting timber, sir. Somebody threw it in to Bean."

"Now who would do a thing like that!" grumbled Warren. "Well, he's gone now but he'll have one hell of a time getting to Tucson, or anywhere. We won't attempt to overtake him. Not worth it. Hereafter I want that key kept in the personal possession of the sergeant of the guard. Very slipshod. Very."

He limped back to his house, grumbling audibly: "Guardhouse key hanging outside! Humph!"

The guard detail faded into the dark, leaving Eleanor and Benteen together by the open door. Benteen swung toward her. He was smiling a little. He had slept and shaved and the dead exhaustion was gone from his eyes. He had, she thought in slow, deep admiration, the kind of vitality that could shake off any punishment. She stood before him, pleased by his smile and not wanting him to go, and trying to let him see this.

"Lily—of course," he murmured.

"I think so."

"The way of a serpent, an eagle or a woman," he murmured.

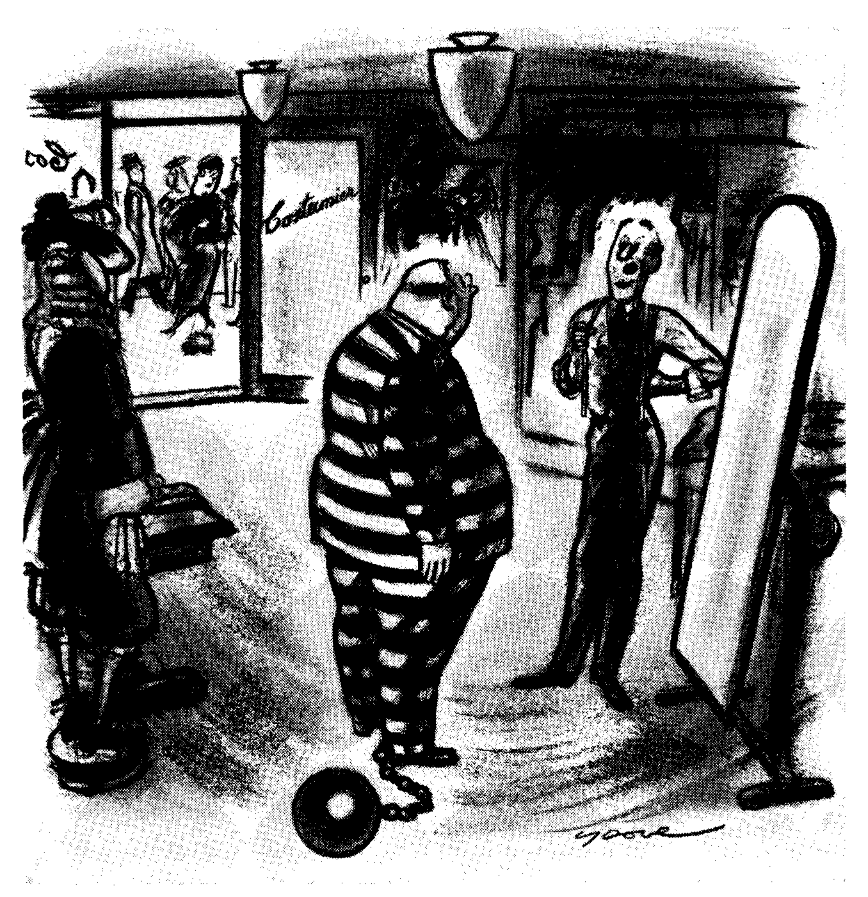
SO NEAR him, alive to the shadows of his face, to the way his mouth turned and the way his sandy-red hair lay against his bronzed forehead, she discovered thorough understanding in his gray eyes. He had this insight and this tolerance; he had the gift of looking into others. It bound people to him, the unruliest trooper in the command, the officers, the women of the post—and it *bound her to him. She realized it in one* swift, wondering flash and waited for him to speak.

"She broke him, Eleanor. She put him in this hot hole and took the sap out of him. Then she turned him loose." He shook his head, the slow smile continuing. "A little odd."

"Any woman in love," she murmured, "is odd, Tom. They see so much—and so little."

"She deserves better. There is something in that girl—"

Steps rustled in the darkness. Lily Marr said in her calm voice, "Mr. Benteen—" She came into the glow of the lantern and confronted Benteen with



"Go outside and look at yourself in the daylight—I trust you"

LEONARD DOVE

her small shoulders resolutely set. Softness controlled her expression, making her pretty and gently excited. Her lips were pleased. But it was the way she watched Benteen that turned Eleanor around and took her away from these two; it was something Lily Marr's eyes held, something sweet and sad and beyond hope. The girl was in love with Benteen.

BENTEEN said: "What for, Lily?"

She brushed the question away. "I want to go to Tucson with the next detail, Mr. Benteen. And I thank you for all you've done for me."

He said: "You think he'll be there, Lily?"

"If he gets through the Catalinas he'll be there."

"Suppose he doesn't?"

She had a way of lifting her shoulders, a way of holding her face composed. It expressed everything, it was the reaction of a strong, hardy spirit that knew the meaning of trouble and could look at any disaster without crying. "If he doesn't, Mr. Benteen, then I guess I'll grieve—and go on living."

"What'll he say when you see him?"

She was quite serene. "He was a man who never thought twice of what he did, and never once of other people. But he will now. And he'll be glad enough to see me. It is something he can't help."

He was troubled about her. He showed it. "You deserve better, Lily."

She said, very quietly: "No, there's a place for all of us, Mr. Benteen. And I guess my place is with Jack Bean. I think," she said, coolly planning ahead, "we will go to New Mexico. They won't know much about him there. He won't be very wild. He's a better man than you think." Then she paused and added a slow-voiced afterthought: "I guess I know him pretty well, the bad and the good."

"I wish you luck."

"I guess you wish most people luck," she murmured. "I guess you know people better than most do. I'll be gone, but I'll remember you very well. Very well."

The light showed her strong shape against the night and the round darkness of her eyes as she lifted them to him and held his attention. Brief feeling moved across her long lips; it was a shadow that stirred her features and left them composed again. There was this moment, then she turned and walked into the darkness.

From the ramada of her father's house Eleanor saw the scene. She noticed how Benteen turned about, facing her as if he meant to come on. He remained this way quite a long while and at last wheeled and, with the lantern swinging its quick arc across the black, headed for the stable. Eleanor drew a deep, disappointed breath—and continued to wait.

Turning the corner of the barrack's wall Benteen discovered a shape posed in the dark and threw his lantern around until its pale glitter identified Sergeant McSween. McSween's leathered old soldier's cheeks showed him nothing but a settled melancholy; and so Benteen went into the stable, killed his lantern and hooked it to a peg. Another lantern swung above the doorway of the stable, diluting the blackness with its fan-shaped beams. Horses stirred on the hard-packed dirt, their teeth crunching against the oat rations, their halter ropes softly sliding on the feedboxes. The smell of the stable was a rank compound of sweat and leather and manure and hay; strong and pleasant to a cavalryman's nostrils. A man's steps scuffed the area beyond the stable. Benteen, expecting McSween's approach, turned toward the door and found Phil Castleton paused there.

There was a hazel brightness in the man's eyes and a paling of his skin from temple to neck; and Benteen knew what fury was then, from seeing it. Shock went through him; it was an instantaneous flash striking every nerve and leaving him cold in the compressed heat of this summer's night. He knew what Castleton meant to do. It was like a smell, like a sound. The walls of his stomach closed in. He felt the steady, sloshing beat of his heart along the base of his ears, below the side of his jaw. It kept quickening; and for a reason he never knew, the odor of the stable got ranker and ranker.

Castleton said in a rising, shallow tone: "Come at it, Benteen—come at it," and without waiting, drove his big body straight for Benteen. He grunted when he jumped, and grunted again in throwing his right hand at Benteen's jaw.

Benteen's head dropped, Castleton's knuckles ripping along his hair. Benteen pulled up his forearms, rolling Castleton's right hand away as it beat in; but Castleton's weight carried him backward and the next blow, ripping up through his elbow and his guard, cracked him on the corner of his chin. Benteen's shoulders slammed against the stable wall and his head hit the boards, the echo of it roaring in his ears; and for a moment he saw the crystal sparkle of the lantern and Castleton's long-jawed face and the whip of his arms only as a blur. He turned his shoulder to take the edge from the beating, but these were blows that stunned him, as punishing as the downsweep of an ax handle. He kept rolling his shoulders; he pushed a leg against the stable wall and shoved himself low and fast against Castleton again, taking the shock of Castleton's ready fists as he went in. But he smothered the man for a moment, wrestling him back toward the stalls. He kept against him, coming around with his fist and battering Castleton's temple. Castleton, quite near the stalls, wheeled aside and away, and Benteen's long-reaching arms smashed him twice across the mouth.

Castleton danced back, his breath sawing the dull quiet of the stables. They were under the lantern. They slowly circled, arms up and doubled, throwing quick punches and blocking. Benteen kept his head low, his mouth against the knuckles of his defensive fist. Blood dropped against those knuckles from his nose; he tasted it in his mouth and he had the smell of it. Castleton feinted, went backward and afterward rushed in. They were close then, fists swinging hard and fast and meaty echoes running the stable. It was a hard and wicked little flurry, savagely effective; and then they were circling again. Benteen panted through his teeth: "Come on, plebe, come on and fight!"

FROM his position at the corner of the barrack wall, Sergeant McSween saw this and lived it and felt it. He stood away from the wall, his muscles working and his breath groaning in and out. He sighed, "Ah," when the onrushing Castleton hit Benteen on the face. McSween heard the crack of it and saw Benteen's head bounce; and then those two, heads down, were circling and waiting, and rushing in and slugging and stepping back. Somebody ran across the parade, coming toward McSween. McSween put out his arm. "Stop here—" and turned to see Eleanor Warren beside him. He was shocked. He said, "Ah, for the love o' Gawd, Miss Eleanor, don't watch it—don't! If Lieutenant Castleton licks him I'll kill him, I will! Go on back!"

Benteen's head sagged, heavy-weighted. The surface of his fist was oily with blood and slid smoothly along

Gin Quiz No 3

Questions and Answers that will help you make a better Silver Fizz

By JOHN T. FITZGERALD

Chief Instructor, Bartenders School, Inc., New York City

1 In making a Silver Fizz, when is the egg white added?

First—unless you keep your own chickens! The egg may not be good!

2 Should a Silver Fizz be stirred or shaken?

Shaken—and vigorously—otherwise the ingredients will not mix well and are apt to be in layers. Shaking also makes the egg white "fizz" and gives the drink its name.

3 What's the most important flavor ingredient in gin?

Although the word *gin* comes from a foreign name for juniper, juniper is only one of the ingredients. Too much or too little coriander, cassia, or orange peel can also spoil the flavor. The important thing is to keep *all* the flavor ingredients perfectly "harmonized." That's the secret of the superiority of Hiram Walker's Gin.

4 When was gin discovered?

Gin was discovered over 300 years ago by Professor Sylvius, a Dutch scientist. But uniform gin was unknown until Hiram Walker invented a way to measure the *flavor strength* of each ingredient. Hiram Walker also originated the famous "Controlled Condensation Process" that keeps gin in perfect balance—and keeps harsh flavors out—during the entire distilling process.

SILVER FIZZ for two

Juice of 2 lemons
2 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar
3 ounces Hiram Walker's Gin
Whites of 2 eggs

Pour into shaker. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses, and fill with carbonated water.

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Distilled from grain. 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

Castleton's cheek when it missed its mark. Castleton hit him twice; he felt the jolt, but not the pain; the ability to feel sharp pain was gone. There was a grayness before his eyes. Beyond this grayness Castleton moved in and out, and Castleton's mouth was a longer and thicker stain against his skin. Castleton stepped in at him and moved away, and stepped in again. Benteen rushed him, taking his beating, as before, but he knocked Castleton's arms aside and felt Castleton's teeth break against his fist. He carried Castleton back. There was a metal bridle peg at the edge of the nearest stall partition; he heaved Castleton into it, and saw something half-wild twist across Castleton's face.

Castleton's arms went down and he was suddenly uncontrollably sick. Benteen hit him across the bridge of the nose, and hit him again, fair and full against that long bloody jaw. Castleton's mouth was wide open, his eyes turned aimlessly from side to side. Benteen seized him by the neck and flung him around, and smashed him hard enough to drive him against the wall. There was a bale of hay lying here and Castleton's legs tripped on it and he sat down, holding himself motionless a moment; afterward he bent over with his arms almost touching the floor, breath bubbling and sobbing in his lungs.

FROM her position outside the stable, Eleanor saw Benteen move against a stall partition and hook his arm over it. He supported himself this way, his legs wide apart and shaking. He dropped his head against the partition, motionless for a long, long moment. She sighed: "McSween—go help him!" But McSween whispered: "We saw nawthin'. We saw nawthin' at all." She stood still, watching Benteen swing from the partition. He pushed the flat of a hand across his face, squeezing sweat and blood away from his eyes. He shook his head. There was an empty burlap sack on the floor. He lifted it and scrubbed his face with it. His shirt hung wide on him, all its buttons ripped off.

"Phil," he breathed, "you through?"

Eleanor, straining her ears, heard no instant answer. Benteen wiped his face with the sack again. He repeated his question: "You through?"

She heard Castleton groan: "Oh, what a mess!"

That was all. She slipped across the parade and stopped beneath the ramada to look into the house. Her father sat in the easy chair, smoking silently and furiously on his cigar. Turned back, she saw Castleton go slowly over the parade. A little later Benteen followed, entering Doctor Shiraz's quarters.

Her father said: "Eleanor, are you out there?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes." And was still beneath the ramada, a long half-hour later when Benteen came down the walk. He stepped into the beam of lamplight and she noticed that he had scrubbed himself clean and treated the cuts on his face with some kind of caustic; there was a long red burn on his cheek, and his lips were a little smashed at the corners. He looked at her, the fight still a smoky flare in his eyes.

"You gave me some bad advice, Eleanor," he said in a very slow voice. "Maybe a man shouldn't carry the memory of a girl around in his head—when the girl's beyond his having. But it is better than something else."

"What else, Tom?"

"I believe," he said, "you must know."

"Yes," she murmured, "I knew it at Tucson. It has been nice to know."

"It will be impossible for me to live in the same regiment with you. That is what I meant to tell you this afternoon."

"Phil," she said in one swift breath, "is leaving the army and I am not marrying him."

He was tired, or he was confused, or he was deeply moved by the thought of it. For he put his head down and held it this way so long that she almost put out her hand. When he lifted it again she saw the oddest expression she had ever found on a man's face—so close to smiling, so near to sadness. All he said was: "Eleanor," and brought her toward him with his long arms.

This, she thought as she lifted her lips, was like Tucson—as deeply satisfying, as rich. Only it was different, it was for her an answer that stilled her mind and made her humble at the thought of the years ahead. But one small, dissenting thought did come to her, making her pull away: "She had something of you, Tom. I won't ever have that part, will I? Is there enough for me—will you ever regret?"

"No," he said. "No regrets. Maybe a memory, for me—as you will have yours. There is nothing simple about living, and no sure answer for any of us, I guess. But no regrets."

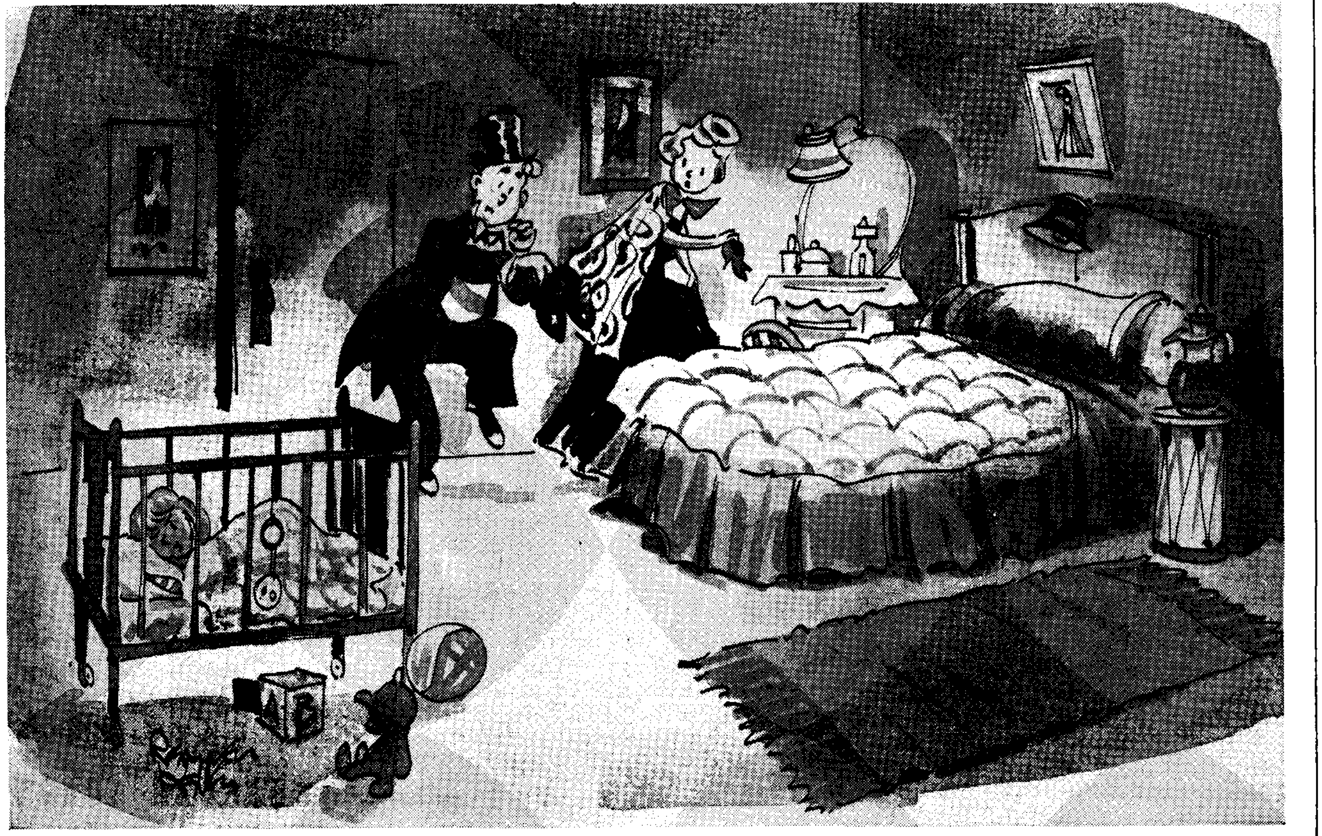
Over at the corner of the parade the trumpeters were spitting faint sounds into their instruments, ready for taps. She put her arm through his elbow, knowing what he meant. Harriet Mixler crouched before her husband and watched him slowly go out beyond her tears and her hopes. Fresh scars in the cemetery marked the end of good and gallant men. This was the army, this was the frontier, with Lily Marr waiting for the next detail to take her to Tucson and Jack Bean and whatever life with him might mean. Al Hazel's wife sat somewhere with her tragedy, and the men of the troop, half asleep on their cots, would be softly speaking of yesterday, and pleasantly dreaming of tomorrow. The dead were dead and the living looked forward.

THE smell of dust was keen in the hot air and the stars hung brilliantly remote, and taps, long and deep and sustained, ran the night, promising the end of one day, promising sleep. Tomorrow the sun would rise and reveille blow, with dust again boiling out of the corrals and Sergeant McSween's iron voice harking along the parade. The thin blue file of troopers would cut a silhouette along the flats of the San Pedro; and Tom Benteen would come down the walk toward her, tall and cheerful, with the half-smile behind his eyes. This would be the way of it, until whatever end there was in store for them. She tightened her grip on his arm, dreaming and sad and gay.

"The best of it," said Benteen, "to them, wherever they may be. And to us. It is a fine life, Eleanor. We shall have trouble and we shall have fun—but no fear." The long, falling melody of taps faded into the deep silence of the desert; along the quadrangle lights winked out.

"No regrets and never any fear," he said, and kissed her.

THE END



"You don't need to creep in—I'm awake!"

REAMER KELLER

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Red Gardenias

Continued from page 19

doctor shook his head. "Alice hates Carmel."

"Because of Richard?"

"Partly, and partly just because they're different breeds of cats."

"And there was a note?" Crane persisted.

"Yes." The doctor drained his glass. "Her story's true." He slid off his stool. "I hope you won't say anything about it, though."

"I won't," Crane said.

"I'd be in trouble if the police found out I helped to make it look accidental," Dr. Woodrin said, ". . . and it would kill Simeon March." He walked away.

After a time Crane went back to the table. The show had started and six girls in very brief blue costumes were dancing. They were very bad. Crane recognized Dolly Wilson at the left end. She waved to him. Ann was back at the table with the others, and he sat beside her. She paid no attention to him.

He felt a little bit lonely. Nobody liked him except Dolly Wilson. It was tough being a detective and having nobody but Dolly Wilson like you. He felt possibly he was a little drunk.

Suddenly the lights went out, the orchestra began to moan, a circle of chalk light sought out Delia Young by the magenta curtains. She moved slowly, exaggerating the swing of her hips, to the center of the floor. Her skin was as white as bathroom tile.

She looked as though she were half asleep. Her eyes were almost closed. The piano hit a few chords. She sang:

"I'm not much to look at;
Nothing to see . . ."

COLD shivers coursed along Crane's back. Her voice was like no other voice he had ever heard. It was husky-hoarse, but in a feminine way; it was as though she had a cold, as though she had tuberculosis of the larynx. But the voice had range and control, rising to an icy vibrancy which made Crane's ears shudder, then falling to a dry whisper that people held their breaths to hear.

The piece was a very sad one. The tempo was slow; the accompaniment of drum, piano and violin subdued. Delia Young sang:

"I got a fellow crazy for me,
He's funny that way . . ."

She finished the verse, stood in the spotlight with closed eyes. Back of her the orchestra swung it with trumpets, clarinets and saxophones. It made a wonderful contrast; it was a very fine effect. Then the piano took the break again, very slow, and the husky, magic voice poured from Delia Young's lips. Her face was expressionless, sleepy, bored; her chest hardly moved; it was as if she, through no volition of her own, simply opened her mouth and let the melancholy song come out.

There was no clapping immediately after she finished. Then there was a lot, but she wouldn't sing again. She glided behind the curtains; the lights went on; Dolly Wilson began to tap-dance with more energy than skill.

Carmel smiled at Crane. "Sings well, doesn't she?"

"My Lord!" Crane said.

After a while Crane saw Delia Young seated alone at a table diagonally across the dance floor. He had the waiter bring a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket, tied to the bottle a card on which he had written:

"If you want help with this I am ready."

The waiter hesitated. "I'm not sure Miss Young will appreciate this. You know she's . . ."

"So I've heard." Crane gave him a five-dollar bill. "Don't let it worry you."

Ann was also looking at Delia. She turned to Crane: "If you're not too tight, will you tell me something?"

"Darling, I'm not a bit tight."

"Is that our Delia?"

He nodded his head. The floor show ended and the orchestra began to play dance music. Ann smiled at Peter March and he took her onto the floor. She didn't look at Crane. The waiter brought him a note. It read:

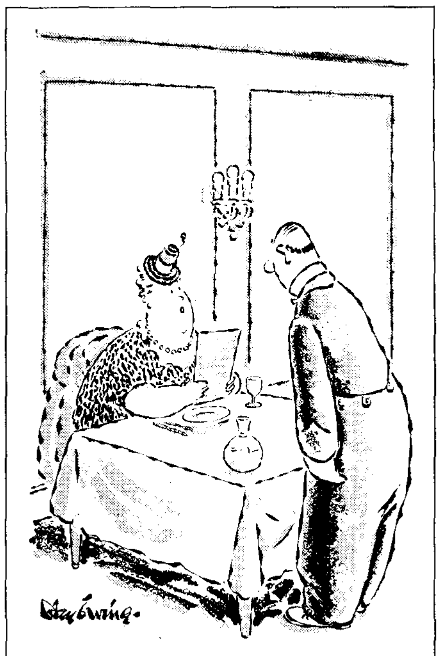
"Bring your own bottle."

He was genuinely amused. That was a smart one. He'd sent her a bottle, but apparently he had no interest in it. "Send Miss Young another bottle," he told the waiter. He thought he was going to like Delia.

He got up and said to Carmel and Dr. Woodrin, "Please forgive me."

"Why?" Carmel asked.

"I've been invited to a small reception . . . a very small reception in honor of Miss Young."



"Just some lettuce, some dry toast, and—er—your special dinner"

JAY IRVING

Carmel drawled, "She's said to be the gal of the toughest guy in these parts."

"Please forgive me," Crane said.

He had trouble crossing the dance floor. There seemed to be a great many people on the floor, and all of them had to bump into him. Suddenly he found himself by her table.

Her eyes were purple and amused. "The sea rough?"

He sat opposite her. "Would you care to dance?"

"Do you think you can, mister?"

HE STOOD up, bowed, caught his balance by clutching the table. "Excuse!" He bowed, caught his balance by clutching a chair. He gave up trying to bow. "Madam, please meet the greatest little dancer of them all."

Delia Young slid back her chair. "Remember, Arthur Murray, I leave you where you fall."

They walked to the floor and danced, and it was quite a surprise to everybody.

It surprised Delia Young because he danced very well, and it surprised Crane because he hadn't expected her to dance with him. It surprised Frenchy Duval, watching from the door and thinking it was a good thing Slats Donovan was not there. It surprised Dolly Wilson, who had taken off her tap shoes expecting to dance with Crane. And it surprised Ann, though not very much.

When the orchestra stopped, Crane walked fairly steadily back to the table, held the chair for Delia Young. She looked at him curiously as he sat down. "You're not bad, Arthur."

"No, I'm not."

The waiter poured champagne. He filled Delia's glass only halfway, but she called him back. "What's the idea? Frenchy trying to taper me off?" He filled it to the brim.

"That's better," she said.

"I think you are a splendid woman," Crane said.

"You know whose girl I am, Arthur?"

"Sure. Mine."

Her laughter was mocking, throaty. It came from way down in her chest. It was deep.

"I wish I was," she said.

"Don't you like Slats?"

"He's all right."

People were dancing near their table. Someone was singing: "I'll always hear that melody . . ." The orchestra was finishing Star Dust. A waiter filled their glasses. What was she talking about? Oh, yes. She was talking about whose girl she was.

"Any dame, even one like me, wants love," Delia Young said seriously.

"Have you ever been in love?" Crane asked.

She nodded her carrot-red head.

"That's nice."

"Not so nice." She leaned toward him. "It hurts."

"You picked the wrong guy?"

"I'd pick him again if I had the chance."

"Why haven't you?"

"He's dead."

"Oh. Who was he?"

HER purple eyes studied his face. Her skin had the color, the smooth appearance of very rich milk: it was the kind of skin that went out of favor with the Gibson Girl. She had large, beautiful shoulders.

"If it's any of your business," she said, "it was Richard March."

Crane put a great deal of disbelief in his voice: "*You* knew him?" Here was his chance to learn something.

"You don't think I did, Arthur?"

"Who am I to doubt a lady?"

"Get this." Her crimson mouth was grim. "I'm no lady, but I knew Richard, all right."

He tried to anger her further. "I bet you wrote him mash notes."

"Would you like to have your throat cut, Arthur?"

"No," he said. "I'd rather dance."

The orchestra was playing Sugar and the trombone player was having a jam for himself. The other black boys in the orchestra showed white teeth and eyeballs in appreciation. The dancers moved about the floor rapidly, and they smiled, too.

Crane said, "That's the tonic."

Delia said, "Wasn't you with that party over there?"

Crane looked, but all he could see was a vacant table. "What party over where?"

"The one that left a half-hour ago."

"If they left, I am not aware." He tried again. "If they have left, I was not aware . . . I am not aware they have . . ."

"I get the idea, Arthur," Delia said.

The music stopped with a dum-titi-dum-dum on the piano; there was a crackle of applause; and the boys went

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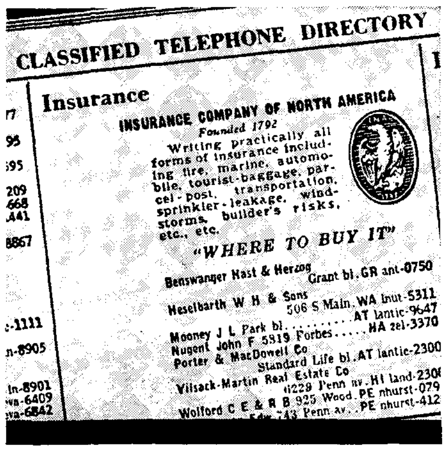

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out for an intermission They went back to their table. Crane signaled the headwaiter.

"How much's the bill for that table over there?"

"Mr. March paid it, sir."

Delia Young's hand closed on Crane's wrist, hurt the bone. When the waiter had gone, she said huskily, "What March is that?"

"Peter March."

"Richard's cousin?"

"Unhand me, madam."

"Richard's cousin?"

"Yes."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"I don't think so."

This apparently satisfied her. She let his wrist go, took a drink of champagne. She poured some more in her glass.

"What do you do in your spare time?" he asked. "Work in a blacksmith shop?"

She said, "I'm tall." She seemed surprised.

"My wrist'll never be the same."

"I feel hollow inside," she said to nobody in particular.

"I think the bone's broken," Crane said. He gave his arm a tentative shake.

"Richard March," she said.

Crane saw that this was his opportunity to inquire further about Richard March. He said, "I'm tired of hearing about Richard March."

Her eyes were angry. "You don't think he'd have looked at me, Arthur?" She took hold of his wrist again. "You think *I* was the one who wrote letters? I'll show you. Come on."

"Where?"

"Up to my apartment."

"What'll people think?"

"Listen . . . " She scowled at him, then laughed. "You're going to be the first guy I've had to *drag* upstairs."

Crane said, "I'll come quietly, madam."

HE FOLLOWED her through a door behind the magenta curtain, into a dim hall with a bare floor. Another door, with a red bulb burning over it, and a flight of wooden stairs were at the end of the hall. Two Negroes from the band were smoking reefers under the light. Their eyes showed yellow-white as Delia passed. A man lurked by the stairs.

"Hello, Lefty," Delia said.

He blocked her way. "What d'you think you're doing, Dee?"

The voice was the unearthly, metallic, whistling voice of the burglar. Crane kept in the pit of shadow beside the stairs.

Delia said, "You came back, did you?"

"Just in time, too," Lefty said.

She started to push past him, but he caught her arm. "What's Slats going to say?" he croaked.

"Maybe I'd care if he came around once in a while."

"You'd better care anyway." His voice sounded like the voices of persons supposed to be making telephone calls on the radio.

She hit his face so hard he fell against the banister. He didn't try to take hold of her again. He looked at Crane.

"Go with her and you'll come down a corpse," he whispered.

Crane felt a sudden terror. It wasn't so much Lefty, croaking at him from the stairs. It was the combination of things. There was something sinister about Delia's desire to show him Richard's letters. It was too naïve an act for so hard a person. She wanted him in her room for a purpose, but what was that it? And there was Slats Donovan. He was tough, a killer; he'd certainly resent any attention shown his girl. What if Lefty should send for him?

Delia was waiting. "Coming, Arthur?"

He went by Lefty, keeping his head averted, and followed her up the stairs. His heart was beating fast.

"Mother, this is Mr. Haldach"

SIDNEY HOFF

There was green carpet on the upstairs hall floor. There were many doors. There was an odor of incense and cheap perfume. Delia Young entered the next-to-last room on the right without glancing back to see if Crane was following.

"Close the door," she said over her shoulder.

The room had obviously been furnished by a department store. It looked to Crane like display window No. 3: Moderne, in green. There was a low davenport finished in a material that looked like green-stained burlap, and on it were three tan-and-absinthe pillows. The pale rug on the floor was about the shade of creamed spinach. Two white-lacquered chairs had seats covered with the green-stained burlap, if that was what it was.

Delia had gone into an inside room. Beside a bookcase filled with novels in bright wrappers was a white cabinet. He found a bottle of whisky, some seltzer and two glasses in it. He poured himself a drink.

Delia called, "Mix me one, too."

He did, then sat on the davenport. He was worried about Slats Donovan. What if Lefty called Slats? This was the gambler's own place; he could do anything he wanted to. Didn't Dolly Wilson say the last person who took an interest in Delia had been shot? He wondered if he could convince Slats he had no personal feeling for Delia. He wondered why she had brought him up to her room. He didn't feel too good about her either. He took a drink of whisky.

HE HAD almost finished the glass when she appeared. She was wearing pajamas. They were of silk. She had put on a diamond bracelet. She got her glass and sat beside him on the davenport. She smelled of chypre. Her eyes were underlined with violet mascara.

"I like you, Arthur," she said.

"I hope so. I'd hate to have you punch me."

"Lefty had it coming to him."

"But now won't he tell Slats?"

"Don't you worry about Slats."

Her voice, her lips were contemptuous. She looked at him through her violet eyes, then finished her whisky.

"Want another?" she inquired.

"I'm tall now."

"Yellow, Arthur?"

"All right."

She went over to the cabinet and filled his glass from an unmarked bottle. "Try this, Arthur. My cousin brings it from Kentucky."

He tried it, and it was terrible. It was raw and it hurt his throat. It was a kind of moonshine. It was really awful. He drained the glass.

"Not bad," he said.

Her purple eyes were surprised. "Say, Arthur, you can handle it."

"Sure," he said. "Can't your boy chum?"

"Who?"

"Slats."

"That Mick!" She laughed. "He hardly drinks at all. He's a businessman."

"I hear he's tough, though."

"I don't know." Her lips were contemptuous again. "He took a beating from old Simeon March without putting up a fight."

CRANE was interested. "How?" he asked.

Delia told him. It happened six years back, she said, when Slats was trying to go straight. He got the state distribution agency for both March products—washing machines and refrigerators—when the man who had it retired, and was doing well until Simeon March heard he'd done time and kicked him out.

"He took it with his tail between his legs," she said. "He just quit trying to be straight."

Crane asked, "What had he been in jail for?"

"The alky business."

"He's been in since, hasn't he?"

She tasted her drink, made a face. "A year on an income-tax rap. He got out two summers ago."

Crane felt pleased. That fitted with the notes in Richard's house. He wondered if Slats had known about Richard. That would have given him a double motive for the murder: Delia's betrayal and revenge on Simeon March.

"He didn't like the March family, then?" he asked tentatively.

"You don't know the half of it."

The half of it proved to be very interesting. After Donovan had been fired by Simeon, he and Talmadge March and Dr. Woodrin, Delia said, had started a night club. Woodrin and Talmadge put up eight thousand dollars apiece, and Donovan managed it. Woodrin was in because he wanted to make money; Talmadge for the fun of being a night-club operator.

But it had been running only a week when John March found out Talmadge was a backer and told Simeon March, who made him drop out.

"They couldn't have a March in a business like that," Delia explained.

The withdrawal of Talmadge diminished the capital and the club failed. Donovan was very sore about it, Delia said. He got a gambler from Chicago to back him in another club and made a lot of money, but he still hated Simeon March. She said he was always talking about killing him.

This was pretty good, Crane thought. It pointed to Donovan, but it pointed even more to Talmadge March. He murdered Richard because of Alice March; John because he meddled in his business. And, of course, each death meant more money for Talmadge. And he was trying to implicate Carmel with the odor of gardenias.

"What happened to Woodrin?" he asked.

"He lost his dough, too. He was almost as sore as Slats."

No wonder Slats was angry, Crane thought. First Simeon March forced him out of legitimate business. And then John March broke up his first night-club venture. And Richard March stole his girl, though perhaps he didn't know that.

"Does Slats hate all the Marches?" he asked, still trying to find out about Richard.

"Just Simeon."

"If he's so tough, I'd think he'd get Simeon."

"He's not so tough, Arthur. I told you. He's soft inside, like a marshmallow."

Someone knocked on the door. "Yeah?" Delia said. A man with a pale skin and a small black mustache opened the door. "Hello, Frenchy," Delia said. "Meet my friend, Arthur. Frenchy Duval."

FRENCHY looked worried. "Look, Delia," he said, ignoring Crane. "This joint is just startin' to make money."

"So what?" Delia said.

"So we don't want any shootings. It'll give us a bad name."

"Who's going to do any shooting?"

"If Slats should . . ."

"He won't," Delia said.

"It'll ruin us if he comes, though," Frenchy said.

Delia laughed huskily. "You can't scare Arthur that way, Frenchy."

"Yes, he can," said Crane.

Delia ignored him. "Scram, Frenchy," she said.

Frenchy closed the door.

Crane said, "I think I'll be going."

"Yellow?"

"You bet."

He got up. In some way his glass had been filled. He downed the drink. "Goodby." The liquor hurt his throat.

Delia was looking at the empty glass. "Man! You drink just like Richard used to."

"Richard March?"

"Who'd you think?"

"You were never out with him."

"You wouldn't want me to sap you, would you, Arthur?"

"No."

"Then don't get wise."

"I'm not wise. I just know Richard liked another girl."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Carmel March."

DELIA'S reaction to this was excellent. "Where'd you hear about her?"

"Oh, around."

"It was around, was it?" She drained her glass. "Gee! That's awful stuff." She tossed the glass into a corner of the room. The shattered pieces made a tinkling noise on the floor and the dregs left a stain on the wall. "Well, let me tell you somethin' about her."

"Go ahead."

"Richard didn't go for her because he wanted to."

"No?"

"He was afraid of her."

Crane made what he hoped was a knowing leer. "Maybe that's what he told you."

"Maybe he did, Arthur. But he told the truth."

Crane had difficulty keeping her face in focus.

"I wanted to have her bumped for him, but he wouldn't go for that," Delia said. "I could've had it done in a minute. But he said he'd handle it."

"I guess he didn't, though."

"What do you mean?"

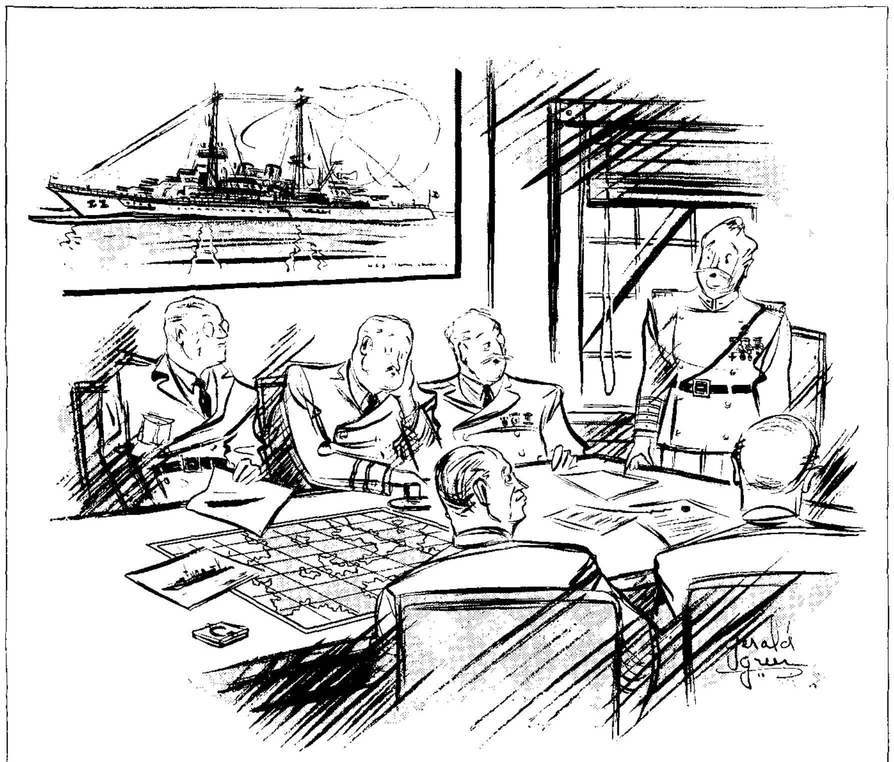
"Well, he's dead, isn't he?"

"Sure, but . . . " Her hand, just above his elbow, pinched his flesh. "Say! You're not tryin' to tell me she . . ."

"Somebody knocked him off."

For thirty seconds Delia was immobile and then, when she spoke, her voice was hardly more than a husky whisper: "*How do you know?*"

(To be continued next week)



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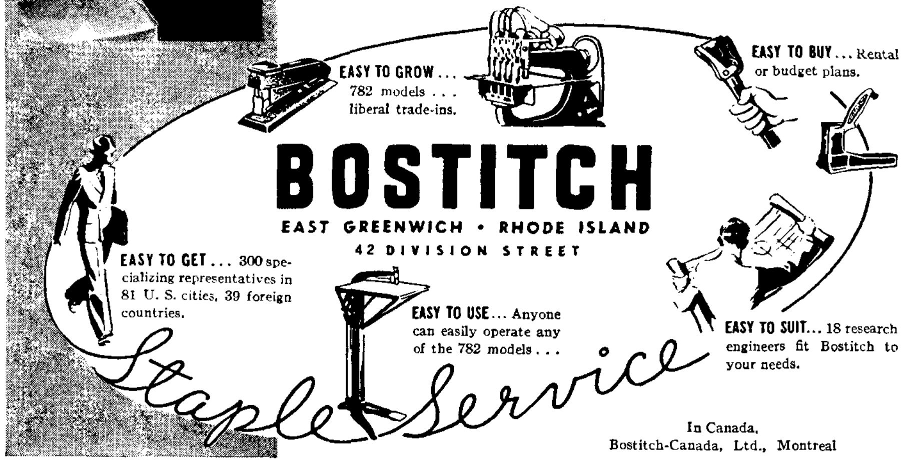

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The Lord's Anointed

Continued from page 15

nothing and I thought: Hell, all these girls are alike and all these places are alike and why don't I get some sense and go to bed?

Then it was two o'clock, which is closing time in Riga, and Elena suddenly said: "You aren't sleepy, are you? It's only two o'clock; why don't you come with me? I'd like you to meet my father."

My first thought was: Well, that's a new line if ever I heard one. But I saw that she meant it, because her eyes were pleading.

"It's rather late," I said doubtfully, "don't you think . . ."

"No," she said, "I want you to come if you don't mind . . . oh, I don't know, but you will come, won't you? . . ." She put her hand upon my arm.

We took a taxi and drove for a long while. Elena didn't say much but I gathered that her father had a job in the post office or customs or something and was lucky to get it and keep it because the Letts didn't like foreigners, especially Russians, to be working for their government. But the curious thing was that she kept using the past tense—her father *had* liked his work and the pay *had* been quite good and they *had* lived well enough.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that the Letts are trying to get rid of him?"

"No," she said gravely. "It's not that, it's Father himself. It is something that happened to him—and. . . . Oh, it's terrible. I don't know. . . . If I tell you, will you promise—?"

The taxi stopped with a jerk. "Oh, dear," said Elena, "I—never mind, you must judge for yourself. Pay the driver and come with me." She unlocked the street door and whispered quickly: "We must be quiet. He mustn't awaken suddenly. It might start him off again."

THE apartment seemed bigger than I had expected, and any young married woman in the Middle West fifty years ago would have been proud of the parlor. It was as clean as a pin, with mission furniture, if you remember what that was like, and family photographs on the walls and knickknacks on a thing in the corner they call *étagère*, which is an arrangement of shelves, very decorative if you think so, and has to be dusted twice a day.

I sat on the sofa, which had a high back with a mirror in the middle, and Elena began bustling in and out. She brought a siphon of soda water and some brandy and four small glasses and four tea glasses in metal containers as they had in Russia before the revolution, and said. "The samovar will be ready in a minute." In the meantime there was a lot of muffled conversation in the hall outside the parlor, a man's deep voice and Elena talking rather excitedly, and once or twice the voice of another woman. Then she came back and said: "It's all right; I'm glad you came. I hope . . . I'm sure it will be all right. Would you like a glass of brandy while we are waiting?"

Waiting, I wondered, for what?

The trouble with being a newspaperman is that it's inhuman sometimes. I mean that once you get interested in something, even if you aren't sure it is a story you can write, you become impersonal and detached and don't think about yourself any more but just: Is there a story and, if so, what is it?

There was a tap at the door and in came a man carrying a brown teapot, followed by a woman who had a samovar in both hands, which she placed in the middle of the table.

"My father and mother," said Elena, "and this is Mister Valter, who writes for newspapers and knows many things."

The touching belief of the public in the power and wisdom of the press is always a mystery to newspapermen but it's how we earn our living, so the more of it, I say, the better.

He was an iron-gray man, in the early fifties, not tall but very square and stocky, and I noticed that his calves were so thick that they bulged out the back of his trousers legs. He wore a suit of rusty black broadcloth, with a stiff white shirt and collar, but he had no tie on and seemed half conscious of it, because he kept touching the button with clumsy fingers.

His hair was gray and thick, and his face was as square and solid as the rest of him, all except the eyes, which were brown and bloodshot with red rims. There was nothing shifty about them but when we shook hands he looked past me over my shoulder, as if someone else were there. His wife was older and reminded me exactly of my great-aunt Martha, a mousy little woman who was always knitting and never said much, but had sharp eyes.

So we sat and drank tea and a little brandy and it was all natural enough, like scores of parties I went to in Moscow in the days before the purge when they were not afraid of foreigners, except that Ivan Petrovitch, Elena's father, talked in such a fidgety, disconnected way. He asked innumerable questions about Russia but kept jumping from one topic to another and I could not decide whether he was for or against the revolution.

Then it struck me that he might have been in one of the oppositions and I turned the subject to that, but he did not seem much interested until I mentioned Bukharin's closing speech at the last trial, and added: "I got the impression that he wasn't trying to defend himself or refute the charges against him but to explain that his own attitude and actions had been logical and inevitable, at least to him, and therefore right since he could not have acted otherwise . . ."

Ivan Petrovitch checked me with a jerk of the head. "Wait a minute and tell me this: Is it *what* you do or *why* you do it that matters most?"

His fingers plucked feverishly at his collar button and his eyes looked past me as he filled a glass of brandy and drank it in one gulp.

"Oh, as to that," I countered, "I could raise another point. It's not *why* but *how* that matters most, which really is the whole difference between art and ethics. The artist says that if a thing is done rightly, nothing else matters, but . . ."

He brushed that aside impatiently. "I don't care about art and artists," he said; "I want an answer."

THERE was a harsh note in his voice that I did not like, nor the way he hitched his chair toward me.

I sought refuge in a platitude. "If you talk about motives," I said sententiously, "there are three philosophic explanations of any human action: The doctrine of predestination, that everything is ordained by Fate, of which man is no more than the instrument, or plaything. Then there is the doctrine of free will, that man does what he does because he wants to do it, and is punished or rewarded accordingly. Finally, there are acts done under compulsion as a soldier does his duty, or the moral compul . . ."

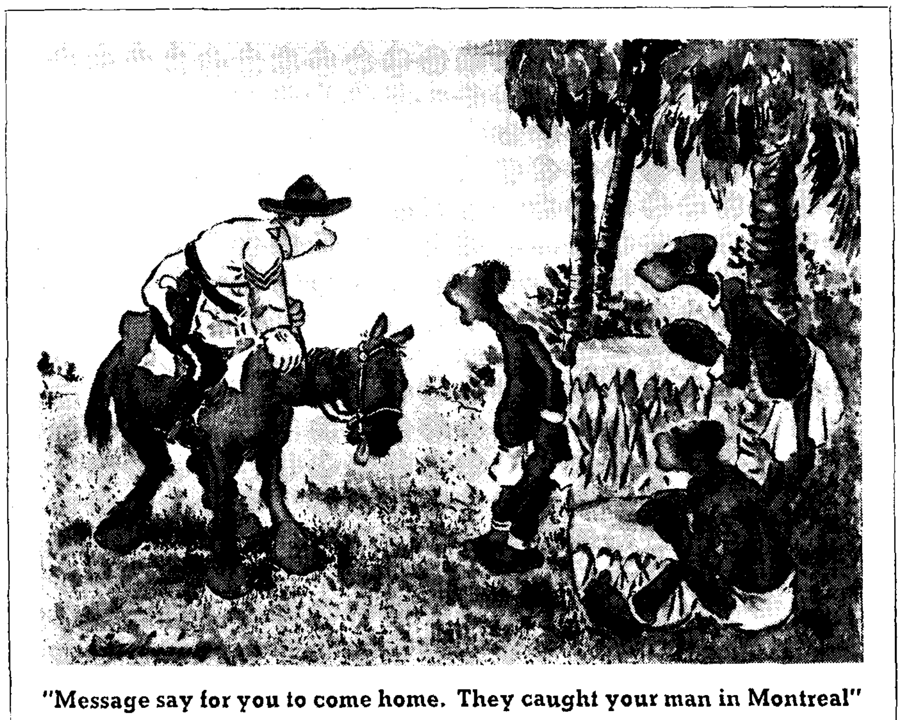
I stopped, without knowing why. Elena drew a quick breath and her mother peered up at me like a startled bird, but Ivan Petrovitch made no sign, just sat there stolidly, looking blank, as if he were made of stone. There was a long silence, broken suddenly by a bang at the door. I jumped, but Elena laughed and ran to open it.

There was a child of about five with a plump baby face, just beginning to shape into boyhood. He was rubbing one eye with his finger and in the other hand he held a small china mug. He had no shoes on but his pink nightgown was warm and woolly.

"Why didn't you tell me, Auntie 'Lena?" he said indignantly. "I woke up and heard you talking, but nobody told me, and I want some tea and lots of sugar."

He trotted across the room, put his mug on the table and held out a hand to me. "I'm Petrusha; who are you?"

I told him quite seriously, the way one must always speak to Russian children, or any children for that matter.



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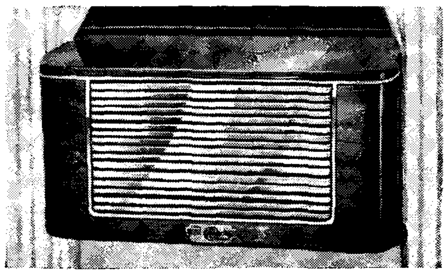

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The little creature nodded and said, "You say your words in a funny way but I can understand them, so I'll sit near you on Grandpa's knee. And Grandpa will tell us—won't you?" he added coaxingly—"the story of Count Tolstoy and the bear!"

The man's face relaxed. He put his arm around Petrusha and patted his shoulder with massive fingers.

"Hush, you naughty boy," cried Elena, "if you stay here, you must be good and keep quiet because we are talking."

"*Das Kind hat recht,*" said Ivan Petrovitch loudly, "it is fitting that I tell our guest this story."

IN a singsong voice he began: "Count Tolstoy once went bear hunting. His peasants had found a place in the snow where the bear was sleeping for the winter. The men woke up the bear by poking him with sticks. The bear was very angry, and Count Tolstoy fired and hit him but it did not stop him and he caught the count in his arms and took his head in his mouth.

"Then one of the peasants ran up and cried, 'Let go, you stupid bear. This is our *barin,* our lord and master, you must not kill the *barin.*' The bear let Tolstoy go and ran about waving his paws at the men and dogs until the count reloaded his gun and killed him."

"But why did the bear let go when he might have squeezed the count to death?" asked the child, mouthing his words like an actor.

"Because the bear had heard the peasant say, 'You must not kill our master.' " The reply was swift and mechanical, the curtain line of a play, but his voice shook on the last words and the hand that rubbed his forehead was shiny with sweat.

"That's a strange story," I said. "I never heard it before, but it reminds me of something I read in a book by a Frenchman who visited Russia a hundred years ago. He wrote: 'The ideas of the peasants are simple. There is God, King of Heaven; the tsar, king of earth, and then the peasant's own master, to whom he feels that his body and soul belong. To him, the master represents both God who is high in heaven and the tsar who is high on earth, but both are far away, and the master is always near.' "

Ivan Petrovitch dropped his hands to his side. "God and the tsar," he muttered. "God and the tsar. The One has deserted me and the other . . ." His voice died in a sigh that was like a groan.

I tried to change the subject. "You don't mean," I said lightly, "that the bear also thought like a peasant?"

Ivan Petrovitch blinked and stared at me. "I don't mean anything. I've told the story as Tolstoy wrote it. Tolstoy, who knew the heart and soul of life and living things."

I laughed a trifle nervously. "He may have known life and the hearts of men, but animals—it's imposs . . ."

"And what do you know," he broke in rudely, "what do you know of Russia's heart and soul?"

"The Russian soul," I retorted, "I've heard enough of that. The Bolsheviks say it's nonsense, crazy talk, lies . . ."

"The Bolsheviks!" Ivan Petrovitch bellowed. In a flash he was standing above me, head thrown back, face crimson, beating the air with both hands as if he fought for breath. Petrusha fell sprawling with a wail of terror. I don't believe he heard it or knew that the old woman darted forward to drag the screaming child from the room.

"The Bolsheviks!" he shouted, "the Bolsheviks, who have damned my soul forever and made me accursed like . . . ah . . . ah . . . aakh . . ."

His voice broke in an inhuman sound.

He wheeled abruptly and his back was broader than an oak tree. I was aghast with the panic fear of a nightmare, the ancient fear of madness, from which only flight can save you, but my limbs were frozen and I could not stir. With steps that were slow and weighty as funeral drums he moved toward the wall, and faced a large square mirror, and swung his fist against his image in the glass. The fragments rattled and for an instant there was silence. Elena's face was colorless but her lips were moving though I heard no words. Then I caught, faintly like a whisper, "Tell him . . . about that book . . . in China . . . Son of Heaven. . . ."

While I stared, uncomprehending, the man groaned and lurched toward us, his right fist outstretched before him, raw, dripping blood. He advanced blindly until the table struck his thigh. He beat down on it with such force that it split in half with a crash. Elena's head slumped back on the arm of her chair as if she were dying, but a little pulse throbbed wildly in her throat.

He turned and saw me. There was foam on his lips and the tip of his tongue was bleeding between clenched teeth, but his eyes met mine, instead of glaring past me as before.

"It's all right," I gasped, "it's all *right* . . . not wrong." I meant anything, or nothing, but I had to speak, to try and save my life.

With an effort he forced his teeth apart and stared at me, moving his head a little from side to side, as if he could not see clearly. "What's right or wrong?" he muttered. "Was the revolution . . . ?" his voice faded and he stood there, still moving his head slowly from side to side.

AT LEAST I had a respite. I caught desperately at the girl's last whisper.

"The revolution was right, because it won," and in the slurred, uneven voice you have when your heart is pounding I retold the story of Meadows about China and the proof that Heaven had turned its face from its son the emperor, when rebellion rises and destroys him. My tongue was so dry that unconsciously I picked up the child's mug, which was not broken, and sipped a few drops of sticky tea. The gesture seemed to break a spell, for Ivan Petrovitch stepped backward and said slowly, "Because the emperor was destroyed, that proved it was the will of Heaven?"

I nodded. "So the book said, and all of China believes it."

The great square man plumped down upon his knees and held his hands, palms touching, before his breast. His eyes were closed; his face was cleared of anguish. In a low exultant tone he murmured words I could not catch.

Then the door opened and the old woman beckoned me to come. I tiptoed across the room and she gave me my coat and stick and led me down the stairs without a word. The late winter dawn was breaking as we passed into the street. She pointed to the corner.

"There is the first autobus that will take you back to town."

She caught my hand and held it to her lips. "You have saved him," she murmured; "it was frightful, but you saved him. He has never quieted like that before. May God bless you and . . ."

"Saved him from what?" I stammered. "I cannot underst . . ."

"From despair and madness, from remorse and the dark thoughts that were gnawing his mind like rats. Now, in the middle of one, he grows calm. It is a miracle—almost . . ."

"But what does it *mean?*" I cried. I was shivering, the air was cold, but I couldn't button my coat.

An instant her eyes were troubled, then she answered gently: "Of course, you didn't know, Elena didn't tell you. You see . . . Ivan Petrovitch was one of the men who killed Tsar Nicholas II in the cellar of Ekaterinburg."

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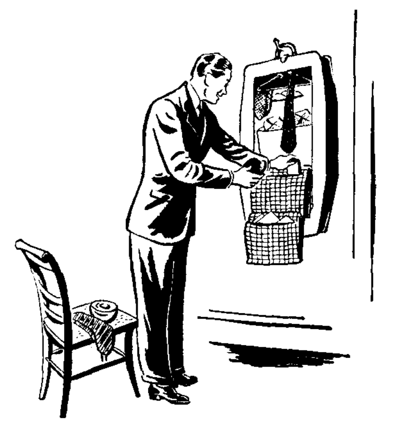

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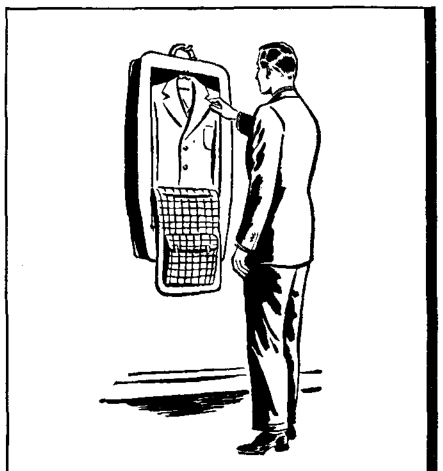

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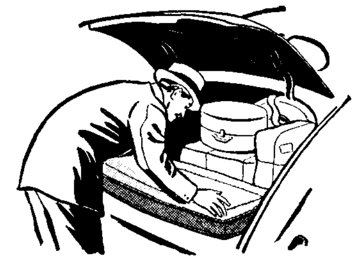

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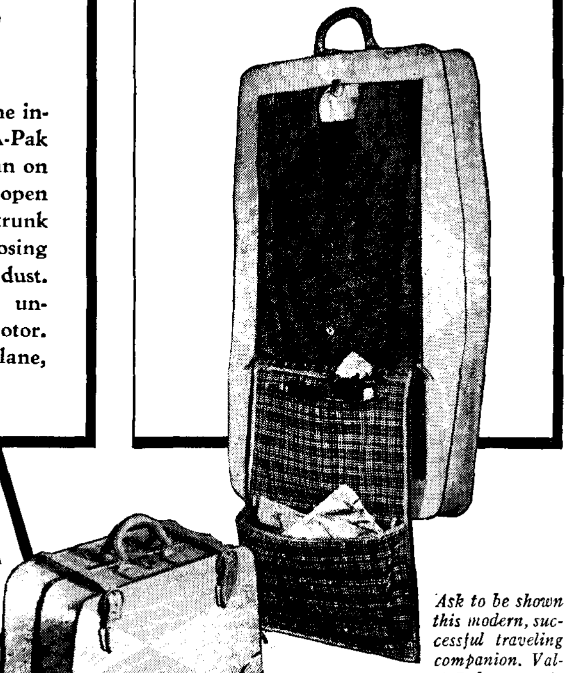

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Can We Hold the Richest Land on Earth?

Continued from page 13

An economist on the staff of one of the American government officers listed the major items:

"The natural resources of any land, of course, fall under grouping of forestry, agriculture, minerals, fisheries, water, health, and enlightenment of the inhabitants.

"But you must think of the amount of resources owned by any one country in relation to the country's size. Remember that the Philippines have about the same land area as Arizona. This will enable you to judge the proportionate magnitude of the islands' natural riches.

"More than half the land area of the Philippines is *forest; 80 per cent or more* of it has commercial value, much of it rare and priceless hardwood, some used in airplane manufacture. There are about 500 billion board feet of standing timber here. That's more than in Oregon, the greatest timber state; and one fourth as much as in the whole of the United States.

"More than forty per cent of the land area, apart from the forests, is available for agriculture. Only a third of this is actually used—but it's there, waiting and fertile. In other words, almost 100 per cent of the area of the Philippines is available for the uses of man, to support and enrich him. Only about fifteen per cent of the land area of Japan proper is available for such uses.

"One trouble with the Philippines in world economics is they are too rich, too productive. Coconuts you know about. Sugar, rice, tobacco, pineapples, tropical fruits—all these things the Philippines can grow so abundantly that they upset the world markets, and various restrictions have had to be imposed. But we are not concerned with tariffs and competitions now—only with the fact of pointing out the *growing power* of the Philippines as a natural resource which could be permanently added to our own.

Cordage, Rubber and Quinine

"Abaca—or 'manila hemp'—is perhaps the showiest of the Philippines' agricultural products. It makes the finest rope and cordage known; strongest, lightest, and most durable. It gives the Philippines a monopoly. It ties up the ships and the packages of the world.

"Abaca plantations fool you when you first see them. You think they are banana groves. And—you are right; for abaca is not a real hemp; it is a species of banana. Davao Province, on Mindanao, is the center of the manila hemp industry. It is also the center of Japanese colonization and influence in the Philippines. Japan imports more abaca and cordage from the Philippines than the United States does.

"Years ago a great American rubber company experimented in the southern islands, found out that rubber could be grown there limitlessly. But local politicos and politics frightened it away. It is definitely known that the islands could grow all the rubber that American companies now grow in Liberia and in South America.

"The Dutch have a world monopoly on quinine. Years ago they went to Peru, got specimens of the cinchona tree, from the bark of which quinine is manufactured, and started plantations in Java. Americans have conducted experiments in the Philippines. The cinchona tree prospers here. We could manufacture enough quinine to control all the malaria in our South, supply any possible war needs, and break the Dutch monopoly.

"Other experiments by American medical and agricultural scientists show that we could grow here virtually all the essential herbs and plants which are the basis of Chinese pharmacopoeia. That, in turn, is the basis of world medicine.

"The British have a world monopoly on tannic acid. This can be obtained from mangrove bark, and enough mangroves now exist in the islands to break the British monopoly—if they were exploited.

A Vast Wealth in Minerals

"I am just trying to help you get a true picture of how the resources of the Philippines *suggest endless possibilities* for progressive and adventurous young businessmen—provided they knew they wouldn't be left out on a limb, deserted by their flag, at the mercy of Oriental politicos. Fabulous fortunes are still lying all around out here, in the ground, literally on the trees, waiting to be picked up.

"Most of the attention and the publicity, however, has been on the gold mines of the Philippines. I suppose that is because gold is spectacular. Size for size, the Philippines contain more gold than any other part of the earth's marrow. Listen, the truth about the mineral resources of the Philippines is simply this: you can stick a shovel down in your back yard, any place, and you are bound to turn up pay dirt of some kind if you aren't splashed by an oil gusher, or a coconut doesn't drop on your head!

"The Philippines have as many provinces as the continental United States has states. And gold-mining claims have been filed *in practically every one of the 48 provinces.*

"No attempt has been made to work all these claims yet. It is just that experts know the gold is there, and have taken precautions to tie it up legally. Our gold-mining industry suffers from underproduction, undercapitalization, lack of man power. If ever *all* these stakes are put in production, and turn out as optimistically as the graphs promise, the bulk of the world's output will be dug here each year."

But gold to the mineral resources of the Philippines is like coconuts to their agricultural resources: only one phase.

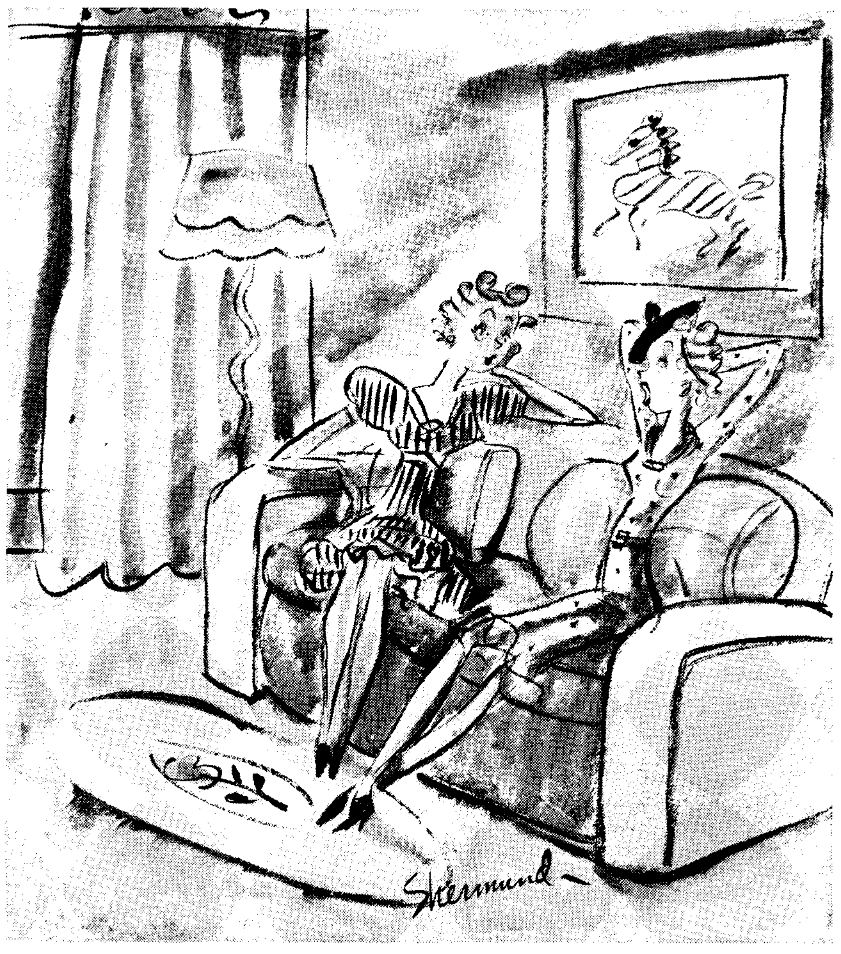
"Government and private mining experts say that the true whacking extent of all the mining range of the Philippines is still virtually unknown.

"Iron and manganese, for example, two of modern life's most vital necessities, are being produced faster and faster here each year—and Japan *takes all of both.* At the rate the manganese production is going up, in another few years the Philippines will be supplying *all* of Japan's requirements. Think what that will mean to Japan's steel industry—its whole supply of manganese right next door, whereas now much of it has to be transported thousands of miles from various British colonial ports.

"And there are copper, asbestos, chromite, lead, platinum, zinc, oil. But nobody is going to invest much in a land that might become a battlefield, or be confiscated.

"Some critics who want us to get out of the Philippines say that we buy nothing here that we could not get elsewhere. That's not true. But that argument, it seems to me, is entirely beside the point, anyway.

"We live in an opportunist age, in which great nations are cutting one another's throats for colonies that will produce raw materials—particularly raw materials useful in war. All the international 'crises' of the last few years have been the growing pains of newly invigorated nations.



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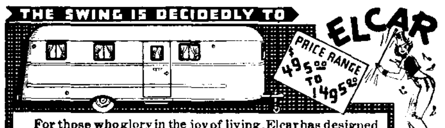
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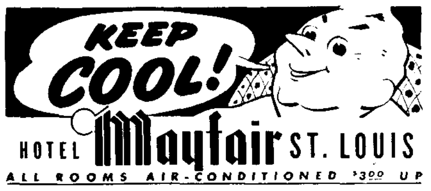
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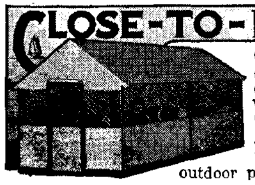
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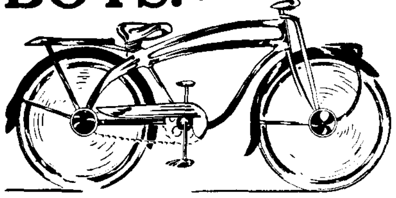
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"Maybe we could buy elsewhere the raw materials needed for war—in time of war. Maybe ally politics, or enemy forces, would cut us from those markets. The important thing is that here in the Philippines we would have the necessary sinews under our own flag, independent of world markets. We could concentrate our efforts on protecting *one* line of supply communications, and not disperse them over a *dozen* lines to as many markets.

"In a pinch the United States can get along on the food we grow within our borders. But here are some of the important basic raw materials and minerals we should have to get from outside:

"Rubber; silk for parachutes and cartridge cases; manila fiber; medicines; and those minerals that are so necessary for the steel industry, which is the basis of modern warfare, and for alloys used in the manufacture of war instruments such as airplanes, tanks, guns and explosives—manganese, nickel, platinum, tin, tungsten, antimony and chromite.

All the Chromite We Need

"The Philippines provide an answer, or can be quickly developed to provide an answer, for all these except nickel, silk and tin. Nickel can be had in unlimited quantities from Alaska. Nylon, the new silk substitute, may make us independent of natural silk. The great tin center of the world is near Penang, in the British Malay Straits Settlement; but we can get enough tin for war requirements from Bolivia, and it seems out of the question that any foreign power could ever block us from such a near-at-hand source.

"Our home production of manganese, an absolute necessity for steel manufacturing, is less than ten per cent. It is known that the sources in the Philippines, tapped and worked hard, could bring this percentage up to safety. As to chromite—now, that's where the Philippines really shine.

"Chromite steel is lighter and many times stronger than ordinary steel. Chromite steel is corrosion- and rustproof. It makes the finest and toughest armor plate. It is priceless for airplanes and big and little gun rifling. The United States' domestic supply of chromite is exactly zero. The Philippines, almost within a grapepit shot of Manila Bay, have the largest *deposits of chromite on earth.*

"Something more than ten million tons of chromite have already been developed in this one field—Masinloc. They figure that's enough to take care of any possible requirements of the United States for nearly a quarter of a century. Other chromite deposits are being found in the islands. Add these to the billion or more tons, at least, of iron ore that the Philippines are known to have—and you've made the United States a nation that doesn't have to worry about sass or closed doors anywhere on earth."

All this gives special point to the opinions of a grinning Japanese businessman. He was up from his home on Mindanao, for a visit to Manila; I had his confidence through a letter from a friend, his brother, in Yokohama. He said:

"The United States have reputation for international sap. If you go away from Philippines, this will prove same. You give thousands of life, not only the soldier but many other fine people like teacher and scientist and doctor also. You spend money there is no way to count. It was most generous. It make them now ready for big development. But now you have done best job in history of colonies, very kindest and humane, you will throw all away for someone else to gobble profit. Ah, sir, there is really but one difference between method of Japan and America. Japan too will bring modernization to place she take. Japan will give highway and bus line and railroad and motorcar and radio and school and good health and most efficient government to China and Manchuria. But when Japan have done this it will be for her benefit too as well as for benefit of Chinese and Manchus. Japan will take profit of her work; add wealth of such countries to her wealth. Not stuff with good things and then leave to lie around like fat pocketbook for someone passer-by to come with big eyes and mouth open and say 'my goodness, see what I find!' "

It is nothing new for the Philippine Islands to have aroused the cupidity of resource-hungry nations.

Spain got the jump because she was the strongest world power in Magellan's day; and the stories of Philippine riches that Magellan's survivors took back started all Europe lusting for them. The islands were named Philippines (or Felipinas) in honor of the prince who became King Philip II. Many times the Dutch, Portuguese and English attacked and occupied the islands, but were driven or traded out by the Spaniards, who clung to them until our Admiral Dewey's victory. The story of how von Diederichs, the German admiral, annoyed and insulted the patient Dewey in Manila Bay is familiar enough; but the fact that he had been dispatched by the Kaiser to "prospect" for colonies, that he was actually hoping to beat the Americans to the seizure of the islands, is less well known.

The amateurishness of the United States in this empire game was quickly revealed. One of the first transports to the Philippines after the insurrection—the Thomas—came loaded to the scuppers, not with soldiers, not with prospectors, *but with schoolteachers, nearly a thousand of them.* And the British in India, the Straits and Hong Kong, choked over their teacups; the Dutch in Java held their shaking bellies; the French gnawed their mustaches in Annam—to keep from dying of laughter.

Even before Europeans coveted the treasure-troves of the Philippines, Siamese, Chinese and Japanese were raiding them. A Japanese pirate, Tayfusa, made an attempt to settle there nearly four hundred years ago, but was chased by the Spaniards. Japanese "pirates" are still at it.

Japan Helps Herself

On the inaccessible coasts, under the mountain fastnesses of northern Luzon, the Japanese are boldly and frankly helping themselves today to the natural resources of the Philippines—without payment. Japanese fishermen net in Philippine harbors. Other Japanese ships anchor, send crews ashore, build logging camps, and steal millions upon millions of board feet of the best Philippine hardwoods each year.

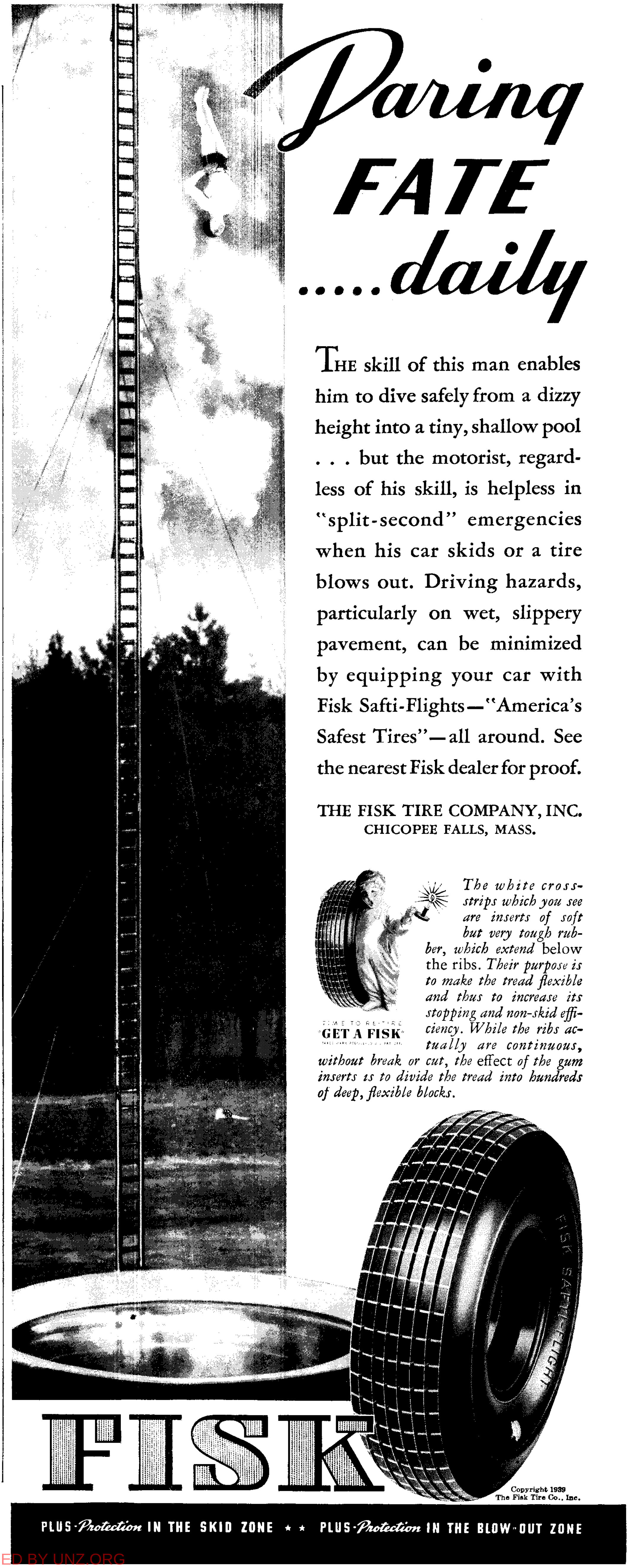
This is known to the authorities. Because it happens in areas so remote it is difficult for constabulary patrols to reach them; because word of the activities are withheld by bribed provincial officials; and because the Commonwealth has not yet enough armed vessels to establish an effective guard—nothing can be done about it.

The Japanese government "officially" knows nothing. But you continue to read in Manila papers of fights in lonely *barrios* in which natives are killed by Japanese lumber or fish pirates.

These are small affrays, which can suddenly grow into large ones.

The confused status of Philippine-American relations, the uncertain political future of the islands, makes them a danger spot.

The richest land on earth, they stand as a ready-made colonial prize for any



THE skill of this man enables him to dive safely from a dizzy height into a tiny, shallow pool . . . but the motorist, regardless of his skill, is helpless in "split-second" emergencies when his car skids or a tire blows out. Driving hazards, particularly on wet, slippery pavement, can be minimized by equipping your car with Fisk Safti-Flights—"America's Safest Tires"—all around. See the nearest Fisk dealer for proof.

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PLUS-*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★ ★ PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

one of the inflamed nations that have been scrabbling recently for deserts, for arid and undeveloped wastes of problematical values.

"It is a tree-ripened plum," said a French official in Shanghai, "with dictator nations standing around like a lot of little bullies in an orchard awaiting its imminent fall—each hungry lad hoping against hope that some unforeseen shake of the branch might bring it into his fist!"

Three courses are open to the United States to end this suspense—and this hazard:

First, to extend permanently the present economic co-operation and trade preferences. Remain, in brief, the benevolent "Uncle."

Second, to cut loose absolutely and let the Philippine republic take its chances economically and politically among the family of free nations.

Third, hold onto them, frankly and boldly: repeal the Tydings-McDuffy Act, annex the Philippines.

The first course, most everyone who knows anything about the islands agrees, is the most perilous. Under the Tydings-McDuffy Act, which provides complete independence for the islands at the end of the Commonwealth period in 1946, we end gradually our old reciprocal free-trade relations with them. A joint commission has recommended that Uncle Sam not button his pocket until 1960. The Commonwealth, with a lobby of its most astute and charming big shots, is striving desperately to have the free trade extended for all time.

A Guarantee of War

This would give the United States the responsibility for the Philippines, without the authority. It would complicate our national military policies, increase our armaments budget. It would give us much expense, but little profit. It would permit unwarranted competition to some domestic products. Its "preferred nation" trading privileges would inevitably bring friction with Japan, the best foreign customer of the Philippines. Justifiably, the Japanese could ask for the same privileges we got. It would make us the "cop" of the Orient; forced by mutual interests to police and safeguard the decaying chestnuts of France and England, as well as our own.

"It would practically guarantee a war between Japan and the United States," the Americans in Manila will tell you.

The Tydings-McDuffy Act would give us naval and military base rights in the islands. It would make us accountable for their protection. Thus it would bring up the whole question of whether the Philippines can or should be defended. It makes us face the question of whether the richest land on earth could be held by the United States against the attacks of a powerful and determined foe.

This much you may as well hear right away. It is the reasoned judgment of every responsible American Navy and Army officer with whom I have discussed it. The Philippines are indefensible. It would be humanly impossible for the United States, without a fantastic outlay of money, to hold the islands more than briefly against an enemy with short lines of communication from home bases close at hand.

We should have to put a gun in the hands of every able-bodied American, turn our whole nation into a munitions factory, to garrison 7,083 islands to the point whereat a militarist would admit they were "safe."

The general idea, if war comes to the Philippines, would be for us to retire fighting—and come back later. The United States has made little attempt to prepare for more than that. The Air Corps in the islands gets planes from the States pushed out of home hangars by more modern equipment. Few, even of such. The Navy has the base of the Asiatic Fleet at Cavite; repair bases elsewhere. Don't be impressed by the term "Asiatic Fleet"—it's a motley collection of old cruisers, obsolete destroyers, gunboats useless away from rivers. The Army planes would attack approaching enemy transports, then fly away south—escape to Java. The Navy forces would scatter among the islands, each craft to a remote and secret base, wage guerrilla sea warfare—eventually escape. Some Naval men think Manila is the worst possible place for a yard: want it in the far south, or on the mid-eastern side, where it cannot be bottled up in the China Sea, as now.

Corregidor, the island fortification at the entrance of Manila Bay, and its related defenses undoubtedly could withstand enemy fleets indefinitely: prevent landings in either Manila or Subig bays. But they could not prevent occupation of Manila by troops landing elsewhere on Luzon. Corregidor is the strongest post in the Orient, in sharp contrast to Singapore, which French and American and Japanese intelligence officers tell you is a "publicity base"—that is, its guns exist chiefly on paper.

"We're out here every day—the doctor advised Gilbert to get all the sunshine he possibly could!"

One of the first acts of Quezon was to establish a "National Defense" program. The Filipinos of all the islands and races are excellent fighting men—brave, intelligent, enduring. In their jungles and mountains, on even terms as to armaments, they are invincible—as the American soldier of 1900 quickly learned. If an old-fashioned war would be arranged for them, perhaps Quezon's defense plans could be taken more seriously; but modern war is industrial, and the Philippines are agricultural. Moreover, a population of 15 million cannot turn out an army large in the modern way.

Quezon's choice of a commander for his new army exposed the thinness and futility of his plan. He selected out of friendship rather than stark capability. He picked MacArthur, an old personal crony, but a man not considered by militarists as better than third-rate in military talents and savvy. MacArthur, for example, as a professional soldier, a military student, cannot be mentioned in the same breath with American officers like, for instance, Fox Conner.

The Quezon-MacArthur army is all togged out in boy scout uniforms with shiny helmets, a handful of small planes that are used for training purposes in the States but are called "light bombers" out here, and a fleet of motor launches—these to patrol a coast line more than twice as long as that of the whole United States!—which serve chiefly to give joy rides to politicos around Manila Bay.

MacArthur is called a "Field Marshal" and he is set up in fine style in an air-conditioned penthouse, everything "found"—with a salary twice as large as Pershing ever got for commanding the A.E.F. The "army" and its "high command," so far as usefulness goes, is an imposition upon the poor taxpayers of the islands. As a contribution to their national defenses, it is laughed at by responsible American military men. It is recognized by them for exactly what it amounts to in a military sense; the personal bodyguard of an Oriental war lord, with potentialities for insuring his tenure of office, for keeping him in power, for discouraging domestic political opponents rather than repelling foreign enemies.

The second course, washing our hands completely of the Philippines, would be less dangerous. Provided: we take home all our soldiers and sailors from the Orient. Provided: we resolutely shut our eyes to subsequent events in the Philippines, no matter what happened there, no matter which nation snapped them up. Provided: we close our ears, and turn our backs, upon the inevitable calls for help.

"This course," Americans in Manila declare, "would never get us into war with Japan if we really minded our own business. But independence for the Philippines means loss of independence by the common people of the Philippines. It means the loss of all the money we have invested in the Philippines. It would lose us all their highly desirable natural resources. It would nullify the work of forty years; sell out the American pioneers and cheat the American taxpayers. No responsible Filipino leader, from Quezon down, really wants independence, but they don't know how to reverse their yelps of forty years and save face. They are praying for a move in Washington for a plebiscite before 1946—in which they know the Filipinos would vote almost unanimously to stay with the United States. Their leaders would see to that!"

The third course is to hold onto the richest land on earth. Frankly to develop and exploit and enjoy the wealth in the way the British and French and Dutch draw treasure from their colonies.

To give the Philippines up, Ford Wilkins, an American in Manila suggests, is as though some foreign nation conquered us after we had kicked loose from Britain in 1776, improved and developed us to modern times—and then handed us back to the Indians.

The Flag is Protection Enough

The great fear of Americans at home seems to be that if we do not clear out of the Philippines we shall get into war over them. Americans on the spot, who should know, say this is a misunderstanding; that quite the contrary is true.

We are far more likely to have a war with Japan over the Philippines if we give them up than if we hold them.

We do not have to expend enormous sums, build huge armies, to hold the Philippines. Our flag over a territory—if other nations know we are not fooling, and will back it up—has greater effectiveness than cannon.

"No nation," says High Commissioner McNutt, "would think of attacking the Philippines while the American flag flies over them, even if there wasn't a rifle in the islands!"

The simple act of annexation would insure the safety of the islands. We had disputes with foreign nations about Hawaii until we annexed it; that ended that. We could divide the Philippines into several units, with consideration for racial problems, and take them into the Union as states; this would multiply the disinclinations to tamper with them.

You might like to know why a Japanese publisher in Tokio thinks that trouble between his country and ours is less likely if we hold the islands. He says:

"If you leave the Philippines, everyone knows they will quickly backslide into insurrections, warlordism. They will follow the pattern of all loosely integrated Oriental nations. They have more races and languages than China, and will have the same troubles China always had. The common people will have neither liberty nor independence. If you stay you will guarantee the stability of the Philippines.

"Japan can have orderly trade with them. If you leave there will be instability. Japan may have an excuse to step in and protect her investments, her trade—as she did in China; as you have done in Latin America.

"If Japan had to take the Philippines, add their wealth to hers, you could never beat her in a war. By giving up the islands, you would be arming Japan to lick you if you ever did have to fight her. Most Japanese will agree with me, I think, that by holding the Philippines you can guarantee the peace of the Pacific for generations to come. You can give thousands of young American businessmen a chance to come out here and earn handsome profits too—for themselves and your country."

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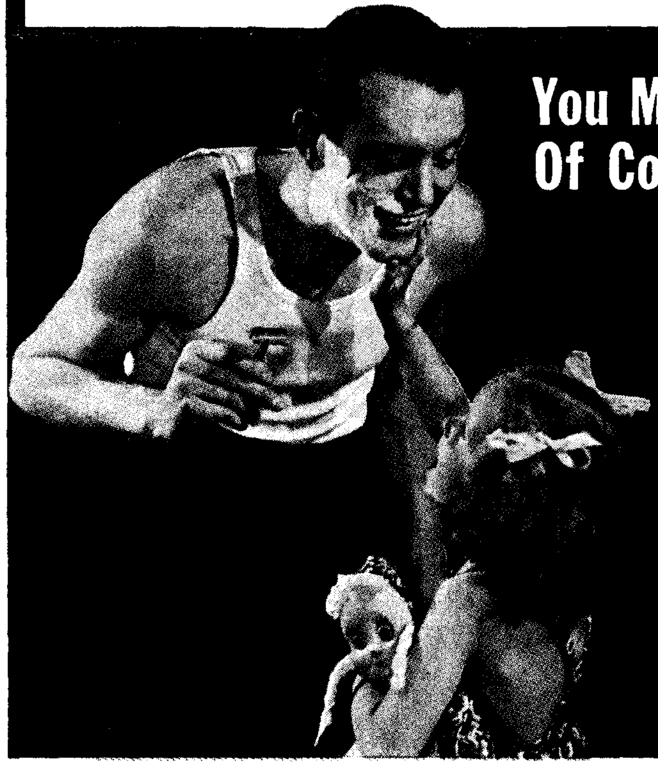

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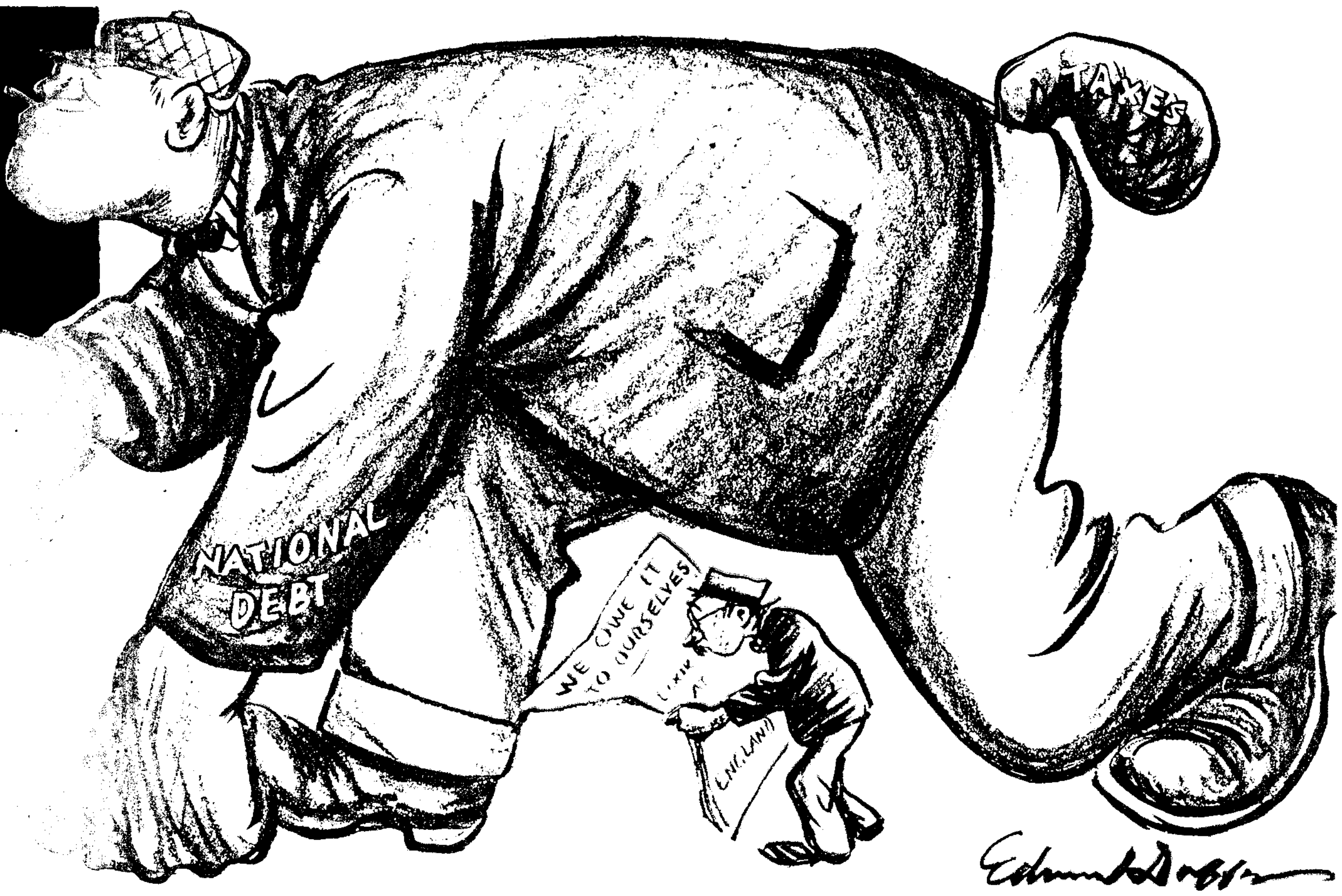
TAXES
NATIONAL DEBT
WE OWE IT TO OURSELVES

EASE THE RADICALS OUT

THE President recently started a national guessing game. He wrote the monopoly probe a letter asking it to find out why investment capital—adventurous money—is so slow these days about getting itself to work in enterprises that make jobs and push money around. We join this interesting guessing game herewith.

Our guess is that a highly significant key to the mystery can be found in the Administration or Administration mouthpiece utterances like this one by Senator Sherman Minton (Dem., Ind.):

"Our national debt is about 57% of our national income. The debt of Great Britain is 140% of its national income. If our national debt were as large in proportion to national income as that of Great Britain, our debt, instead of being $40,000,000,000, would be $98,000,000,000.

"The interest charges on Great Britain's national debt are 4% of its national income, while the interest charges on our national debt are about 1½% of our national income."

That is completely beside the point, the point being that we or our children have got to pay our national debt sometime, somehow; and the President to the contrary notwithstanding, it makes no difference that "we owe it to ourselves."

But though Minton was talking beside the point, he was nevertheless talking good, orthodox radical doctrine. And the fact that this administration is so thickly studded with guys and gals who talk like Minton seems to us to have something vital to do with the current coyness with which investment capital looks at the situation.

The radicals' quarry is anybody who has ten cents above running expenses. The radicals are out to get that ten cents and whack it up among those with less. If grafting politicians grab nine and a half cents in transit, the radicals' alibi will be that they meant well and that politicians oughtn't to be such low-lifes.

Under such circumstances, can you blame people with spare money for soaking it away in tax-exempt bonds rather than putting it into some form of productive enterprise? We really can't.

So it looks to us as if the smartest play that the New Deal could make would be to ease the radicals out.

Please note that we don't say toss the rascals out. Few radicals are rascals. Most of them are warmhearted persons who actually do bleed internally and eternally for the underprivileged, and who wouldn't take a penny of graft. Radicals as a rule are finer fellows, have livelier minds and hold their liquor better than conservatives.

And unquestionably they have their place in the universal scheme. The radicals serve to keep society moving forward, because they scream with never a letup about society's shortcomings and injustices. Considering their work as a whole, we believe that the radicals have done a worthy job at Washington in the last six years.

But a time comes when radicals in power outwear their usefulness. Middle-of-the-roaders and a strong dash of conservatives are needed eventually, to consolidate the gains made under radical guidance, and to shelve further reforms until society catches its breath and bearings.

We think that time has come to the New Deal. We believe that if Mr. Roosevelt knows what is good for him and his party he will turn the red light, or the orange light anyway, against the radicals associated with him, and give the green light to tough-minded conservators of the general stripe of Burke of Nebraska or Woodrum of Virginia.

If F. D. R. doesn't ease the radicals out of most of their present New Deal control, business is certainly not going to be more profitable and idle money—and men—will continue idle.

OUR MEALS AND OUR MOODS

HERE is a recent news item from London: "I believe that Karl Marx's book on capital is due to the fact that he was accustomed to have his lunch in the British Museum," said Prof. Elton Mayo, of Harvard University, in a speech here today.

"Anyone who took his lunch there would adopt the same indignant attitude toward life."

It sounds to us like one of those frequent true words spoken in jest. We don't like to spread materialistic sentiments over the fair surface of this page; but nevertheless we've often been astounded to note how swiftly the spiritual clouds will roll away after a couple of cocktails and a good meal. The change makes you wonder whether some ancient philosopher mightn't have been right in believing that the external world is nothing but a panorama of ideas in the mind of man.

Climbing down out of this philosophic stratosphere, we'll say it's only common sense to watch your diet—though not too nervously, lest you become a hypo. Just observe what foods agree with you and give you a sense of well-being and what foods seem to induce the blues or the snappish manner. Eat the former, avoid the latter.

Incidentally, perhaps the best single piece of advice we ever heard was: Do not economize on food, whatever else you may skimp on. (The next best was don't economize on shoes.)

But to hark back to Karl Marx—if you're inclined to feel that the world is all wrong and ought to be revamped from the roots up, you might ask yourself whether that is the real trouble, or whether you're merely eating too much carbohydrate and too little protein or vice versa.

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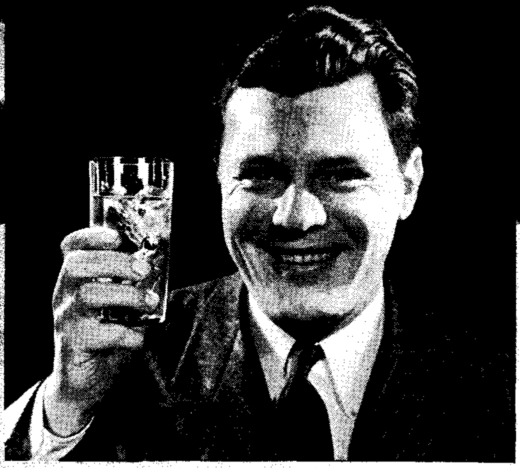

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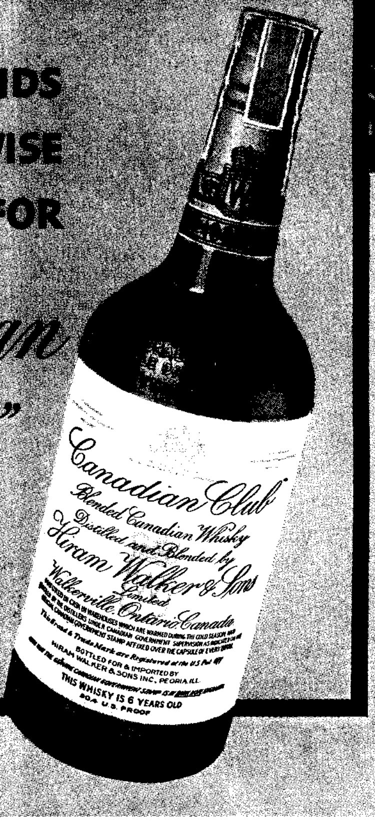
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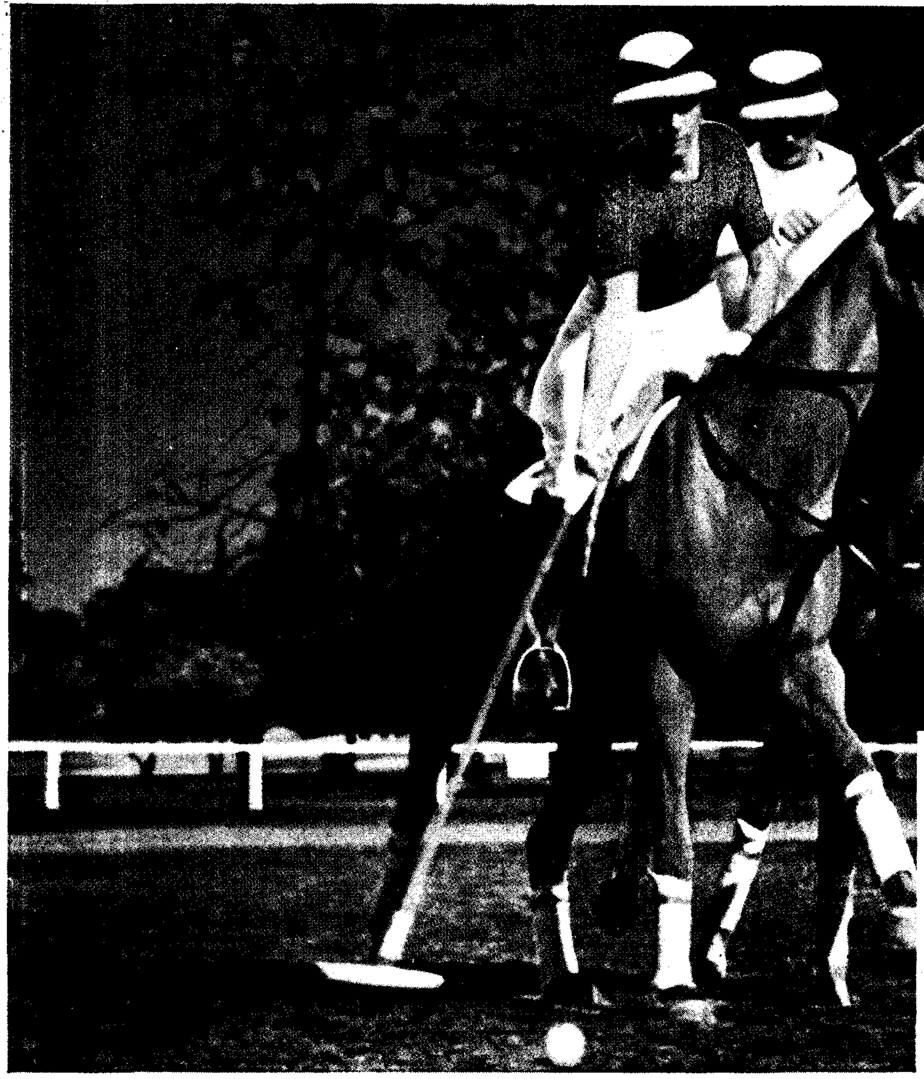

AIDAN ROARK refuses to be "ridden off" by an opponent in the exciting polo picture above. He is a member of a famous polo-playing family. Roark learned to ride as soon as he was big enough to sit a horse. He's usually found at No. 3 spot, but plays every position. Rated at 8 goals. Has smoked Camels since 1920.

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